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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Cover by Herbert Paus

ALIBI – *a story of a too perfect crime* – by

HUGH MACNAIR KAHLER

AUG. 24, 1929

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The one true friend she has

You probably can't imagine yourself in this woman's predicament — yet the possibility is far from being remote.

Not so many years ago she burst upon Chicago like a blazing star. In the rich homes of the Gold Coast, violins played long and lights burned late in her honor. She counted her friends by the hundreds, her suitors by the dozens. Assuredly she would marry brilliantly and live well.

Yet today she is rather a pathetic figure despite her wealth and her charm. Old acquaintances seldom call and she makes few new ones. Of all old friends only her bird seems true. Only he is always glad to see her.

How unfortunate that a minor defect can alter the course of human life.

Halitosis (unpleasant breath) is the damning, unforgivable, social fault. It doesn't announce its presence to its victims. Consequently it is the last thing people suspect themselves of having—*but it ought to be the first.*

For halitosis is a definite daily threat to all. And for very obvious reasons, physicians explain. So slight a matter as a decaying tooth may cause it. Or an abnormal condition of the gums. Or fermenting food particles skipped by the tooth brush. Or minor nose and throat infection. Or excesses of eating, drinking and smoking.

Intelligent people recognize the risk and minimize it by the regular use of full strength Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle.

Listerine quickly checks halitosis because Listerine is an effective antiseptic and germicide* which immediately strikes at the cause of odors. Furthermore, it is a powerful deodorant, capable of overcoming even the scent of onion and fish.

Always keep Listerine handy. It is better to be safe than snubbed. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

* Full strength Listerine is so safe it may be used in any body cavity, yet so powerful it kills even the stubborn B. Typhosus (typhoid) and S. Aureus (pus) germs in 15 seconds. We could not make this statement unless we were prepared to prove it to the entire satisfaction of the medical profession and the U. S. Government.

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and up—at factory

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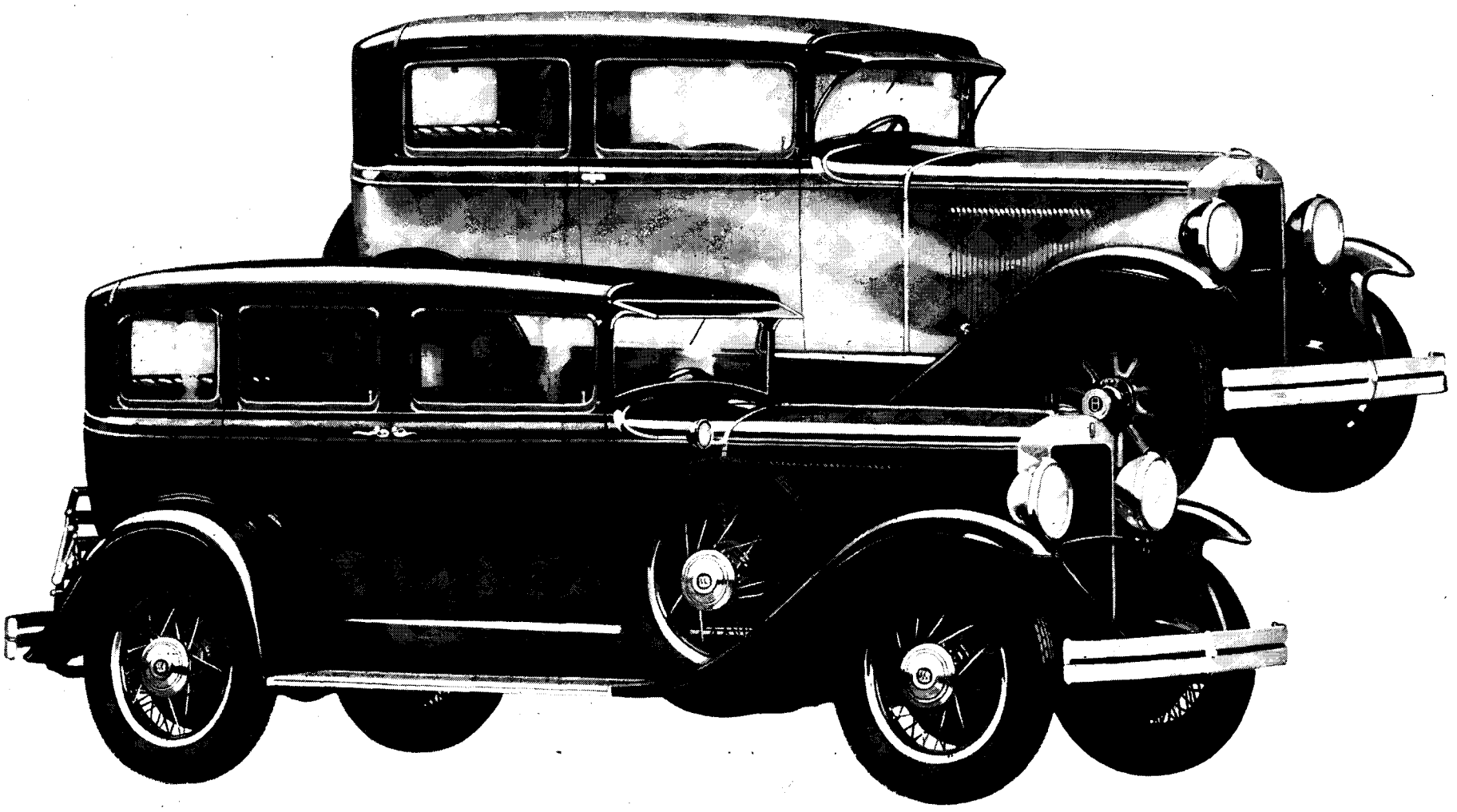

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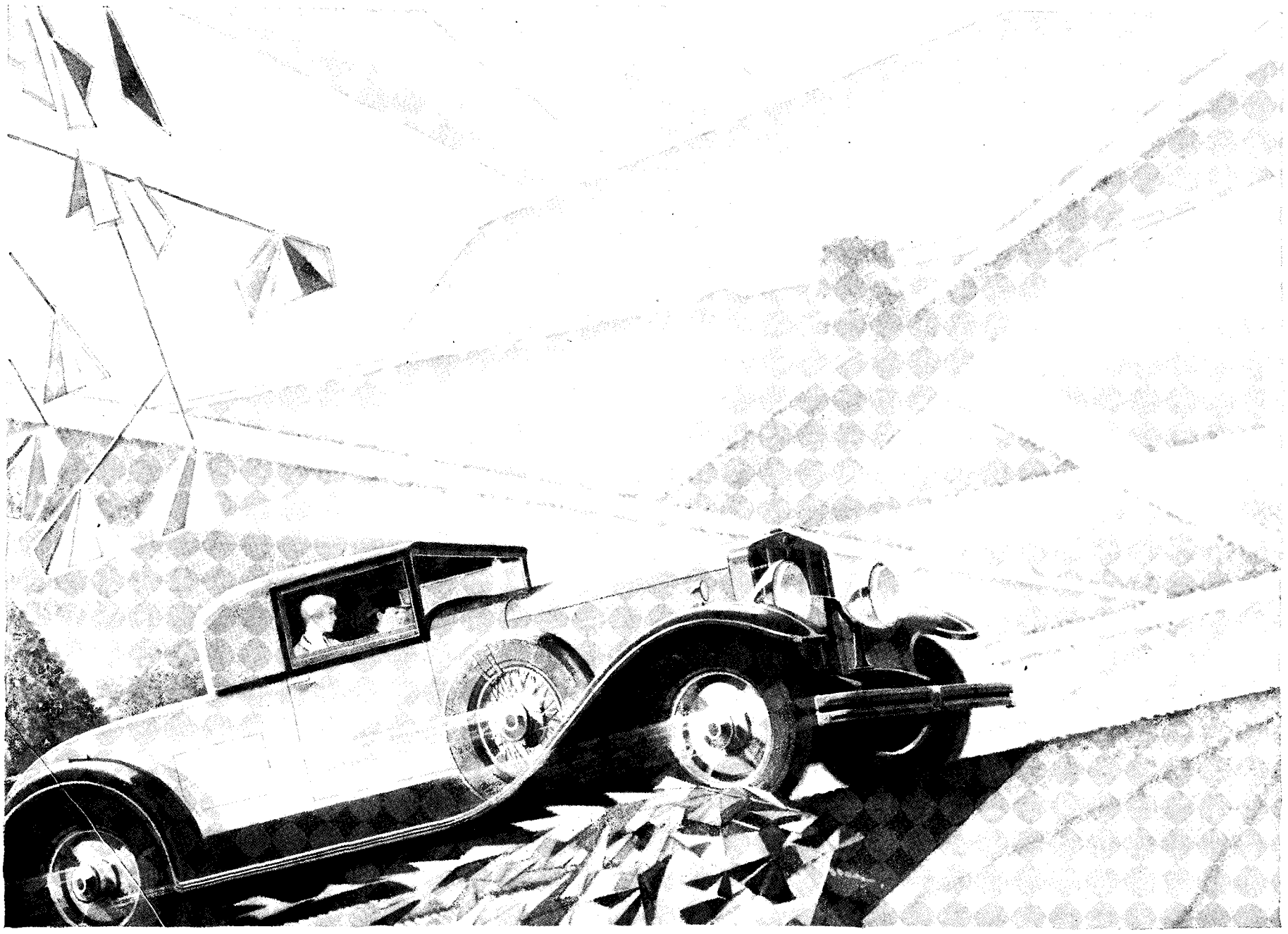

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The critical eye finds a sense of fitness in the smooth, sleek lines of the Franklin—suggestive of its essentially youthful performance. Those that seek the ultimate in motoring comfort appreciate the extra roominess of Franklin bodies—proportionately greater than any other car. And new thousands can now enjoy the advantages of air-cooled performance and fine car ownership through lower Franklin prices.

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FRANKLIN

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Catfish Wiggins Comes Through

That distinguished Hot Dog King, Henry K. Wiggins, demonstrates conclusively what luck, properly handled, will do

By Jerome Beatty

He stopped, frozen by a thought. "Not *the* Nash?" he said slowly, horrified

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IT WAS six o'clock on a summer Sunday morning in Engledale, a Long Island suburb of New York City described as "A Community for Gentlefolks" by aloof gentlemen known as realtors, who never asked less than $50,000 for anything they had for sale and never took less than $35,000.

In an hour or so the chauffeurs would be out polishing the limousines—most of them entirely paid for—preparatory to taking the men to the golf club and the children to Sunday school.

All was peace along Engledale's tree-lined Boulevards, Avenues, Lanes, Roads. Nothing so common as a "street" was allowed to run through Engledale.

Here and there was a milkman, moving quietly, delivering Grade A milk. In half an hour the paper vendor, his wagon wheels carefully greased, would silently drop on doorsteps the right Sunday newspaper, the one that had no colored comics, and later on, when the men had extracted the financial and sporting sections, the remainder would be delivered to Madame, who breakfasted in bed.

Eagerly, breathlessly, she would turn the pages to see if the names of her dinner guests were used just as she had sent them in and to learn whether the picture of the new officers of the Engledale Women's Civic Club—the one in which Mrs. Handley Hartman Haverstraw proudly exposed both knees—was in the rotogravure section.

THE only sound to be heard was the hum of a yellow French roadster that stole rapidly down Knickerbocker Boulevard. At the wheel was Billy Nash, intercollegiate golf champion, his blue eyes sparkling, his even teeth bared by a broad grin. A dinner suit peeked out from under a light-weight camel's-hair coat. His hands were smeared with grease and mud and he was hoping that he could get home and into bed without waking up the folks.

Calm was Engledale, as far as the eye could see. Not even the policeman, making his rounds on rubber heels, suspected that in the $76,450 brick mansion up Knickerbocker Boulevard—the place that Billy Nash was leaving behind with a smile—not even the policeman, astute as he was, even guessed that in the Wiggins house the gentlefolks were raising hell.

Henry K. Wiggins, the hot dog king, affectionately known, back in Topeka, as Catfish Wiggins, angrily wiggled his toes inside his slippers. He sat in his library in a huge leather chair. From the folds of his elaborately embroidered dressing gown protruded his fat legs in blue silk pajamas. He was a big man, with huge feet and hands.

In the days of his youth he always won the greased pig contest, for none could clutch a pig so firmly as Catfish Wiggins. He looked like a butcher who had made a lot of money. There was nothing curious about that. He was.

"I don't care what ya say, Mama," he was storming, "I don't want—"

"And another thing," Mrs. Wiggins added, "for Heaven's sake stop calling me Mama."

Much that Henry Wiggins was, Matilda Wiggins was not. She was a handsome woman of forty or so—ten years younger than her husband—educated in the ways of the world and in the ways of her husband. When she emerged on Knickerbocker Boulevard she was always well groomed, stylishly dressed and she looked as if she belonged there.

RIGHT now, alas, Mama didn't look like anything you would order for tea at the Ritz. Her face was marked with wrinkle plasters, her hair was tied up in a hood. She had thrown about her a black velvet negligee. She wasn't tall, but as she stood beside her husband she looked to him like the Statue of Liberty undergoing extensive repairs, viewed from the Bedloe's Island landing. There was a certain air about her that even in that make-up recalled, somehow, an image of an express locomotive coming around the bend.

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"You seem to have made up your mind to ruin everything!"

Henry had made up his mind to no such thing. He had meant only to be a constructive critic.

"Listen, Mama—Mother!"

Mrs. Wiggins still scowled. He laboriously pulled himself to his feet and faced her, determined to have his say.

"Listen, *darling*," his sarcastic grimace added practically nothing to the *entente cordiale*. "You can't tell me that any daughter of mine has any business gettin' home at six o'clock in the mornin'. This is serious stuff."

DOROTHY WIGGINS, as pretty an eighteen-year-old trick as you'd ever hope to take, shoved back the folds of her ermine coat and dropped her hands hopelessly on the hips of her pink evening dress.

"I told you, Daddy," she said petulantly, "it wasn't our fault. The tire blew out."

"*A* tire, Dorothy, not *the* tire," Mrs. Wiggins corrected. She turned to her husband. "No matter what time she came home there was no earthly excuse for that vulgar exhibition at the front door—yelling at that boy and telling him you'd break his neck."

Henry Wiggins dismissed it with a wave of his hand. "Aw, that's nothin'. I been told that lotsa times when I was a kid. The important thing is—"

"He met Dorothy for the first time tonight and brought her home and you had to—"

"And he's one of the nicest boys in Engledale, too," Dorothy said.

"I don't care," said Henry Wiggins firmly, "if he's the Prince of Wales, he had it comin' to him."

"Well, Henry," said Mrs. Wiggins, ominously, "you did yourself a fine turn. Do you know who he is?"

"How should I know? Who is he, Lindbergh?"

"Billy Nash," Mrs. Wiggins declared, as if that settled everything.

"Billy Nash, who's he?" The name didn't mean anything to him. "Who's he that he's so great?" He stopped frozen by a thought. "Not *the* Nash?" he said slowly, horrified.

"You finally got it, did you?" Mrs. Wiggins said.

"Old man Nash's son?" he asked, hesitating. It couldn't be. It just couldn't.

"You'd better be getting to bed," Mrs. Wiggins advised, and with an air of a new heavyweight champion strutting the aisle to his dressing-room she went clattering up the stairs in her feather-trimmed mules.

DOROTHY put her arms around her father, who stood stunned. It was like circling an old oak tree. Her finger tips just touched in the back.

"We didn't mean to be so late, Daddy," she apologized. "It was just an accident."

"Old man Nash's son?" Henry Wiggins muttered in awe.

"He's such a nice boy," she mourned. "*And you told him never to come back.*"

"Listen, Dot," he grinned, hopefully, "if he's any good he won't pay any attention to me. He'll be back. Many's the old squarehead that bawled me out like that." He chuckled, remembering. "One old guy in Topeka used a shotgun loaded with salt. But I went back—after a while. Kids know how to put it over on old mutts like your pop. He'll be back. Go on to bed now, honey."

He kissed her and as she hurried up stairs he dropped back into the big chair and scratched his bald spot until it hurt.

"Geminny crickets," he lamented. "Old man Nash's son!"

The words he had used were burning in his memory— "You get th' hell outa here or I'll break your damn' neck!"

He groaned. Why couldn't he at least have said, "Please?"

It just shows what comes of losing a buckeye!

Until a month or so before, Henry Wiggins had relished life, smacked his lips over it and said, "Um, it sure is good!" like the freckled-faced kid in the advertisements of Bon Ton Hot Dogs.

To his apartment in New York City came old friends to play poker until all hours in their shirt sleeves, with their suspenders down and the curtains up. At a golf course in New Jersey where most of the important men in the meat-packing industry played, his consistent 102 or 103 was good for at least $5 a Sunday. Now and then he had to play bridge, but he didn't mind, much, though he had the poker player's antipathy for any gambling game in which you couldn't toss away your hand when the cards were running sour. But they usually came pretty sweet for Henry.

It was the standard existence specified for the family that moves to New York. Henry, in mind and body, still was Catfish Wiggins. A log in the river at Saint Joe is still the same log at New Orleans.

They had been in New York for nearly a year when the ground began to crumble under his feet. Stark tragedy stalked, the evil eye found its mark, grief knocked on the door, dire disaster branded him for her own.

Henry lost his buckeye.

His utter desolation was comparable only to that of a captain who has lost his ship on his first voyage as master, or a bride who has lost her wedding ring, or a Kansas housewife whose chocolate cake has fallen on the day she is to entertain the Methodist Mothers' Club, or an Engledale matron who finds she has not been invited to Mrs. W. B. Nash's tea at the Engledale Country Club.

With a cry like that of a marooned man who has spied a sail, Henry Wiggins dived into the

It was no slouch of a buckeye. It was about the size of a marble and had a swastika carved on it. Henry had carried it for twenty-five years. Eddie Schwartz, a delivery boy in Henry's butcher shop back in Topeka, gave it to him at a time when things were not going so good for Henry—and within two hours the governor's wife came in and opened an account. Luck followed luck. The next day Henry found that he had $100 more in the bank than his check stub showed.

The potency of the charm thus was indisputable. It took him to Kansas City as division sales manager of a packing company. It carried him to St. Louis into a $26,000-a-year job. By this time it had proved beyond the shadow of a doubt that it was an abracadabra with a kick like homemade gin, so in spite of his wife's angry protests Henry sent Eddie Schwartz a check for $300 as a Christmas present. From St. Louis it hocus-pocused him to New York as president of the Bon Ton Meat Products Corporation. And now it was gone.

AS ANY sane person could guess, along with the buckeye went Henry Wiggins' luck. The market broke and his stocks went down. The experts said it was all because of the money shortage, but Henry knew better and looked high and low for the buckeye. Five of the Bon Ton's smaller competitors formed a combination to fight the Hot Dog King. He developed a slice and his putting went bad. He had labor trouble in his plant. Then his private secretary resigned to be married. And just before the lease on his apartment expired he found that, under pressure of his wife and daughter, he had bought a house in Engledale, Long Island, that he was a member of the Engledale Country Club and committed to play golf in a foursome of men who shot around 95 and wouldn't give him any strokes.

Barney Thompson and his wife were responsible for the Engledale move. The Wigginses had known the Thompsons in St. Louis and Barney and his wife were their guides, counselors, friends, and stop-look-and-listen signs in Engledale.

Barney had positively guaranteed that if the Wigginses moved to Engledale, Henry would meet W. B. Nash.

Two Sundays after the unfortunate incident of Henry's little slip of the tongue, the opportunity arose. It was a hot summer day and the lure of the beach clubs pared down many a foursome. Henry and Barney were set to play a twosome and when they approached the first tee they found W. B. Nash petulantly telling his troubles to the starter.

Mr. Nash was a gray-haired little man who wore long white flannel trousers for golf, because his legs were thin. He was constantly irritated and in a perpetual state of feeling proud because he had his temper in hand.

He boasted of two things—his democracy and his self-control—as a cow-

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Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg

grass and came up with a small object clutched in his hand. "My buckeye!" he yelled. "Lady Luck's back home again!"

ard boasts of his courage and as a penniless actor boasts of his prosperity. They were the two qualities he admired most in men and he tried to add them to his stature as girls try to acquire dimples by sticking fingers into their cheeks.

"MAYBE you'd like to join us, if you haven't a game, Mr. Nash," Barney offered in a loud voice.

"Oh, really?" said Mr. Nash softly. "My friends aren't playing today. You don't mind?"

"Meet Mr. Wiggins, President of the Bon Ton Meat Products Corporation, Mr. Nash," said Barney. "Mr. Nash, President of the Lightning Oil Company."

"Oh, how do you do, Mr. Higgins," he murmured. "That's really bully of you. You don't mind a threesome?"

"Wiggins is the name," Henry said genially, as he shook the hand of the man who directed the destinies of America's greatest chain of gasoline stations. "Mighty pleased to meetcha, Mr. Nash. I've met your boy. He's a fine boy."

Mr. Nash smiled blankly. "Shall we start, Mr. Higgins?" he suggested and turned to take a driver from his bag.

"Louder," Barney muttered to Henry. "He's deaf."

"Gosh almighty!" Henry exclaimed as Mr. Nash went over to tee up, taking it for granted that he should shoot first. "No wonder his vice presidents told me he never saw anybody and had to have everything in writin'."

How could he ever sell a deaf man the plan to build a yellow and white polka dot Bon Ton hot dog stand alongside every yellow and white polka dot Lightning gas station from Maine to California?

Mr. Nash preserved his self-control admirably through a ten, four nines and a couple of eights, but after he had put four balls into the lake on the eighth he threw his driver after the balls.

"Good boy!" Henry yelled. "'At's the stuff! I don't blame ya a bit."

"Really?" Mr. Nash asked, rather grateful for the display of sympathy.

"You bet! I'd a taken my whole bag and jumped in and drowned myself."

That was different. Mr. Nash bristled. "You think I should give up golf?" he said coldly.

Henry tried ineffectually to explain.

After they had played several holes in silence, they sat on the twelfth tee, waiting for a foursome to get out of range. Mr. Nash was calmer and decided he must be democratic.

"Did you see Heart of Hearts at the Engledale Theater last night?" he asked.

"I don't like the movies," Henry answered flatly. His mind was on the two-foot putt he had missed on the eleventh green which had put him eight dollars down to Barney. If Henry hadn't lost the buckeye it would have been different.

"Beg pardon, Mr. Higgins?" said Mr. Nash.

Henry Wiggins leaned over and yelled sourly in Mr. Nash's ear, "I hate 'em!" and returned to his dark thoughts.

Mr. Nash was surprised and hurt.

"But Edward Stokes is the star in Heart of Hearts," he explained.

"Never saw him," Henry grunted. And in a louder voice he added: "I never saw a good show yet at that Engledale Theater. It's a bum dump."

A pained look spread over Mr. Nash's countenance.

Barney, sitting beside Henry, jabbed him with an elbow.

"Shut up, you darn fool," Barney whispered out of the side of his mouth, "he's a movie nut. He owns that theater."

Mr. Nash glared at Barney. "Yes," Mr. Nash confirmed, "I own the theater." At times deaf persons hear whispers as clearly as shouts.

Henry finished out the eighteen holes in great mental pain. When they reached the clubhouse Mr. Nash said no, thanks, he wouldn't have a drink and that he was going right home.

Henry wrung his hand.

"Glad to have met ya, Mr. Nash," he beamed, "mighty glad."

Mr. Nash nodded.

"We must get together often," Henry suggested.

"Why must we?" Mr. Nash inquired, and receiving no adequate answer he departed.

"Daddy, do you know some terrible man named Higgins over at the golf club?" Dorothy asked her father at dinner a few days later.

Henry Wiggins gave a start.

"No. Why?"

"I just wondered," she asked.

"Umm," said Henry, and asked for some more fried catfish. It was his favorite delicacy and was shipped to him once a week from Topeka.

Presently he asked, "See that Nash boy lately?"

Dorothy looked up and smiled. "Once or twice," she admitted.

"Didn't I tell ya he'd come back?" he told her. He turned to Mrs. Wiggins. "Didn't I tell ya?"

"Shall we reopen that discussion again?" she inquired. "You'd better hurry or you'll be late to the Fortnightly Club."

THE Fortnightly Club was an important Engledale institution. It's membership list included nearly every man in Engledale and one of its most important members was W. B. Nash, who tried to be an enthusiastic counselor because he believed that rich and important men should not remain aloof from the ordinary folk.

The club met regularly at the Community Center. For this particular meeting Henry had contributed 500 extra-special Bon Ton hot dogs and when he arrived at the Community Center auditorium he was gratified to find that he had been given credit on the printed program.

When the eating began, Henry edged over toward W. B. Nash, who had a circle of admiring $15,000-a-year men about him.

As a waitress came with a tray of Bon Ton hot dogs in toasted rolls, Henry deftly took one, touched it with mustard and handed it to Mr. Nash.

"Try that, Mr. Nash," he said smiling, "that's the greatest hot dog made. Bon Ton."

Mr. Nash looked up pleasantly, but scowled a bit when he recognized Henry. He accepted the roll and nodded.

He took a bite. "Umm, hmm, eggalent." He took another bite.

"Mr. Wiggins makes those hot dogs," Barney Thompson yelled, trying to be helpful.

"Umm. Good. Your name is Wiggins, not Higgins?"

"Yeah," laughed Henry.

"I like hot dogs," said Mr. Nash, and accepted (*Continued on page 50*)

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Please Pass the

The Democrats are in a good position to profit by the disagreement among the Republicans

Senator

who believes a prom-kept, speaks his mind exclusively

There was no misunderstanding the issue with reference to agriculture in the last campaign. Both parties declared that agriculture was fighting for its life against economic inequality and both stood pledged to remedy the injustice. A special session was promised for that purpose. The question is: Shall this pledge be kept?

What the farmer must have, in order that he may be placed upon an economic equality with other industries, is not a loan but a price for his products, a price which will enable him to pay the prices he must pay for the things he buys in a protected market. He is compelled under present circumstances to sell in the open market (if he is producing a commodity of which we have a surplus) and he is denied the right by his government to buy in the open market. If this were not true the farmer might by his own efforts attain economic equality. So long, therefore, as the government denies him the right through its policy of protection to buy in the open market, it should stand ready to adopt any practicable scheme which will relieve him of this inequality. Hamilton saw this injustice and proposed to remedy it by a bounty. Hamilton knew much about economics but very little about economic appetites after one hundred years of protection.

The farmer who produces products of which

WATCHING Washington now is a great deal like watching Europe in the days before the Great War. Algeciras came and passed. The German Kaiser rattled his saber on more than one occasion. A great catastrophe seemed to be at hand and was more than once avoided. Finally came the not very important killing of an Austrian archduke at Sarajevo and all Europe was engaged in battle.

Like Europe before 1914, the Republican party is divided, and has been for a decade, into two hostile camps. Nineteen twenty-four came, with the La Follette defection, and passed without casualties. Governor Smith sought the Western farmer vote in 1928, and in vain. Senator Borah rattles his saber. Is this the Republican Great War? Who knows?

Well, at any rate, what is happening in Washington has all the unexpectedness of Sarajevo. President Hoover was elected only a few months ago, in more decisive fashion than anyone has been elected President since the days immediately after the Civil War, for the West, after many manifestations of anger against the Republican East, stayed peacefully Republican. But the honeymoon of the new President is hardly over, and hostility between the Eastern and Western Republicans is bitterer than ever. The political atmosphere of Washington is more electric than it has been since the year that preceded the 1912 split in the Republican party that resulted in the defeat of President Taft.

The reason for the present accentuation of party differences is that the Eastern and Western Republicans have at last come to grips over the real issue that divides them, the tariff; and the tariff is the life of the Republican party. At no time in recent years, probably at no time in the past, has the conflict between East and West been made to turn, as it does now, wholly upon the tariff. The West has been saying to the East, "You may have all the protection you want, but give us a means of dumping our surplus crops abroad and selling in the American market at prices comparable to those you enjoy behind the screen of protection."

An Act of War

The long struggle of the agrarian element for a kind of farm relief which would enable it to sell its products at prices well above the prevailing world prices ended a short time ago in the passage by Congress and the signing by President Hoover of a farm relief law which does not profess to deal with farm surpluses, which will perhaps reduce the middleman's share in the price of farm products but leaves that price, where a surplus exists, to be fixed in the world market.

That is the answer to the plea of the West for a share in the gravy that the East has.

So the farmer, being denied the relief which he thought consistent with high protective duties for the Eastern manufacturer, has begun to attack those duties. This is an act of war. It ought to have been covered by the Kellogg Anti-War Pact. Therefore, as I said before, the situation calls to mind Sarajevo. But I am bound to say that threatening moments in the history of the balance of power between East and West in the Republican party have been safely passed, and maybe this one will be. Maybe Sarajevo is off beyond 1932, which is as far as anyone needs to look ahead in politics.

Let us regard the history of this tariff revision. Late in the national campaign last fall, Governor Smith having declared for the Haugen-McNary bill, Senator Norris of Nebraska, supposed to be a great power among the farmers, bolted the Republican party and took the stump for Governor Smith, who by that time was making triumphal progress through the cities of the East.

It was a scary moment. Panics come easily in political campaigns. It might well be that the Republican Great War was at hand. Candidate Hoover, advised by Senator Borah, but probably needing little urging, announced that if elected he would call a special session of Congress to pass a farm relief bill and, further to aid agriculture—and certain more or less unprosperous industries—to revise the tariff. When he did call the special session he asked for a limited revision of the tariff, one confined to agriculture and to such industries as had so suffered from insurmountable foreign competition under the existing law as to cause unemployment.

Industry Takes a Hand

The House has passed a tariff revision interpreting Mr. Hoover's words according to its own light and a flood of illumination that a large lobby appearing for Eastern industry was able to throw on them. There is a semi-official hint that President Hoover thinks the House bill is bad and that he will veto the final bill if it resembles the House bill.

At this writing it is not certain what the Senate will do, but there is not much likelihood that it will pass a bill much more acceptable to Mr. Hoover than the House bill is. Even if it did, the necessary compromises in conference between the two houses would result in a bill not very different from the House bill, at least in principle.

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Gravy

By Clinton W. Gilbert

tection to buy in the open market, it should stand ready to adopt any practicable scheme which will relieve him of this inequality. Hamilton saw this injustice and proposed to remedy it by a bounty. Hamilton knew much about economics but very little about economic appetites after one hundred years of protection.

The farmer who produces products of which we have not a surplus is entitled under the protective system to duties which will place him upon an economic equality with other industries. But while placing a reasonable duty on some of the things the farmer sells they propose, it seems, to place a higher duty upon everything which he buys. In other words, when the transaction is closed, the inequality continues.

There are only two ways that I know of by which we can assure the farmer economic equality so far as the tariff is concerned, and they are: equal protection with other industries through raising his rates or by reducing his living and producing costs through a lowering of present tariff rates.

The protective tariff system is now threatened by reason of the acts of its greatest beneficiaries. When agriculture asks for reasonable protection, the other industries demand higher duties, which leaves agriculture suffering from that economic inequality of which we were pledged to relieve them. Agriculture knows precisely where the fault lies and is prepared to meet the challenge.

Wm E Borah

There are in the House bill about a hundred increases in rates on agricultural products. And there are about 2,000 increases in rates on non-agricultural products. It has been the constant complaint of farmers that they sell in a world, or unprotected, market and buy in a protected market. They will buy in more highly protected markets if a bill like this House bill becomes a law.

That is the point of Senator Borah's unavailing attempt to confine tariff revision in the Senate to the agricultural schedules. He thinks that the only way to give the farmer a square deal under protection is to raise the duties on farm products while holding the other duties where they are, or by giving the farmer an export bounty upon the surplus which he ships abroad. And the House bill, by raising the duties on twenty times as many non-agricultural products as upon agricultural products, tends to make Mr. Borah's case for him. Such a disproportion is inevitable once other than agricultural schedules are thrown open for revision.

The Farm Bureau Federation, a farm organization which has usually been Republican, estimates that the duties on what the farmers bought under the Fordney-McCumber Tariff Law increased their cost of living and farm operation by $331,000,000 a year, and that they profited from duties on agricultural products under that law to the extent of only $30,000,000 a year.

These figures have an anti-tariff propaganda purpose and may be exaggerated, but there is not much doubt that, so far as its direct effects were concerned, the existing tariff left agriculture many millions in the hole.

A new tariff bill like the House bill would not better this situation. It could not, because the big money crops, the staples, cannot be aided by the tariff. These staple crops face no foreign competition or only a negligible amount of it. Most of them have surpluses to sell abroad. Such crops are corn, wheat, oats, barley, rye, buckwheat, cotton, hay, tobacco, apples, peaches, pears and grapes. Their total value in 1928 was more than $7,000,000,000.

Specialty crops, on the other hand—like onions, lettuce, tomatoes, olives, peas, early potatoes, sugar cane, sugar beets, and peanuts—may be protected, and many of them receive added protection in this bill. But their total value is probably not much more than one tenth that of the farm products that cannot be protected in any more than a nominal degree and under exceptional circumstances.

Farmers who raise these specialty crops will benefit from this House "readjustment," and everyone is glad that they will. But it is exceedingly doubtful whether agriculture as a whole will not suffer more than ever under that "readjustment," from buying in a protected market and selling in a world market. The raisers of the great staple crops will certainly be worse off for the tariff changes. The prices of what they buy will be increased in many instances. The prices of what they sell cannot be.

Laying an Embargo

The benefits to the specialty crop raisers who receive additional protection in this bill may be set off as probably about equaling the disadvantages the staple crop raisers will suffer from the higher duties on the manufactured articles they buy. So if the Farm Bureau Federation is right in its estimates the farmers as a class will remain about $300,000,000 worse off than they would be if protection could somehow be made to work equally in the interests of industry and agriculture.

Now let us look at another side of the present tariff making, that is, the tendency, wherever possible, to shut foreign goods absolutely out of the American markets.

Hitherto the idea of the tariff has been, professedly at least, to secure to American industries the right to exist in this country in face of foreign competition. Now the idea is, frankly, to afford to American industry the exclusive possession of the American market, barring out absolutely, wherever possible, all foreign competition.

You may get some idea of what this exclusive right to the American markets means from the fact that the new "readjusted" tariff puts a prohibitive duty on corn. We produce three billion bushels of corn in this country. We import two million bushels of corn from Argentina, a special corn of a small flinty grain, like popcorn, which is fed here to pigeons. One fifteenth of one per cent of the corn used here is imported. A prohibitive duty is directed against that one fifteenth of one per cent. The bill is full of duties whose aim is like that of the duty on corn, to create an exclusive market.

One and three-tenths per cent of the cement used in this country is imported from Belgium. It is used only along the coast, for freight rates preclude its being hauled far inland. The cement industry, except along the coast, is in a flourishing state. But to give an industry that already possesses 98.7 per cent of the American market 100 per cent of it, a duty is laid on cement.

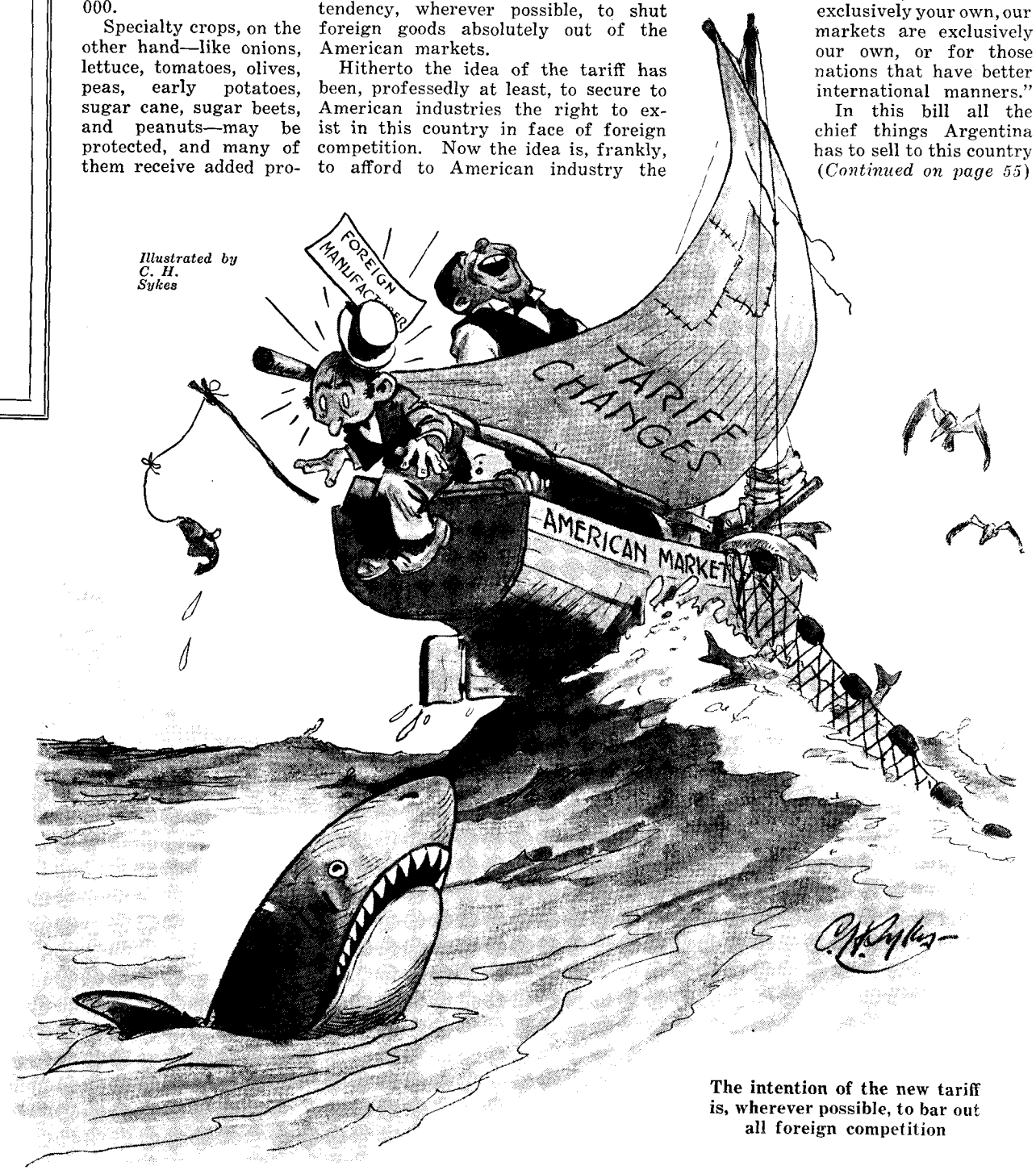
The same thing is true of bricks. And also of shingles, of which nearly all of the better grade come from Canada.

It is an old rule of trade to be considerate of your customers, lest they trade elsewhere. Maybe foreigners will say, "Well, if your market is exclusively your own, our markets are exclusively our own, or for those nations that have better international manners."

In this bill all the chief things Argentina has to sell to this country

(*Continued on page 55*)

Illustrated by C. H. Sykes



The intention of the new tariff is, wherever possible, to bar out all foreign competition

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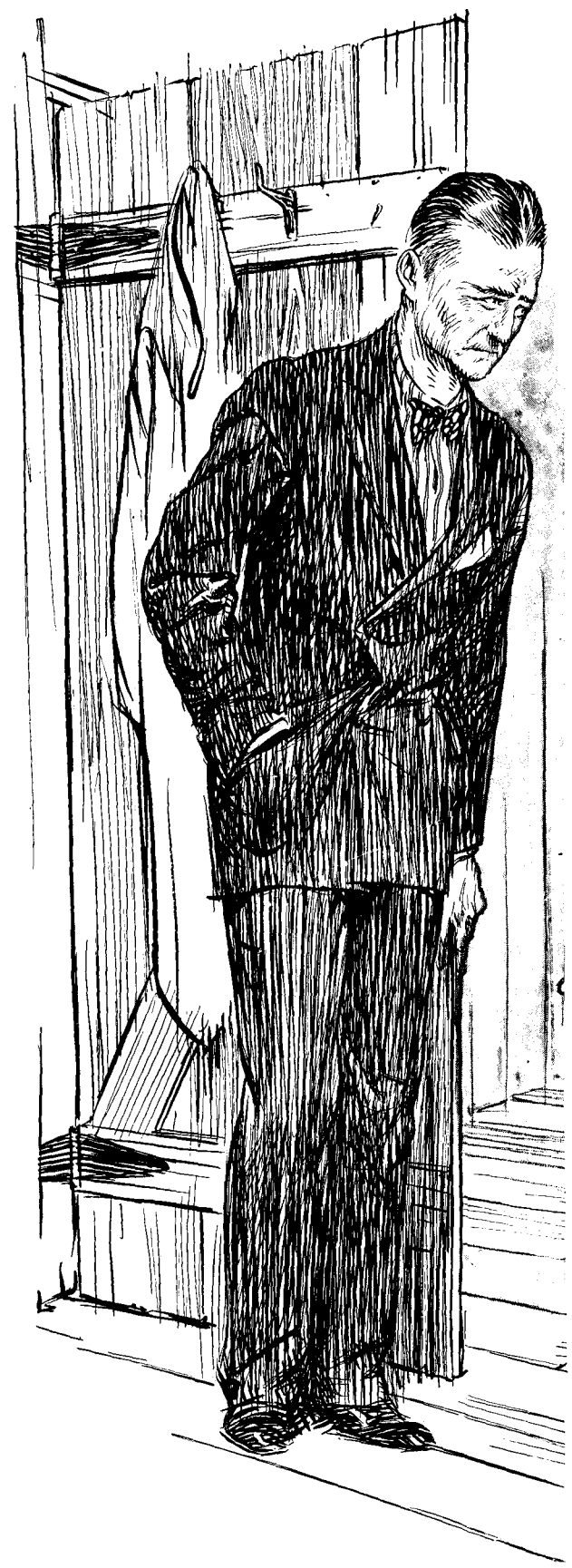
ALIBI

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

One trivial detail overlooked has spoiled many a perfect crime. This is the story of a criminal who decided to overlook nothing



He stood in the doorway, his right hand in the pocket of his coat, waiting till it was absolutely safe

OLD Mrs. Pellat was in her little flower garden when Ed Stieffel turned in at the gate of the house next door. He shifted the heavy kitbag to his left hand so that his right could lift his hat. The old lady acknowledged the salute with visible pleasure, a trace of self-consciousness in her vague smile and the uncertain nod of her white head.

Stieffel turned quickly to hide his contented grin. Mrs. Pellat must be seventy if she was a day, but he could almost believe that she flushed under the flattery of his glance. He seemed to catch a sudden glimpse, pathetically funny, of the little girl who had somehow been magicked, without knowing it, into a cushiony-fat old woman—a shy, stupid, awkward girl, Stieffel thought, blushing like a radish if a boy looked at her.

He took credit to himself for her, for her presence here in the skimpy flower-flat that separated her house from Wade Trumbell's paintless tumble-down shack. It seemed to him almost as if he had invented Mrs. Pellat and posted her where she would be bound to see him come.

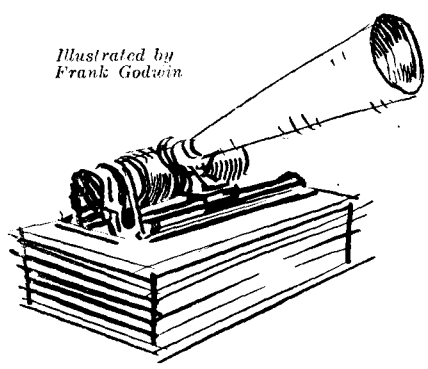
This didn't matter, to be sure, as much as her seeing him depart, but it served nevertheless to hearten him, just as the favoring weather had heartened him. Certainly luck, as far as such a thing existed, was on his side.

It was luck, perhaps, that the day was cloudless and bland, but after all, if a man had patience to wait for it, such a day was pretty sure to happen in June. And on such a day old Mrs. Pellat was almost absolutely certain to spend most of her time out here in her dinky little garden where she couldn't help seeing anybody who might go and come by the back door of Wade Trumbell's shanty.

STIEFFEL'S self-approval deepened a little. A good many men in his position would have considered Mrs. Pellat as an obstacle and danger, would have tried to come and go without being noticed. Stieffel felt a condescending contemptuous pity for that stupidity; even fairly clever men were guilty of it; the record was full of well-laid plans brought to grief because their inventors fled from dangers instead of facing them.

At the open doorway Stieffel paused. For an instant, as he glanced into the frowzy kitchen, his face forgot its part, and the lazy grin vanished. The mouth flattened; there were tight lines between nostril and lip and the eyes looked out between narrowed lids as a sly, furtive face might peep past the edge of a drawn window curtain.

Illustrated by Frank Godwin



But it was only for a second or two. By the time the big, gaunt man at work at the oilclothed table had sensed the presence of a visitor and twisted his shaggy white head to glower over his shoulder, Stieffel's indolently good-natured grin had reappeared and the tension had gone out of arm and shoulder.

"Hey-hey, old-timer!"

HE SPOKE with lazy impudence, moving his free hand in a flippant burlesque of a military salute. Without waiting for response he came in, setting the kitbag down just inside the door. It was upon this bag that Wade Trumbell's attention seemed to focus; he glared at it with visible disfavor.

"What's the satchel for?"

The voice was gnarled and knotted like the huge figure in collarless shirt and baggy overalls; there was no room for doubt as to its unwelcome. Stieffel chuckled.

"Don't worry, Uncle Wade. I'm not moving in just yet."

"Like to see you try it," said Trumbell, "till I ask you!" Something of the surliness went out of his voice, however. "What's the sense of carrying that satchel clear out here, then, if you don't expect to stay all summer? What's in it?"

"Just samples, that's all." Stieffel helped himself to a chair, crossed his legs, lighted a cigarette. "I didn't want to leave it at the station and it didn't cost me anything extra to bring it along with me in the car, so here it is."

"Car, eh?" The old man grunted scornfully. "Getting fancy, are you? Too high-toned to walk a couple a miles to save a dollar, eh?"

"Something like that," said Stieffel. "I'm sort of practicing up so I'll know how to act when I'm rich. It's apt to happen any minute."

His eye dwelt insolently on the big, gaunt figure. Wade Trumbell chuckled less sullenly. Long ago Stieffel had discovered that the old man disliked him least when he was most offensive, that a blunt reference to money that was bound to come to Stieffel when Trumbell died abated the old fellow's enmity more effectively than any shrewd diplomacy could contrive to do.

"Don't you go betting on any such notion," said Trumbell. "I'm apt to be alive and kicking a long time after they hang you, Ed."

The old man chuckled.

"Tell you what I will do, Ed—I'll give you some supper before you start back. I guess I owe you that much for disappointing you again, this way."

"All right."

Below the carelessness of his acceptance a strange, keen stab of triumph went through Stieffel. He had planned out every step in this process of prodding Wade Trumbell into asking him to stay, and yet now that his patiently considered scheme had justified itself, he was dimly awed by its success, vaguely frightened by a feeling that everything was happening too well, that so much good luck must be balanced, presently, by an equal quantity of bad.

He shook off the thought impatiently. That was idiotic superstition. There wasn't such a thing as luck. The reason his plans moved smoothly was because he'd thought them all the way out.

He'd realized, for instance, that he would have to arrive by the four-twelve train and that he couldn't get away until nine-twenty. He'd foreseen the necessity of spending all the intervening time at Wade Trumbell's house. Plenty of cleverer men mightn't have spotted the possible danger of trying to kill time somewhere else, but Ed Stieffel had been too smart to take a chance on giving these small-town hicks any reason to scratch their thick heads about his behavior. If he hung around the post office or the station instead of going straight to Trumbell's and staying there, even these mudsills might see something queer about it, and it was running just such trivial, needless risks that tripped a man.

He shifted his chair as he set about shelling the pan of peas that Wade Trumbell thrust into his hands. Through the doorway he could see old Mrs. Pellat and the sight heartened him—heartened him absurdly, he thought, with a sour grin.

The soft, plump, timid old woman certainly wasn't a bit like the conventional ally and aid of a man committed to the errand that had brought Ed Stieffel up into the glen! And yet Mrs. Pellat was even more closely involved in this enterprise of Stieffel's; it was really built about her, about the nearness of her house to Trumbell's, about her fixed habit of spending most of her time among the flower beds that came to within five paces of Trumbell's back porch, about the vague, mild dullness of her face.

Stieffel suppressed a chuckle; when you came right down to hard facts that old lady was going to be in this thing as deeply as Ed Stieffel himself!

They had a word for it, the word-loving lawyers; he groped for it as his fingers dealt nimbly with the fat peapods. Accessory. That was it. Accessory before the fact and, far more important, after the fact as well.

It tickled the sour sense of comedy that was upon him. Old Mrs. Pellat had stopped weeding; she was resting, now, in the splint chair under the black-cherry tree, her fat hands crossed above her aproned lap.

Accessory. The word amused and pleased him. There was something pretty close to genius in a plan that could enlist old lady Pellat, before the fact and afterward, in premeditated murder!

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He heard Wade Trumbell at the woodstove behind him; there was a thin, pleasantly keen smell of burning cedar, the soft, puffing chuckle of a young fire. It seemed to Stieffel that the sound of it reached Mrs. Pellat and disturbed the contented emptiness of her mind. He saw her stir in the splint chair, saw her look up, struggle gently to her feet and waddle deliberately toward the doorway of her kitchen.

Apparently she'd heard the crackle of Trumbell's kindling fire. She couldn't help hearing them talk, then! He had been pretty sure about it before; but this proof seemed almost like a purposed gesture of excitement and approval from that imaginary thing that superstitious people still believed in, still dimly feared, and half in joke but more than half in earnest, tried to appease and propitiate. Mechanically Ed Stieffel's knuckles rapped gently at the arm of his chair.

"How you getting on with the old girl next door?" he asked, a note of jocularity in the tone.

Trumbell grunted. "I got her trained to leave me alone."

Ed Stieffel let the topic rest; as long as the old squabble over that boundary line, begun five years before Jeff Pellat died, was still unhealed, there was nothing to be afraid of. Mrs. Pellat would keep to her own side of that border, and that was all that would matter to Stieffel.

He sat in silence until supper was ready. The sight of the table had its old effect on him: the greasy skillet of fried potatoes on the smeared oilcloth cover, the graniteware pot of boiled tea, peas in the pan in which they'd been cooked, two slabs of bread . . . and the man who chose to feed himself thus, to pig it in this sty of a shanty, might have lived anywhere he pleased, as softly and richly and fully as seemed good to him.

He drew in his chair to the slattern table with a sudden sickness of disgust and hate, an overpowering, passionate ecstasy of loathing. It was intolerable that Wade Trumbell should be suffered to exist; the sound of his harsh breathing, the smack of his lips, the frank, animal hunger with which he wolfed the beast's victuals before him, became affront and injury past all bearing. Ed Stieffel's hand moved of its own volition to the pocket of his coat; it seemed to rebel against the command of his will that jerked it away again.

He made such sore work of pretending to an appetite that Trumbell noticed it, made sourly merry over it.

"Choosy, eh? My kind of grub isn't fancy enough to suit you, is it? Well, it's what keeps me standing in your light, Ed!" He cackled flatly. "It'd be funny if I made out to stay alive till you were dead, wouldn't it?"

Stieffel managed to twist his mouth into a grin in front of his locked teeth, to keep his hand away from the sagging pocket of his coat. He pushed back his chair and lighted a fresh cigarette.

"It's too hot to eat," he said.

"Noticed you were sweating," Trumbell answered. Stieffel followed his glance to the back of his own hand and saw that it was beaded. He dried it hurriedly with his handkerchief, mopped his face. This wouldn't do; it wasn't safe to let his nerves get out of control this way.

"I'm hot," he said again, and rose to help Wade Trumbell clear the table and wash the dishes.

The sickness gave way, now, to a revival of the blind desire to kill, an unreasoning hunger that was like the craving of choked lungs for breath.

The hot soapsuds in the dishpan reddened and swelled the huge, knotted hands, and the sight of them, swirling the dishrag in the gray water, focussed Stieffel's hate.

He set his teeth to control the sudden quickening of impulse. Not yet . . . not here . . . wait . . . wait!

STIEFFEL waited. He watched Trumbell wring out and hang up the dishrag and towel, pile the chipped plates and cups on the shelf, fill and light the charred pipe for which he waited, every day, until the after-supper work was finished. The smell of the cheap tobacco fouled the hot, stale air; Stieffel moved away from it to the doorstep, where, after a moment, his uncle joined him.

He glanced at his watch. Past seven. Not much longer, now, to wait.

He could hear dim sounds from the other cottage, the clink of silver against glass and china, the slither of a metal dishrag on a cooking pan, the gurgle of water. The clearness with which his ear caught and identified them troubled him. He'd been at a lot of pains to make sure that the old woman over there would be able to hear well enough to suit his beautifully simple plan, but it had not occurred to him that she might be able, in this hushed, empty upland dusk, to hear too well.

His mind collected itself to deal with the new problem. The chance that old Mrs. Pellat would hear too much was one, perhaps, in a million, but it was by needlessly running just such infinitesimal risks that shrewd men came to feel the halter draw. Ed Stieffel wasn't going to make that blunder.

Mrs. Pellat had finished at last with the supper dishes. She came out under the arch of trumpet-vine that overhung her kitchen porch and moved slowly along the path to the splint chair under the cherry tree. Ed Stieffel scowled; he could hear every one of her footsteps, could hear the chair creak softly under her. And if he could hear sounds like these it was certain that Mrs. Pellat might be able to hear, when her turn came to listen, more than was needful, more than was safe.

Light came to him so suddenly that he nearly laughed aloud at the beautiful simplicity of the answer to his puzzle. . . . Of course! As easy as easy!

Again he glanced at his watch; again, cannily, he measured the degree of dusk. The longer he dared to wait, to be sure, the safer; but he mustn't wait too long, mustn't take any chance that Mrs. Pellat would go indoors before he was ready to leave.

It would be better to be done with it. Wade Trumbell hadn't any friends to come dropping in on him; at one time or another he'd (*Continued on page 48*)

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The Look of the Month

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

The Screen—Famous for his directing as well as his acting, Lionel Barrymore does both in The Revue of Revues, one of Hollywood's latest musical movies. John Gilbert and Norma Shearer are showing him everything they know about the lives and loves of Romeo and Juliet

Wide World

The Author—Apparently they are trying to like each other, but this pseudo-affection doesn't fool a skeptical public as Ring Lardner and his leonine companion indulge in an orgy of mutual soul-gazing

Vandamm

The Stage—Demonstrating his versatility as an artist, Will Mahoney draws plenty of laughs in The Sketch Book now being exhibited by Earl Carroll. This new summer show by Eddie Cantor also boasts a small army of charming femininity in which Frances Joyce ranks as a major-general

White Studio

Wide World

The Sport—The young gentleman from Atlanta still manages to break considerably less than a hundred and his game appears to be improving constantly. Bobby Jones, who recently won the National Open golf championship, is now going after the amateur title

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If you haven't found time lately to keep up with current events these pictorial pages may be of some assistance

Pictorial Press

Society—Tally-ho! Responding to the call, a group of Mrs. Muriel Vanderbilt Church's friends enjoyed this ride at Newport where the first appearance of her new coach was a sensation of the season

Bradley

The Fashion—Paris says tweeds for early autumn and this obedient young lady is wearing a yellow and brown coat frock charming in that rough texture. The millinery accompaniment is a brown felt trimmed with yellow and brown grosgrain ribbon and a pert feather. Shown by Saks-Fifth Avenue

Underwood & Underwood

The Bride—Newport society attended the wedding at Trinity Church of Miss Lily Cushing, daughter of Mrs. James Denison Sawyer, and George Crawford Clark, Jr., of New York and Dark Harbor, Maine

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The Siren of the Marsh

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

In which beauty plays a leading rôle, and Slane, titled criminologist, does the fastest work of his career

SLANE saw tragedy coming to him through the bank of white mist which had fallen suddenly over the marshes. A breath of wind unscreened those ghostly arms; he saw the dim figure of a man, saw the blinding flash of a gun, heard the shrill whistle of a bullet. Once more the wall of floating vapors closed up, and there was silence.

"What the hell do you mean by that?" Slane shouted.

His voice seemed the most ineffectual thing in this wilderness of silence. There was no reply. High overhead, a flight of geese went honking along the shore. From the side of the road came the sibilant, soft suction of the tidal waters, but of human sound there was none.

Slane, who had courage enough, felt only one sensation—anger. He plunged forward blindly, left the road, made breathless passage over the mossy, sea-riven land, only to put his foot deep into a morass, and fall headlong before he had gone a dozen paces. He picked himself up, and listened. Again there was that queer, brooding silence, which at this hour of the evening seemed always to come down from the skies. The cold water chilled him. He stumbled on his way—an undignified object, his clothes soaking, his anger finding no form of expression.

The mist was denser now—so dense that as he struggled toward the rough lane he walked into a startled pony, which galloped off at his touch. With a sense of bewilderment, he strode on until he reached the first gate, grasped the white timber bars and raised his voice again—in vain.

A dog was barking somewhere in the far distance. There was the eternal swish and suction of the waters, the breathing of a cow close at hand—so close that as he pushed the gate open he set the beast stampeding into the mist. The furtive lights of the Dormy House shone dimly now through the hanging gloom. He unlatched the gate and stepped, dripping, into the hall. Harrison, the butler, hastened forward to meet him.

"Harrison," he demanded, "who the hell wanders over these marshes in the mists with a gun, trying to commit murder?"

"A gun, Sir Jasper? One of the duck shooters lost his way, I expect. You don't mean to say he came nigh hitting you?"

"Blast him, he tried to murder me!" Slane cried, the fury still hot in his veins. "It was no shotgun. It was an automatic, or a rifle. Fired a bullet at me through the mist. He couldn't have missed me by more than a yard. What maniacs are there loose in the neighborhood?"

Harrison's expression was a little grave as he took Slane's wringing wet coat.

"If you'll come straight upstairs, sir," he proposed, "I'll get you a bath quick. As to whom you might come across on them marshes, God only knows, but there be queer tales at times."

"I'll have the queer tales out of someone," Slane muttered. "I'm no more careful of my life than most men, but I've no fancy to be a target for a lunatic."

"There's a few of the gentlemen, sir," Harrison ventured, "who stay out quite late."

"And why not?" Slane demanded. "I had a late tea, and whisky in the bar, and a chat with Tom Ryder afterward in his workshop. Then I saw the mists come down, and I made for home. Why shouldn't I stay as long as I want to? I'll get to the bottom of this, Harrison."

They had reached the bathroom. The man turned on the tap, and the room was soon full of hissing steam.

"If you'll take your bath, Sir Jasper," he suggested, "you'll find your clothes all laid out for you. I'll bring you a cocktail up, if I may, to keep the cold out, and what there may be to tell I'll just tell you, if the other gentlemen don't, sir."

THE evening meal in the long, low dining-room of the Dormy House was always a simple but pleasant function. It was served by Harrison, a maid and a rather clumsy boy, and consisted usually of soup, fish and a joint. Whisky and soda, followed by a bottle of port, was the staple drink, and golf the invariable subject of conversation. Tonight, however, Slane introduced what was evidently a disturbing note. He turned to Major Lyall, the secretary, who sat at the head of the table, and asked him a portentous question.

"Why do you allow madmen to go about on the links, Lyall?"

"Can't help it so long as they're not certified, and have paid their subscriptions," was the cheerful reply. "Someone has to lose. Was it the old colonel you were thinking of? I saw him break two clubs this afternoon."

"I am not referring to the usual type of golfing lunatic," Slane continued. "Do you know, I was shot at, at pointblank range, coming back tonight by some beast of a fellow with a gun?"

There was a moment's silence, and the secretary—a broad-shouldered man of fine physique, with healthily tanned cheeks, loud voice and breezy manner—seemed unaccountably embarrassed. The other three men showed their interest in various ways. Ferguson, a barrister, clean shaven, a little worn and grizzled, was clearly taken by surprise. The other two men—Paul Fenton, a stockbroker, and Walter Seymour, a lawyer who came from somewhere in the Mid-

"Thee had better have stayed with the fleet and caught thy fish, Mark Rennett," she said. "Is this for what you came stealing home? It sings in your blood too, the madness?"

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lands—seemed to share the secretary's discomfiture

"What made you come home by the marsh road?" Major Lyall asked, rather with the air of an unsympathetic magistrate cross-examining a witness.

"Well, I suppose I can if I want to, can't I?" was the impatient rejoinder. "As a matter of fact I lost my way. There was one of those beastly sea fogs about, and I didn't realize that I had missed the turning until I was halfway here."

The secretary sipped his wine.

"You haven't been down for a month or so, Slane," he said. "Otherwise, you'd know that that road isn't safe now for anyone staying at the Dormy House."

"Why on earth not?"

Lyall shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, I should have thought you'd have found out," he vouchsafed dryly.

Slane was puzzled, and a little indignant.

"Do you know who the fellow was?" he asked.

"I can guess," Lyall acknowledged. "It was Mark Rennett."

"Then I shall take a policeman and have a talk with Mr. Mark Rennett in the morning," Slane declared. "He'd better choose some other form of amusement than mistaking human beings for ducks."

The secretary moved uneasily in his chair.

"THE fellow's a damned nuisance, of course," he admitted, "but he doesn't seem to do any mischief unless some one goes near his cottage. I should leave him alone, I think."

"Why should I?" Slane demanded. "The fellow fired at me deliberately. I'm not going to give him the chance of doing it a second time."

"You'll be all right," Major Lyall assured him, "so long as you stick to the main road. The fellow's a difficult proposition. He built that cottage of old timbers and beach stones on a piece of reclaimed land twenty years ago, and I don't think anyone could turn him out. He's made a living somehow or other. He's got a boat on one of the reaches, and he can bring fish out of the water and duck from the skies like no ordinary man. He was a civil enough chap, too, until a year ago—used to caddy sometimes when the weather was bad, and knew the game as well as any of us."

"What's happened to him since a year ago?" Slane asked bluntly.

There was a moment's silence. Seymour seemed about to speak, but thought better of it. Lyall stretched out his hand for the decanter, and filled his glass.

"The fact is," he confided, "that Rennett, although he's a man past middle age, has a wife who in her way is really beautiful. I won't even qualify it. She is an amazingly beautiful human being. One or two of the visitors down here used to go out of their way to stroll home by Rennett's cottage: one especially—a man you know, I think, Slane. If ever he comes back—which he hasn't done for the last eight months—I think Rennett will shoot him. Not that he's really to blame. I don't believe anyone who's stayed here has ever spoken more than a dozen words to the woman. As a matter of fact, Rennett himself—a sour, sullen dog he is—has never made any serious complaint, and I shouldn't imagine he's had any cause to. The trouble is, the man's half a gypsy, and at times he's mad. He's sworn to shoot anyone from the Dormy House who goes near the cottage, and there you are."

"And you put up with it?" Slane asked in amazement.

The secretary laughed a little apologetically.

"I suppose, upon the face of it," he said, "it does seem rather ridiculous, but what are we to do? The man's his own landlord. He can't be turned out, even if one wanted to do it. The grievance against us may have some foundation, or it may not—no one really knows—but so long as he's left alone, he does no harm. He's never raised his gun that I've heard of, or attempted any form of violence against anyone, except—except against one man. Supposing you take your story to the police. He'll just say that he was duck shooting, and didn't notice anyone coming, and all the police can do is to warn him to be more careful in the future."

"They can take his gun license away," Slane pointed out.

"I doubt whether they could. In this part of the world it's like drawing a man's teeth."

Slane abandoned the subject. It seemed to him a curious thing that the fact of his doing so was a matter for obvious relief to everyone.

"Playing with us today, Slane?" Fenton asked at breakfast-time the next morning.

Slane looked over his shoulder from the sideboard from which he was helping himself.

"After lunch," he assented. "This morning I am going to pay a call upon Mr. Mark Rennett."

There was a brief silence. Major Lyall looked up from behind the local paper.

"I wouldn't do that if I were you, Slane," he advised.

"I'd let the fellow alone," Seymour echoed.

Slane looked at them both curiously.

"Well," he seated himself. "I have my own ideas of what to do when a fellow takes a pot shot at you from twenty yards away, because you happen to be passing near his cottage. If I didn't go to see him, I should go to the police. Perhaps that would be better anyway."

"It wouldn't do any good," Seymour confided. "I know the sergeant here, and I know the policeman. I bet you a fiver that neither of them would go near."

"Well, let's hope it won't be necessary," Slane remarked, settling down to his breakfast. "I shall try the effect of a little gentle persuasion first."

MARK RENNETT'S abode was easily to be seen—a strange, rough-looking structure, standing absolutely by itself near one of the arms of the sea—a muddy ditch now, but transformed into a glittering waterway with the turn of the tide. There was no sign of human life about the place as Slane approached, and he had time to take note of his surroundings. There were several things that surprised him.

In the first place, everything was spotlessly neat. In one of the front windows was a great bowl of wild lavender; in another a pot of primroses. A long fishing net, reeking with odors of the sea, was laid out to dry. There had been no attempt to enclose any space for a garden—the door opened on to the soft, spongy turf—but in a sheltered corner, where one might catch the sunlight, there was a wicker chair upon which were some articles of woman's clothing. Slane was in the act of tapping at the door with his stick when it suddenly opened, and he recived a shock which bereft him, for a moment, of speech. Mark Rennett's wife stood upon the threshold looking out at him.

Afterward, for his own pleasure, he tried to collect those first impressions of her, and though he never failed to weave them into a wonderful picture, he always felt that in certain mysterious ways memory failed him. To his first surprised fancy she resembled nothing so much as Fra Lippo Lippi's Florentine Madonna. She stood with one hand upon her hip, leaning a little forward, and as she looked at Slane that first gentle smile of inquiry seemed to become to him something subtly different, something which stirred him as he had seldom before been stirred in his life.

"What might you be wanting?" she asked.

Her voice was soft enough, but it had more than a touch of the East Anglian accent.

"I wanted (*Continued on page 40*)

Illustrated by T. D. Skidmore

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PROTECTION

By Harold Lamb

Eric the Viking loved the beautiful Ilga. Black Odo desired her. Eric went into battle—and Odo stayed behind

Illustrated by R. L. Lambdin

BLACK ODO'S road was stopped. And he grunted with satisfaction, because this meant a fight, and nothing warmed the blood in his veins like a fight.

Big he was and bold—he could swing his four-foot sword with either hand—and cunning, being Norman born. Besides, he was Duke of Bari with the rents of a countryside to squander and eight hundred good spears to follow him. Black Odo his men called him, because he would draw back neither from peril nor sin. They said of him that he feared not the powers of darkness. Some said more—that for every horse in his stables, he had a woman to his will. They whispered that the tale of his sins was blacker than a pit in the hours of night. But now, in the year of our Lord one thousand and ninety-nine, he was Jerusalem bound, a cross upon his shoulder.

"God's life!" breathed Duke Odo, "'Tis no land flowing with milk and honey as the shave-pates swore."

He could see nothing around him but the barren, dry lands covered with tangles of thorn and nests of boulders. The driving dust was worse than the sun, in this long valley between low hills where it was a torment to wear the chain mail that they dared not take off. It was mid-afternoon and the fleshy Norman sat under his pavilion flap nursing his long chin in his hand and gulping warm wine. On his jutting shoulder gleamed a scarlet cross, the edges sewn with rubies, for Odo did nothing in niggardwise, and he had seen to it that the crusaders' cross was an emblem of price.

His eye roved over the camp, on the boulder-strewn ridge. His banner with its rearing lion swelled and drooped in the wind gusts. Wherever the rocks gave any shade, his men-at-arms were clustered. The faded tents of his knights topped the horse lines, and between them a few women moved wearily, toward the uplifted arms of a barefoot friar who prayed for water.

Odo wondered why these daughters and sisters of his liegemen had taken the road to Palestine. They hungered for Jerusalem, and the salvation of their souls, and they would not turn back, although they were dying by the way. Odo had not seen a shapely throat or a sparkling eye among them. He himself looked forward to his fill of fighting and the despoiling of the pagan castles. The prospect was fair enough.

Ahead of him, only half a league away, some three thousand Arabs were encamped. And his Armenian guides told him that the Moslems were in possession of the only well in this stretch of the Stone Desert. The Normans were out of water—they had a little wine still—and unless they turned back at once to the coast, they must reach the well. Odo meant to reach the well, after dawn of the morrow, before the heat should weaken his men. And he counted the black tents of the Arabs grimly, for they were the first foemen to come into his way.

"Think ye, Sir Guy," he asked, looking up suddenly, "they will stand?"

A sallow Norman, his eyes dark with the fever that lurked in his veins, came forward. Unlike the giant duke, he wore faded blue linen, the cross sewn upon the back of his sur-coat. He had been with the host that had captured Jerusalem the summer before, and the desert had left its mark upon him. Moreover, to Odo's thinking, he kept too much to himself, with his half dozen scarred followers and a girl who wore a veil like a Moslem—Sir Guy of the Mount they called him. He had joined Odo's company, with some Genoese merchants, for protection during the short journey from the sea to the city.

"THEY will do more than that, my lord," he answered.

"What, then?"

"They are a fighting clan. Having seen the bright armor and shining gear of thy men, and the merchants' caravan, they know thee for a newcomer in this land, and they will loot thy camp, if so be they may."

"By my faith," swore Odo, "they will not do that, for I shall break them, and gladden the foul Fiend by their death."

"Then guard thee, my lord, against one peril," the knight of the Mount advised. "These Moslems will come against thee, where thy standard is lifted. At first they will give way, then come in from all sides, assailing thy horse with arrows, and putting thee afoot. Long is thy sword's reach, but they will venture their lives fearlessly to ride thee down, and slay thee. 'Tis their way thus to make an end of the leader of a Christian host, knowing that his men will lose heart if he dies."

"Out upon thee for a faint heart!" Odo grinned at the Crusader. "Put some wine in thy belly."

A flush tinged the gray cheeks of the man from Jersualem, and he turned on his heel with only a silent salutation. It was not good to bandy words with Black Odo.

But the Norman pondered what Sir Guy had said. He glanced over his shoulder at the couch where his helm stood—the polished steel crest of which was a rearing lion, nicely gilded. Few men of his day had such crests, but Odo liked to be known wherever he went. He liked to see foemen shrink away from him. As for arrows, he made mock of them—fit weapons for Genoese churls and Arab pagans who could not strike a good blow with steel. Still, he was too shrewd to make light of Sir Guy's warning. The man from Jerusalem had faced the Moslems too often, not to know their ways.

And that morning Odo had had a sign. A raven, a grave bird, had croaked at his ear. He rubbed his chin reflectively. It would take more than the croaking of a grave bird and the maundering of a sick man to make the Duke of Bari discard his crested helm and gilt mail and wear the plain steel casque and mail that his weapon man, Arnulf, carried in his sack—

Odo sat up abruptly, his hands gripping the arms of the chair. Down below his pavilion Sir Guy was walking away, slowly. And, hastening through the idle men-at-arms, that veiled girl came to meet him. She moved gracefully, and Odo thought that she must be strong, and not old. But others had noticed her, and a bearded Norman swordsman reached out an arm and tore the veil from her head. The girl was thrown to her knees and cried out involuntarily.

The Norman stood over her, roaring out something about the veil being Moslem and accursed.

Another man stepped to her side, a man great of bone who overtopped the Norman by half a head. Long, yellow hair fell from the edge of his round steel cap to his shoulders, covered with a bright crimson cloak, heavy bands of gold shone against the brown skin of his arms, and Odo saw that his only armor was a corselet of square steel plates, rudely fastened together.

THE stranger stepped forward and thrust out his left arm, the heel of his open hand thudding against the Norman's forehead. To Odo's muttered surprise, the bearded swordsman fell with limp limbs, and did not rise. There were shouts and other men hastened up, surrounding the tall stranger. Steel rasped against leather, and more than one weapon flashed in the sun. Wine, in that heat, was not soothing to the blood.

Above the head of the stranger an ax was upflung—a broad-ax, as long as a man's forearm, with a curving, blue blade, the weight of the blade balanced by a heavy spike at the back. And at sight of this weapon in the tall warrior's hand, the Normans fell back.

"'Ware ye, the Viking!"

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'Aid for good Duke Odo!" He heard their shout. That giant body in its chain mail was firm rooted. Never had Odo fought with sword as he now fought with ax

Meanwhile Sir Guy had made his way into the group, and at sight of him the Norman men-at-arms turned their backs. For a moment Odo had a clear view of the girl's face, as she caught the knight's arm and smiled up at him.

An elfin face, with its pointed chin and fresh young lips. The girl had the clear skin of a child, and her dark eyes were more angry than afraid—the eyes of one who had never known harm. And the glimpse of her stirred Odo like hot wine. Then Sir Guy drew her away with him, leaning on her shoulder.

Odo had encountered no woman of her sort for many weary months, and he followed the sick man and the girl with his eyes until they disappeared in Sir Guy's tent.

"God's name—ho, Arnulf, what brat is that?" he exclaimed.

A slender man in a black tunic hastened forward and knelt by the duke's chair. He had been polishing the silver plates of his master's sword belt in the back of the pavilion, but Odo often said that Arnulf, his *armiger*—his weapon-bearer—could see out of the back of his skull, and could hear all the better for his ears being cropped.

"Eh-eh! That one was the daughter of the Sieur Guy."

Odo grunted. "Her name?"

"Ilga." Arnulf considered. "He keeps her veiled, like a jewel in his tent. I have heard her singing." And, with a swift upward glance at his master, "Yet the Jerusalem knight is sick."

"The Fiend will not want a gossip, when thou diest. Nay, this sunrise I heard a grave bird call."

The henchman crossed himself hastily, and Odo frowned at a new thought. "Who is the churl in velvet and gold? My men gave back at his ax, as if a mad bull fronted them."

THE stranger, after knocking down the Norman, had seated himself on a stone, his weapon between his knees. He said nothing, but the men-at-arms took care to keep out of his way.

Arnulf shook his head. "May it please my lord, he is not a liegeman of Bari. And I know not—"

"Go, and learn, and return apace."

It puzzled Odo that his men should have taken a blow from the stranger, who was clearly no fellow of Sir Guy's. Within an hour Arnulf enlightened him.

"Eh—that one is a Viking, a sea king of the north. Body of an angel, he has no land to his name—only a galley that they call a dragon ship. Eric the Landless they called him at Constantinople, where he served the great Emperor as Captain."

Why the Viking had left his mist-filled fiords in the north, Arnulf did not know. There were many northern warriors in the Emperor's guard. They followed the wars, and served faithfully the men who paid them—otherwise they were dull of wit and drowsy, fit only to wield their weapons and fall in their own blood. So said Arnulf. But with those heavy weapons they were deadly as mad giants, when aroused. Arnulf himself had seen this same Eric the Landless hew a man through the body, from shoulder to hip, in a brawl at sea.

That Eric meant to go to Jerusalem was evident. He had joined the Normans at the coast. He had offered to stand shield to shield with them if they were attacked, provided they guided him to the city.

"He wears no cross," Arnulf shrugged. "He eats his own bread, serves himself—ay, he carries a bundle wrapped in fur on his shoulder when we march."

"A Viking," Odo mused. "Stands he to my height?"

"Ay, that doth he, my lord."

The duke smashed down his hand upon his mailed thigh. "Then, by God's life, is he my man!" He lowered his voice.

"Harken—thy cropped ears heard Sir Guy's warning? *Who leads the Christians doth court death,*" said he.

"Ay, lord, and true it is. The Moslems will seek thee with their swords."

"On the morrow," Odo said thoughtfully, "one in my armor, wearing the crested helm and mounted on my charger, will lead the men of Bari. But I shall remain here."

"Eh—" the armiger laughed silently—"A mock duke!"

It was often done, he knew. Another man would wear the garments and carry the shield of Duke Odo; the heavy helm, being of the basket type, would hide his face. And the Norman leader, from the safety of the pavilion, could watch the battle unharmed—could join his men in case of need.

And the trick would succeed. The Moslems would naturally mark down the man in the crested helm, beneath the standard, riding the duke's caparisoned charger. They would assail the mock duke. But who would take Odo's place?

"The Viking," said Odo. "Fetch me him, after candle lighting."

THAT evening the Normans ate dry bread, and shivered in the chill air that stirred out of the gullies. The breath of the desert, it seemed, was not always hot, and they had no wood for fires. When candles were lighted in the tents, Eric the Landless strode through the camp at Arnulf's heels. He thrust up the entrance flap of the duke's pavilion and looked within before he entered, to find the Norman leader seated alone by a flagon on the table.

"Who gives the welcome?" the deep voice of the Viking boomed.

"I, Odo, lord of Bari, greet thee, Eric the Landless. Sit, and sup." He signed to Arnulf to fill a goblet for the stranger, by the leather platter of broken bread.

Eric flung himself into a chair that creaked under the weight of his long body. Limb for limb, the two were a match, but the dark, lined face of the Norman resembled in nothing the fair head of the Viking, whose soft mustache hid his lips, whose blue eyes above the high cheek bones were as quiet as still water. Odo thought he might be twenty years in age. And he held the shaft of the great ax, dark with oil and usage, in one broad hand. Sipping his wine, the duke considered his guest.

"Men say thou art a mighty giver of blows," he observed.

Eric emptied his goblet with a ringing *"Skoal!"* Then after a moment's thought he responded, "That is not to be denied."

"'Tis said thou wert a captain of the Emperor's Varangian guard, and hast faced the paynim before now."

The Viking nodded.

"On the morrow," explained the Norman, "my men go against the Moslems who hold the well." And when Eric made no response except another nod, he added, "Thine armor is not proof against arrows. I have a mind to offer thee this chain haburgeon, and the shield and the helm. Look!"

ERIC'S eyes gleamed when Arnulf held the heavy mail up to the light—a mesh of fine steel chain-work that would cover a man from chin to toe. The *armiger* pointed to the helm surmounted by the rearing lion, and the long shield bearing the same lion painted upon it in gilt. His own iron plates fastened together by leather thongs and girdled by his broad leather belt were poor stuff beside this armor of a prince.

"The gear is good," he said frankly, "and I like it well."

"I will lend thee likewise a good horse for the battle."

"That may not be." Eric shook his head. "I will stay at the camp on the morrow."

"God's life! With the merchants and churls?"

"Ay, so."

Black Odo threw himself back in his chair frowning. (*Continued on page 45*)

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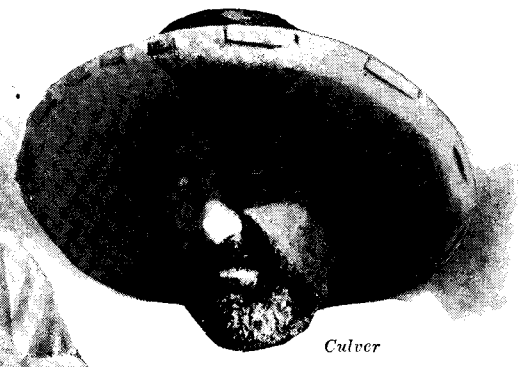
Paramount

United Artists



Culver

Two characteristic Torrence studies. Above, as Steamboat Bill, Sr., and at the left, Captain Hook in Peter Pan

Torrence won undying fame as Bill Jackson, the old scout in The Covered Wagon. At the left, as Tola in The Wanderer

Lank and Ernest

By John B. Kennedy

"Get a reputation" the movies challenged the lengthy Ernest Torrence when he stormed their citadels. Well, he got one, as a competent "dirty dog," but it took him a long time to convince them that he could play other rôles equally well

ERNEST TORRENCE, six-feet four of sneers and scowls, first sought fame as a singer—in a Scottish festival to which he went with eight brothers and four sisters as a family claque to put him across.

Granite-faced lairds sat in judgment as Ernest strode out, knobby knees scrubbed and shining beneath a twelve-inch sporran and swinging kilts.

He won the boy-soprano prize. The custom of the committee was to give winners whatever they wanted, within reason—Scottish reason, of course. Young Ernest was asked. Quickly reflecting on his fate as the last born in a large and thrifty family, condemned to wear kilts passed down a line of eight elder brothers, all inches shorter than he, his voice broke from soprano to a husky alto as he pleaded:

"A pair of troosers to fit me laigs."

Supplied with his first pair of pants, young Ernest Torrence proceeded with dignity from alto to demi-baritone. Then his parents decided on a musical career and sent him to Stuttgart, Germany. He became a pianist and developed an attractive baritone which earned him the annual gold medal for operatic singing when he transferred from the German institution to the Royal Academy of Music in London.

Tallness that embarrassed him in boyhood was the occasion of his getting a professional start. At the Savoy Theater in London, home of the D'Oyly Carte comic opera company and cradle of Gilbert and Sullivan classics, he received an audition with a baker's dozen of other young singers. They piped and bellowed about the stage, heard by vague figures in the half-light of the auditorium. Their efforts were undistinguished and undistinguishable. None seemed qualified; all were depressed. A bored voice called from the darkness:

"Take the tall fellow. He'll look rather funny in romantic costume."

The speaker was Sir Arthur Sullivan, and Torrence's job was a minor rôle in the master's last and unfinished work, The Emerald Isle.

"Comic opera was dying then," Torrence declares, "although I was too young to realize it. My worry in those days was to pay for alterations in stage costumes. None was made long enough to fit me."

A Good Ringmaster is Lost

Lord John Sanger, England's P. T. Barnum, who ran the famed Sanger's Circus, saw Torrence perform in a provincial city and visited the stage door with a proposition.

"You've got the build and voice of a perfect ringmaster," he advised. "There's a life for you, my boy—the circus!"

"But ringmasters don't sing," answered Torrence.

"Ah," said canny Sanger, who was the only man beside his brother George to appropriate the title 'lord' and get away with it, "you can double as the tall man from Peru. That's a singing part in my circus."

Nothing came of the proposal beyond an assurance from Lord John Sanger that any time comic opera failed Torrence could ship himself to wherever the Sanger circus might be showing and walk right into an assemblage of freaks.

"And there were moments," he muses, "when I thought of doing so. The most miserable situation on earth is to be in London out of a job, especially when you're an actor, and a comic actor."

During one long stretch of unemployment he fooled an abnormally capacious stomach into thinking it was well fed by eating dried apples twice daily and drinking much water.

"I found out then a tragic condition common to both London and New York. Out-of-work actors could get free drinks from their more prosperous fellows of the profession; but nobody ever thought of staking them to free meals."

Perhaps a diet of dried apples and water was a good if trying system of vocal training. He followed the great George Edwardes one day into the Gaiety Theater. America's idea of Edwardes, if it has any, is that he was the glorifier of the Gibson girl, and America's idea of London's Gaiety Theater is that it was a matrimonial bureau for chorus and the peerage. Which is nearly correct.

Torrence was hired as a character actor. He appeared in such transatlantic successes as Our Miss Gibbs, The Spring Chicken, and The Beauty of Bath. Those Gaiety Theater first nights were first-class social and literary events before the war. The audience was composed of equal parts—authors of the show and first sons of noblemen. The authors, dozens in number, resembled a huddle of vice presidents of any metropolitan bank. The peer's sons were on hand to get acquainted with ladies of the cast.

"Bounced" From His Own Stage

"That stage door of the Gaiety beat anything I have ever seen anywhere," Torrence recalls. "The sidewalk was lined with gay lads bearing bouquets for chorus persons. Anybody who appeared in a Gaiety show was regarded as a celebrity. Edwardes made the company the hardest to get in and the easiest to get out of in Europe.

"When our night's work was finished we fought our way through mobs of dukes, lords and right honorables. While I was connected with the Gaiety, six of the chorus became peeresses."

There might have been more if an American ex-prizefighter hadn't applied for and received a job as stage-door "chucker-out," the English equivalent of our native "bouncer." He devastated the midnight ranks of dukelings and made an historic theater much less historic.

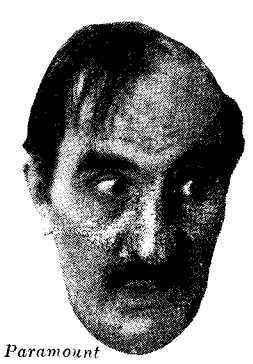
Whatever the British peerage owes that vigorous gentleman for saving some of its younger members from the folly of footlight marriages, America has to thank him, partially, for one of its best screen character actors. The ex-pug threw Torrence out by mistake one night when he had ducked out in evening dress to a bar for refreshment and returned—to be mistaken for a dude or a duke. In high dudgeon Torrence quit.

A riskful proceeding, economically, for this Scotch son of a family of thirteen had married the Scotch daughter of a fam-

(Continued on page 56)

Pathé

Torrence played Peter in The King of Kings



Paramount

Playing Egbert in Ruggles of Red Gap

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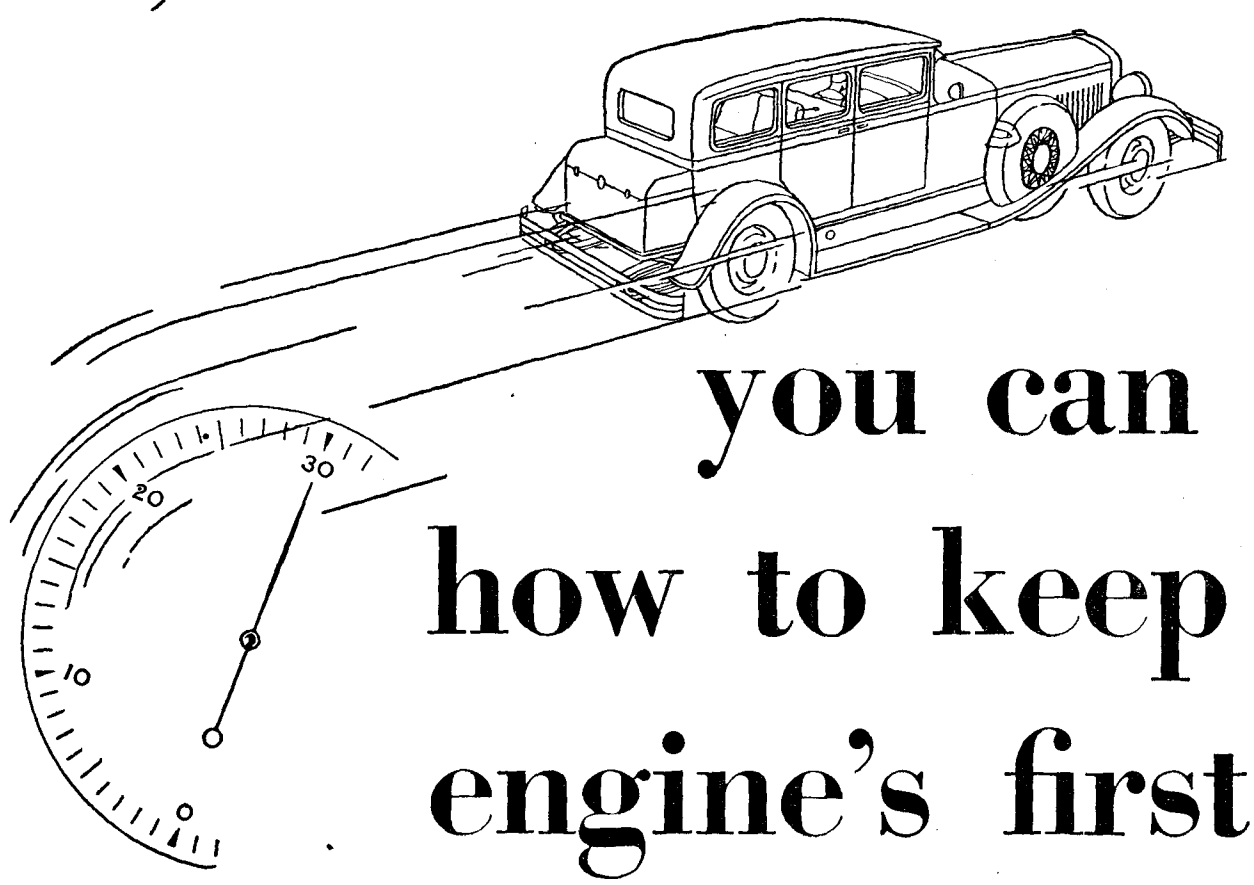
Here, in 30 seconds . . .



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NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1929 Engine		1928 Engine		1927 Engine		1926 Engine	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Auburn, 6-66	....	....	....	....	....	....	A	A
" 8-cyl.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.
" *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A
Buick	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.
Cadillac	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Chandler Special Six	....	....	A	Arc.	A	A	....	....
" *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chevrolet	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A.	Arc
Chrysler, 4-cyl.	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" Imperial 80 and Imperial	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	A	A	A
" *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A
Dodge Brothers	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc
Durant	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	A	Arc.
Elcar, 8-cyl.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.
" *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	A
Erskine	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....
Essex	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc.
Ford, Model A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....
" Model T	....	....	....	....	E	E	E	E
Franklin	BB	Arc	BB	Arc.	BB	BB	BB	BB
Gardner, 8-cyl.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc	A	Arc.
" *other models*	....	....	....	....	....	....	A	A
Hudson	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Hupmobile	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc.
La Salle	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc	....	....
Lincoln	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Marmon, 8-cyl.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....
" *other models*	....	....	BB	A	A	A	A	A
Moon	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Nash, Adv. & Sp. 6	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.
" *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oakland	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oldsmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc
Packard	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Peerless, 72, 90, 91	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
" *other models*	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Pontiac	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc.
Reo	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc.
Studebaker	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Whippet	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Willys-Knight, 4-cyl.	....	....	....	....	....	....	B	Arc
" " 6-cyl.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.

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She had been happy, last night, on this same porch, but between sunset and sunrise she had lived through half the emotions of her life

April Escapade

Copyright, 1929, by Kathleen Norris

By Kathleen Norris

The Story Thus Far:

MARY KATE O'HARA, beautiful but poor, meets one Christopher Steynes, young, wealthy, socially prominent, who tells her that he is being hounded by two Russians—the Countess Yarnowska and her daughter, Marka, who is scheming to marry him; and that, in order to escape their matrimonial clutches, he must produce a wife. Will Mary Kate pose as his bride, for twenty-four hours? If she will, he will pay her a large sum of money.

Mary Kate is tempted. Martin, her older brother, needs a few hundred dollars to enable him to go to Germany with old Doctor van Antwerp, to study medicine. Thinking of this, and convinced that no one will ever know of the escapade, Mary Kate accepts the offer.

Steynes buys her an elaborate wardrobe; and, having told her family and her young fiancé, Cass Keating, that Gordon Rountree, her employer, is sending her to Sacramento on business, she goes to Burlingame. Steynes escorts her to his temporary home—El Hogar, a beautiful estate, and, after donning her new finery, she and her dashing young "husband" dine at Gordon Rountree's palatial home. There the "newlyweds" break the sad tidings to the flabbergasted, and much disgruntled, Russians.

After dinner, and bridge, Mary Kate and Steynes return to El Hogar. It is half-past one. One of Steynes' friends, who drops in, warns them to lock up well; Burlingame, he says, is suffering from an epidemic of burglaries.

In her lovely room, Mary Kate kneels by the bed and says her prayers. Suddenly, she hears a noise. She looks up—the window is opening, someone is entering the room. Terrified, she rushes to Steynes, in his bedroom. Together, they telephone the servants and notify the police.

The police arrive. During the scene that ensues, Steynes manages to shoot the intruder, wounding him seriously. The victim is carried away, and Mary Kate and Steynes are notified by an officer—Constable Browning—that they will have to tell their whole story in the morning. Mary Kate suffers agonies: the police have her correct name and address; and they know she is not the wife of Christopher Steynes!

VI

WHEN the injured man had been taken away in an ambulance, and the police officers, after some tramping about the grounds with the discovery of confederates in view, had all gone away, there still seemed to linger a strange agitation and emptiness in the house. The flashlights stopped waving, like enormous antennae, over the garden, the pound of heavy boots died away, and the police-station cars chugged away down the road.

Peters made a fire, and Mrs. Peters came in from the kitchen with coffee, but everything was wearisome and queer; Mary Kate felt as if she were in a nightmare, of which this unfamiliar Spanish furniture, these faintly distempered plaster walls, this hideous twisted stairway with the thick loops of red cord for balustrade, were forming a background never to be eradicated from her eyes.

She had been looking at it forever; a wood fire started on a base of hardly cool ashes, a room still in its evening disorder of cigarette stubs and scattered books and papers. Chris Steynes, in his pajamas and dressing-gown was the most bizarre—the least believable detail of it all. His yellow hair was rumpled, he still—after this insufferable hour—looked flushed and drowsy with sleep.

The clock's hands stood at ten minutes past four. But to Mary Kate it seemed days, weeks, since she had said good night to Chris and Don Archibald in this room, not much more than two hours ago. She had felt humiliated and affronted then, but that was nothing to what had developed now. Now she was no longer occupied with young pride and superficial social niceties; she was a witness in a murder case, she was being held by the police!

And if it had been a girl who had talked with the two men in this very room, so short a time ago, it was a woman who sat here now, drinking her coffee, listening to Chris with her wearied, patient blue eyes fixed on his face, her answers or suggestions made quietly, apathetically, without any of the flash and vitality that had always been a part of Mary Kate.

She still wore the heavy big dressing gown he had given her in the first alarm; a soft, furry, striped brown-and-cream dressing-gown, tied firmly about her waist with a wide girdle. Its bigness made Mary Kate seem little, somehow, seem very slim and helpless and young, as she sat in the big chair, and the whiteness of her face, the strained look in the blue eyes that were set in deep rings of violet pallor, somehow accentuated the impression of youth and desolation afresh. In this unnatural, unearthly night hour, she looked crushed and broken; the moth that had ventured once too often toward the flame.

HER bright hair was disordered and flattened, her own feverish hands had pushed it carelessly from her forehead more than once; she neither knew nor cared how she looked. The world, the future, were utterly black before her.

"Now, listen, it's only four o'clock," Chris was presently saying briskly. "You've got to get some sleep—they won't be 'round here until ten or so in the morning—"

"Mr. Steynes, what can they do?"

"What can who do?"

"The police."

"Why, my child, you're not worrying about the police?"

Her eyes, tear-marked already, filled with fresh tears. She could not speak. She nodded her head.

"Why, listen," he said. "All they want is to clear up the case for their records."

"Oh, my God!" Mary Kate whispered. She put her hand over her eyes.

"They're not going to mug you for the criminals' gallery!" Chris assured her, amused and kindly. "It's a clear case of housebreaking, and the fellow was armed—Browning, the constable, 'member?—Browning said he could get twenty years. Well, he won't, he'll get about five, if he lives."

"Did he fire?"

"No, he didn't have his gun out, even."

"And he was hit—?"

"I shot him through the lung. He'll never get out of the hospital, probably. And all they want to do is clear it up, be sure he wasn't in conspiracy with Peters, or what not—"

HE SAW she was not listening. Her anxious eyes were fixed on space. The hopeless, tragic apathy of her manner did not change.

"Will the papers have it, Chris?"

"Sure they will. But that doesn't have to worry you."

Her somber eyes moved to him trustingly; she did not speak again for a long time.

But she knew now what might have changed the whole course of her life had she known it a dozen hours before. She knew that she must depend only on herself, in this crisis, that she could find no help from Chris, or from anyone else. He might be (*Continued on page 22*)

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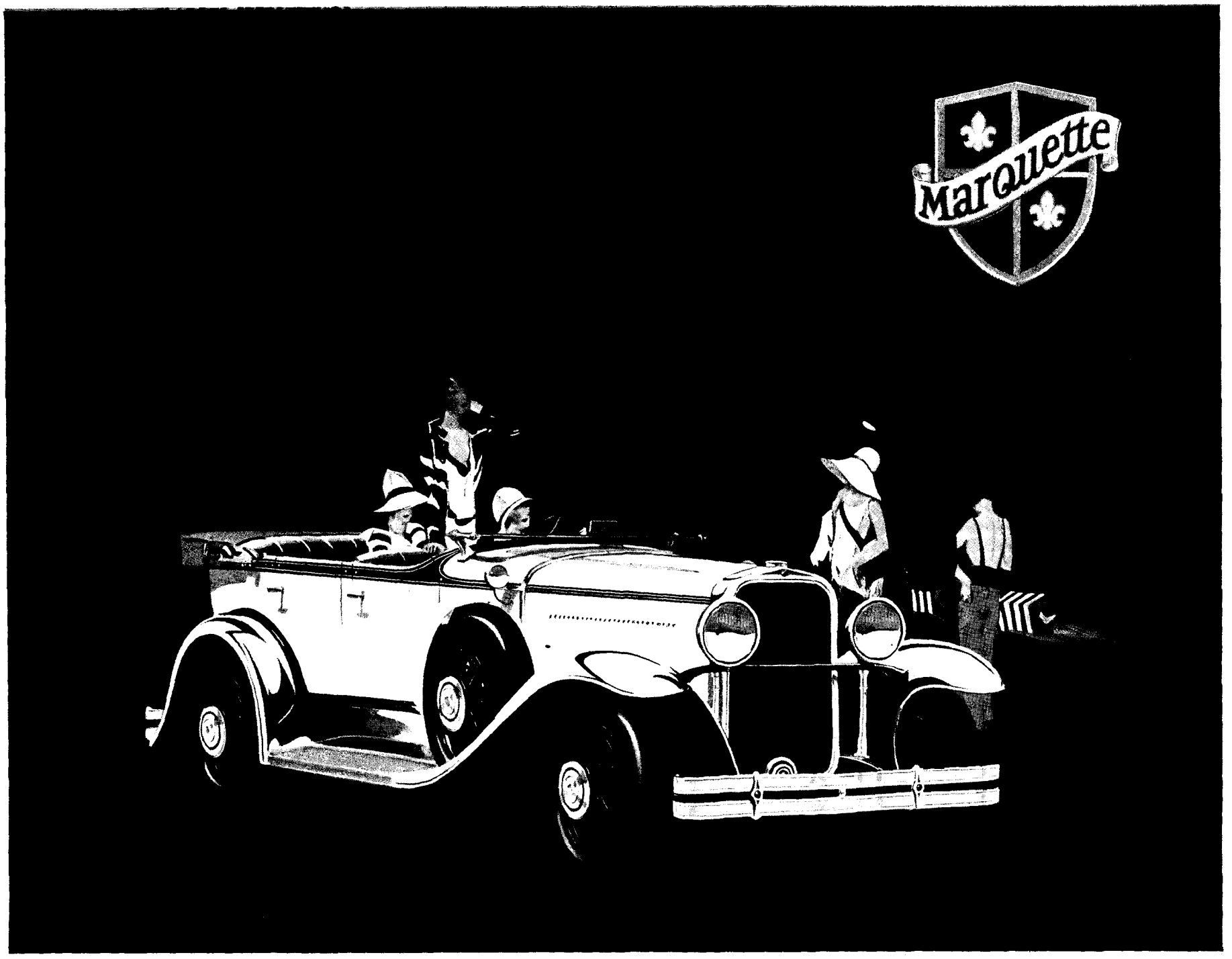

THE MARQUETTE is a worthy product of Buick's twenty-six years of supreme manufacturing accomplishment. Every Buick tradition of unfailing goodness has found new expression here in a handsome car of modest cost. Throughout the Marquette — in every part — there is added quality, extra value — holding true to Buick's principle that only the best is good enough. ✤ And the performance of the Marquette exemplifies this principle. This sturdy, fast new car is a marvel in action! Ten to sixty miles an hour in 31 seconds! 68 or 70 honest miles an hour without an effort! Hill-climbing ability that is nothing short of amazing! Here are entirely new ideals of pick-up, power, speed, stamina. ✤ And Buick has built the Marquette so superlatively well that it excels also in economy of operation! The average gasoline and oil cost per mile, at normal driving speed, is *less* than that of any other car in its class — although the piston displacement of its powerful engine is *greater!* And low operating costs extend to extraordinary mileage on tires and to an absolute minimum of service requirements because of the Marquette's marvelous dependability. ✤ Everything about the Marquette suggests quality beyond its price — the very smart, new, low-swung Bodies by Fisher . . . the handsome waterproof, dustproof, wearproof upholstery . . . the remarkable non-glare windshield . . . its incredibly easy riding qualities and wonderfully secure roadability . . . its marvelously smooth flow of power at all speeds — and a host of other features. Although the Marquette is outstanding in quality and completeness, the liberal GMAC terms make owning it very economical and convenient. ✤ Once you take the wheel of this thrilling new six no other car in the moderate-price field will be able to approach the place it will win in your esteem. Drive it today.

Six body styles, $965 to $1035, f. o. b. factory, special equipment extra.

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✤ ✤ WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM ✤ ✤

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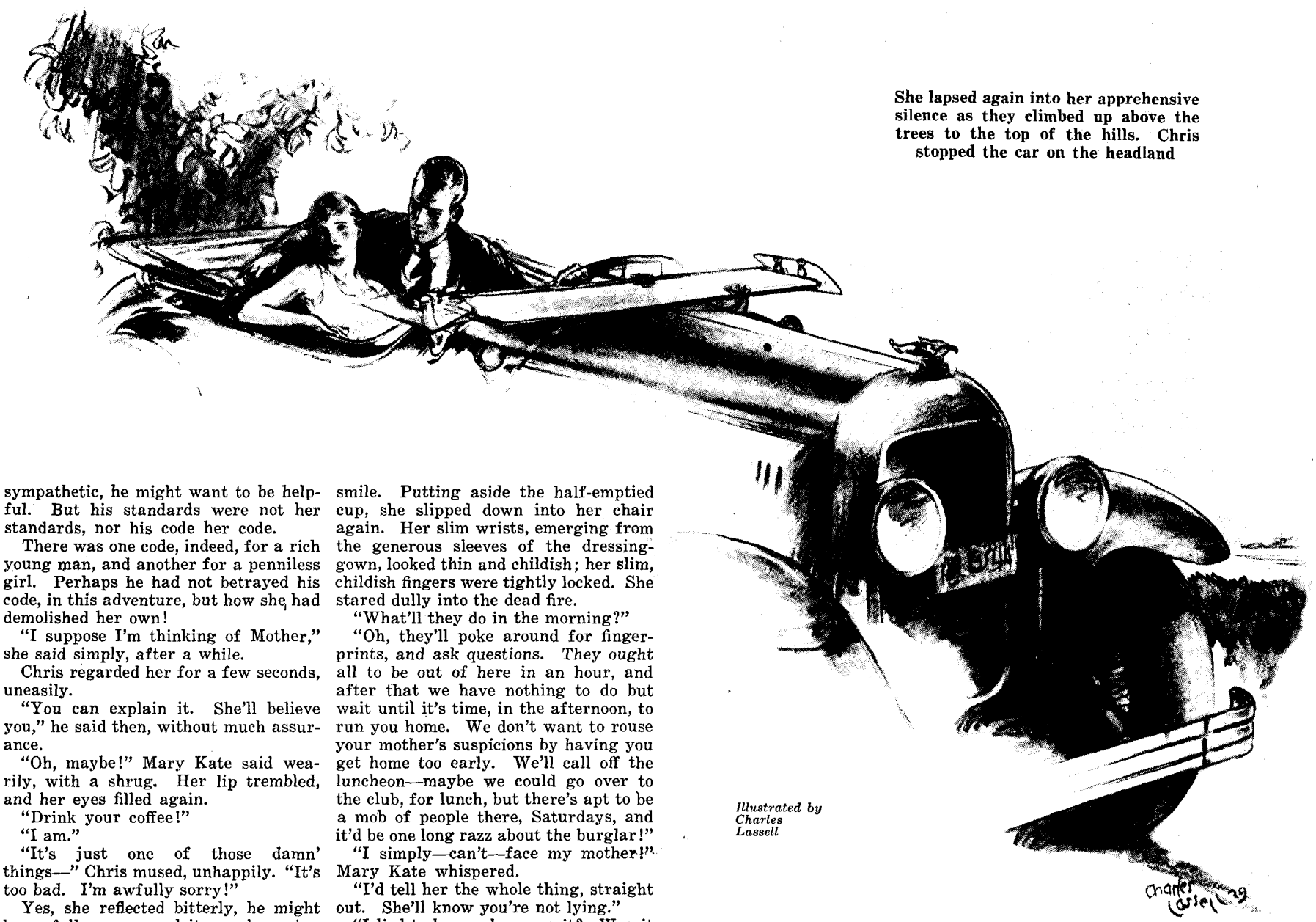

She lapsed again into her apprehensive silence as they climbed up above the trees to the top of the hills. Chris stopped the car on the headland

Illustrated by Charles Lassell

sympathetic, he might want to be helpful. But his standards were not her standards, nor his code her code.

There was one code, indeed, for a rich young man, and another for a penniless girl. Perhaps he had not betrayed his code, in this adventure, but how she had demolished her own!

"I suppose I'm thinking of Mother," she said simply, after a while.

Chris regarded her for a few seconds, uneasily.

"You can explain it. She'll believe you," he said then, without much assurance.

"Oh, maybe!" Mary Kate said wearily, with a shrug. Her lip trembled, and her eyes filled again.

"Drink your coffee!"

"I am."

"It's just one of those damn' things—" Chris mused, unhappily. "It's too bad. I'm awfully sorry!"

Yes, she reflected bitterly, he might be awfully sorry, and it was becoming and generous in him to be so. But that didn't involve *him* in anything shameful, that didn't mean that he could take any share of her punishment.

"I DON'T think there's any question that we can keep your name out of the papers," Chris said, pondering. "Gordy surely can do that."

Gordon Rountree. She had forgotten her nervously laughing old employer, the man of whom she had sometimes thought as a spoiled baby, unwilling to take responsibility, anxious only to escape from every situation with his own skin safe. Well, it was he who had gotten her into this, and he was once *more to be let off scot-free.*

But no, she had to interrupt herself, honestly. Nobody ever got a girl of twenty into trouble except the girl herself. And here she was, "in trouble," just as surely in trouble as any poor little loving fool who ever found herself robbed of a reputation overnight.

Hundreds of girls got away with breaches of the moral law that binds a woman so tightly, and exists not at all for men. But she, Mary Kate O'Hara, who had always held her head so high, who had always been above suspicion and above reproach—she before whom the other girls in the office wouldn't even tell a shady story, or use a coarse word—she was going to be known, from now on, as the girl who was down in a country house with a young wealthy bachelor from New York, on the night a burglar was shot. . . .

"You look all in," Chris said.

"I'm merely—" She gave a forlorn little laugh. "I'm merely wishing I was the one who was shot!" she said.

"Ah, no, no; you'll see it all differently in the morning!" he promised her.

But she did not brighten, she did not smile. Putting aside the half-emptied cup, she slipped down into her chair again. Her slim wrists, emerging from the generous sleeves of the dressing-gown, looked thin and childish; her slim, childish fingers were tightly locked. She stared dully into the dead fire.

"What'll they do in the morning?"

"Oh, they'll poke around for finger-prints, and ask questions. *They ought* all to be out of here in an hour, and after that we have nothing to do but wait until it's time, in the afternoon, to run you home. We don't want to rouse your mother's suspicions by having you get home too early. We'll call off the luncheon—maybe we could go over to the club, for lunch, but there's apt to be a mob of people there, Saturdays, and it'd be one long razz about the burglar!"

"I simply—can't—face my mother!" Mary Kate whispered.

"I'd tell her the whole thing, straight out. She'll know you're not lying."

"I lied to her—when was it? Was it only yesterday?" the girl mused, her eyes brimming again.

"What I thought," Chris began, putting down his own cup, "was that since there are several hours of night left, I'd ask Mrs. Peters to sleep in the other bed, in your room. And my advice to you is to turn in, read a book or something until you get sleepy, and forget it!"

Mary Kate smiled a pale shadow of a smile, and nodded as a person determined to act with sense and self-control.

"They're fixing the room up now," Chris said, and she nodded again.

HER eyes went about the living-room. Would she never, in all her life, escape from these distempered walls, this Spanish furniture with the rich brocade upholstery, this rising twisted stairway with its rail of heavy red cord? She was so sick of it—so deathly *sick* of it. . . .

The thought of her mother, and the home kitchen, with little Pat at the table looking up from a bitten slice of bread on which brown sugar glistened, was like the dream of a mirage. Oh, the coolness, the utter refreshment of home, and her limp blue kitchen apron, and the dish towels that hung, all winter long, above the stove, and that one fingered tentatively when a dish towel was needed, to determine their exact degree of dryness!

Her eyes were sick for the familiar sights: the crowded shelf above the sink, the windows with the dingy backyard beyond them, where the handsome fire-escapes and kitchen windows of the big new apartment houses on Geary Street formed a back drop filled with unending fascinations and surprises.

And here she sat, in her night robe and a man's wrapper, at four o'clock in the morning, looking at loathsome Spanish walls, and Spanish furniture, and Spanish saints, and a ridiculous medieval staircase winding up from the room itself, with a red cord balustrade.

When Mrs. Peters appeared, with a great armful of blankets and sheets, Mary Kate arose, to help her make a comfortable bed on a couch; it appeared that Peters was to finish the night in the house. After that the lights began to go out, and Chris went upstairs, and the two women went into that pretty spare room that Mary Kate had discovered with such thrilled enthusiasm, less than twelve hours ago.

It had been put into order now, and both beds were turned down, but there was a strangeness and chilliness about it, in the dead hour before dawn, that struck to Mary Kate's heart like an icicle. She lay down in the dressing-gown, and pulled the covers over her, opening a book. But for a long time the words danced meaningless on the page; she could not read.

Mrs. Peters, observing sapiently that it wasn't likely that anything more would happen tonight, but that it surely did get on your nerves to have such goings-on in a place, climbed comfortably into her own bed, and was instantly snoring heavily.

Mary Kate resented her, her snoring, her nervelessness, and above all, and perhaps as a basic reason for all, her quiet refusal to be drawn into her—Mary Kate's—affairs.

The girl had thought she would explain to Mrs. Peters, as lightly and briefly as possible, her reason for being in Mr. Steynes' house under these curious circumstances.

But Helga Peters was not interested. They could do anything they wanted to do, as long as she was paid her good eighty dollars a month. Mary Kate could be a lily of purity, or she could be Tony Moody's confederate in the housebreaking job; it was nothing to Helga. She would turn the girl's bed down, just the same, and throw damp towels into the basket, wipe out the tub, put books back on the shelves.

IT DID not signify what this great dull animal of a woman thought, Mary Kate reflected, closing her book, snapping off her light, resolutely shutting her eyes.

But she had said that of a good many persons today, and it was not true—she had known it was not true, even while she had said it. Of course it signified what persons thought about a girl. She might not admire Gordon Rountree or Don Archibald, or Chris Steynes, or Helga Peters, or Constable Browning, but their respect—their good opinion, *was* important.

"My *God!*" prayed Mary Kate, covering her eyes with her hand, crouching down against her pillow, shuddering in the chilly gloom that comes before morning. "My God, what have I done!

"Is it as easy as this," she thought, "for a girl to get in wrong? Is this all there is to it?"

Whether it was the coffee, or Mrs. Peters' snoring, or her own tirelessly threshing thoughts that kept her restless, the fact was that she was hopelessly awake, sleep was as absent from the possibilities of the moment as flight, or peace of mind, or coherent reflection. Mary Kate tossed and twisted, sighed, started up nervously, settled herself, with an aching head and a dry throat, resolutely to sleep.

After a while (*Continued on page 51*)

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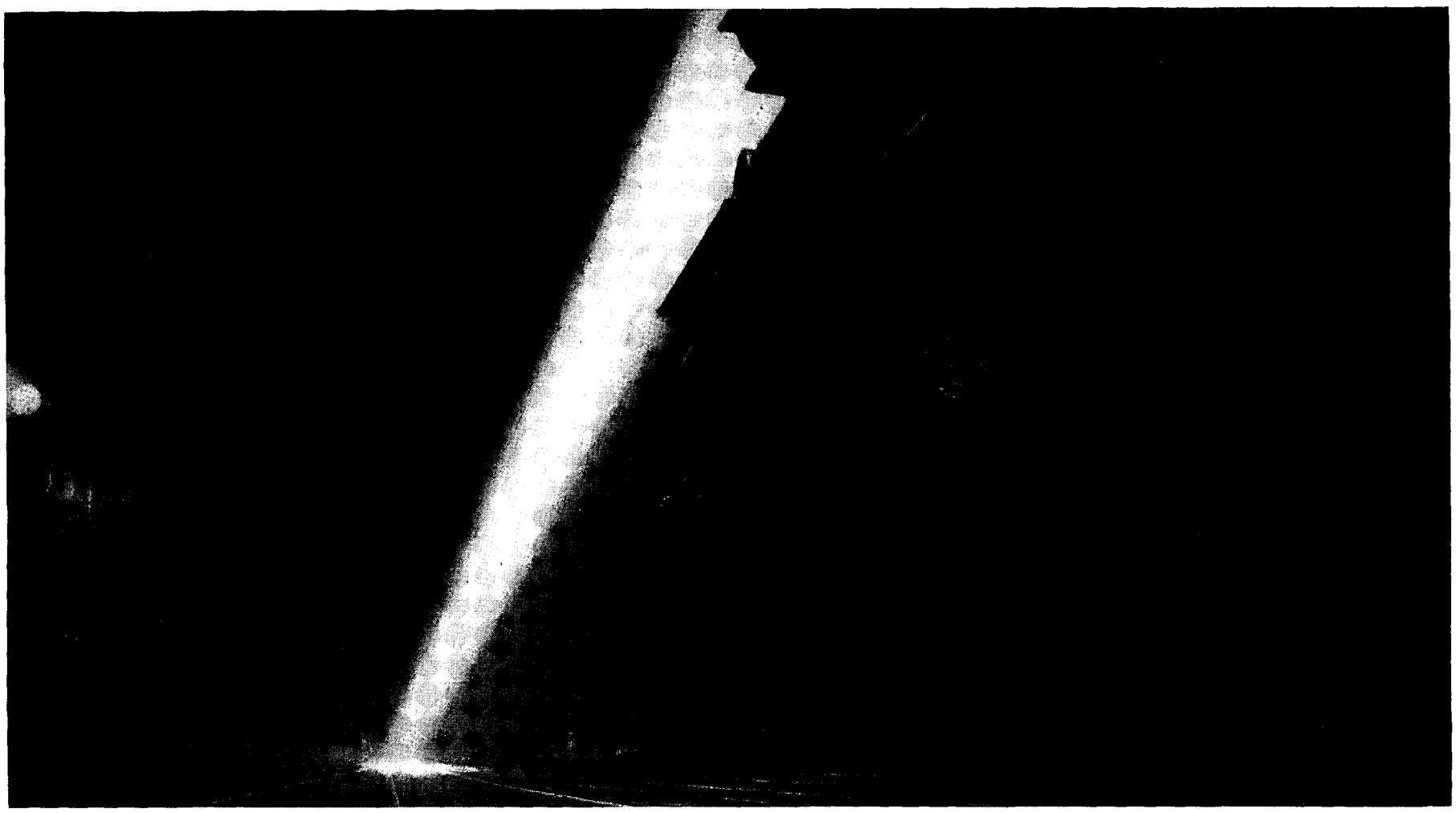
Every midnight at 12:16
The Broadway meets The Broadway ••

[20 HOURS BETWEEN NEW YORK AND CHICAGO]



Scarcely the variation of a minute in their meeting! At the same hour (12.16 A. M. Daylight Saving Time) night after night — a few miles east of Pittsburgh — these great Limiteds of the Pennsylvania Railroad pass on their swift 20-hour journeys between Chicago and New York—New York and Chicago.

How airy and bright—this diner in the morning! Crisp, white linen—sparkling glassware—smiling waiters!... The Broadway takes pride in its dining cars—the appetizing dishes, the courteous service, rich appointments!

A LOW HUM out of the darkness! Two bright, approaching lights! Long rails leaping into existence, shimmering—lit by a double glare . . . The Broadway eastbound! The Broadway westbound! . . . Like two swift meteors — meeting, passing — for one brief moment juxtaposed—then quick onrushing to their opposite goals! Twin leaders of the largest fleet of trains in America . . .

The Broadway Limited is the busy man's train. Between New York and Chicago its schedule is unsurpassed . . . 20 hours!

Also its terminal facilities offer advantages . . .

For in New York you can catch The Broadway at the same hour — either at the Pennsylvania Station in the heart of mid-town New York or—by a special connection — from the Hudson Terminal. And the Hudson Terminal is only four minutes' walk from Wall Street!

Equally convenient, if you are arriving in New York! You can check your bags through to the Pennsylvania Station or—for a small charge — to your hotel, office, or home . . . So you disembark at Pennsylvania Station at 8.40 A.M. (Standard time) or at Hudson Terminal two minutes later—ready immediately for the day's activities.

In Chicago, The Broadway's terminal facilities offer equal advantages. Whether for arrival or departure — the Union Station is most convenient. New, magnificent, stately — it stands outside the confusion and congestion of "Loop" traffic. Yet the broad boulevards which radiate from it offer easiest access to business, hotels, the North and South Shores.

Like a private club . . .

The Broadway Limited is luxurious as it is swift! In the observation car—the club car—throughout the perfectly appointed train—are all the conveniences of a private club: valet, barber, shower baths, ladies' maid, ladies' lounge, manicurist, unexcelled dining service.

WESTWARD DAILY—*Standard Time*

Leave New York:	Pennsylvania Station	1:55 P.M.
	Hudson Terminal	1:55 P.M.
	North Philadelphia	3:40 P.M.
Arrive Chicago:	Englewood	8:30 A.M.
	Union Station	8:55 A.M.

EASTWARD DAILY—*Standard Time*

Leave Chicago:	Union Station	11:40 A.M.
	Englewood	11:57 A.M.
Arrive North Philadelphia		6:54 A.M.
New York:	Hudson Terminal	8:42 A.M.
	Pennsylvania Station	8:40 A.M.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Carries more passengers, hauls more freight, than any other railroad in America

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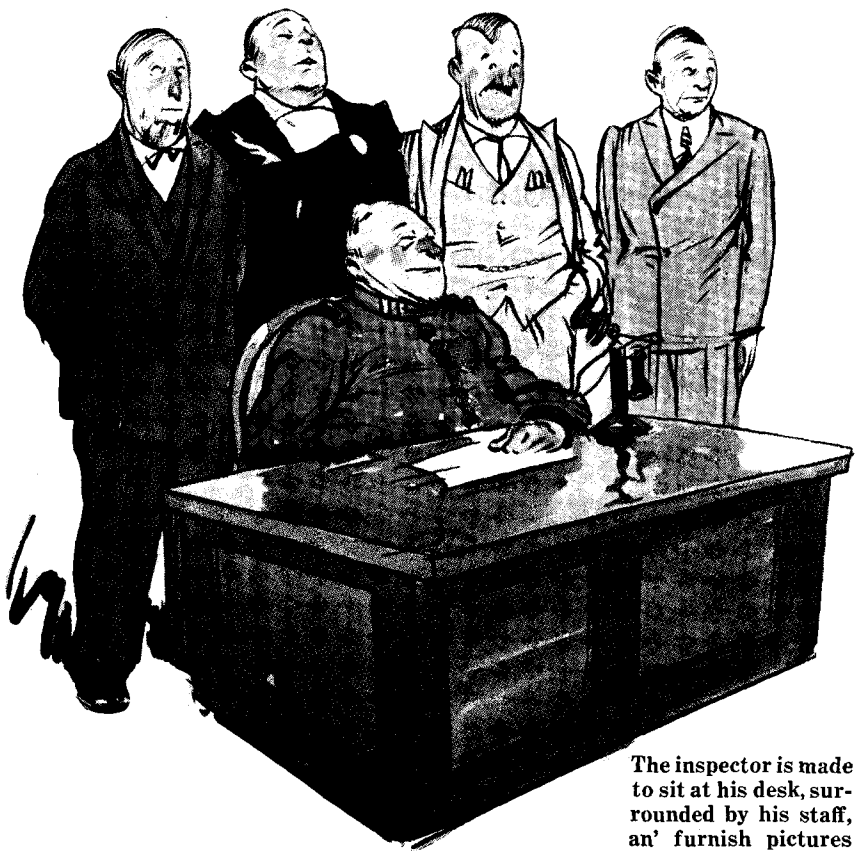
Click Work

Any murder with sex in it is good for fifty extras a day. An' when word comes in that a Crime of the Century has been committed, newspaper publishers, editors an' circulation managers put flowers in their hair, an' give way to a joy almost pagan in its unrestraint.

Uncle Henry



The inspector is made to sit at his desk, surrounded by his staff, an' furnish pictures

"WITH all this crime goin' on," complained Mr. Stubbs, "it's mighty strange more criminals ain't caught."

"What's strange about it?" retorted Uncle Henry. "Have you forgotten that a free press is America's proudest boast? Why wouldn't the newspapers make free with everything? Don't you know that even before the officers of the law can start after a murderer, they've got to call in the reporters an' cough up all the clues, after which they are stripped an' searched to see if anything is being held back?

"At once the world is told that while the archfiend may have thought himself unwitnessed, a servant girl saw the bloody deed, an' noted the monster's blue serge suit, gray fedora, tan shoes an' polka-dot tie; also, how a street sweeper watched the guilty wretch climb into a sport roadster, license number 107688, an' that the police are preparin' to raid the house that night.

"Still more valuable time is consumed by the newspaper photographers. First of all, the chief is forced to pose in various attitudes indicative of intense thought, an' then the inspector of detectives is made to sit at his desk, surrounded by his staff, an' furnish pictures to carry the caption, Sleuths Plan Pursuit.

"Even when the hunt is actually begun, conditions are not greatly improved. Heaven knows the lot of the average detective is difficult enough, for his face is about as unobtrusive as a St. Patrick's day parade, his broad-toed shoes are never without a lusty squeak, an' worst of all is the ancient tradition that compels him to wear a hard-boiled derby hat, an' keep a bunch of tin-foiled cigars stickin' out of his vest pocket.

"As if these were not handicaps enough, however, he is followed by swarms of reporters, droves of cameramen, circulation managers, an' Sunday supplement editors urgin' the use of bloodhounds. Every few minutes, Detective Rafferty has to stop an' be photographed as he sniffs the wind or climbs a tree to get the lay of the land, an' Detective Gilhooley is made to stand still for snapshots that show him on his hands an' knees, measurin' footprints at a downtown crossin'.

"Why wouldn't the murderer get away; that is, assumin' he can read large print an' has the money for extras? All he's got to do is to get up early enough to purchase the first edition of the evenin' paper. After learnin' the plans of the police, an' how each sleuth is disguised, he has plenty of time to eat a hearty breakfast, change his clothes, put a new number on his car an' study the advertisin' pages for a different lodgin' place.

"Even when murderers are caught by some miracle of chance, the press stands between 'em an' the law. Y'see, 'Lonzo, after the first day a Victim is entirely without news value. When the photographers have taken his picture, and persuaded the widow an' children to pose over the dead body, the poor devil's about as much good for a headline as a meetin' of the Epworth League.

"The murderer, on the other hand, is modern journalism's richest asset. Havin' plenty of time on his hands, he can sit for his picture from dawn till dark, give interviews to the sob sisters an' staff ministers, help special writers prepare his diary, an' sign his name to a series of syndicated articles warning the youth of the land that while a life of crime may be attractive enough on the surface, it really is to be avoided.

"Harvey may have discovered the circulation of the blood, but it remained for Harry Thaw to discover the secret of newspaper circulation. Why, 'Lonzo, any murder with sex in it is good for fifty extras a day, printed in a rich red, an' when word comes in that a Crime of the Century has been committed, newspaper publishers, editors an' circulation managers put flowers in their hair, an' give way to a joy almost pagan in its unrestraint.

We're All Weak as Water

"Nothin' is permitted to shorten the trial. If the criminal hasn't got the money himself, a grateful press furnishes eminent lawyers, expert witnesses, an' a bunch of psychiatrists who can tell by one look at the accused that he has mental bots an' spiritual ringbone, that his mother was frightened by gypsies durin' adolescence, an' that a great-grandmother on the father's side was widely an' favorably known as Crazy Bess or whatever her name really was.

"You may say that all such business is about as criminal as murder itself, 'Lonzo, but how are we goin' to blame the authorities? The poor devils want to hold their jobs, don't they? An' if they get in wrong with the press, every front page would carry headlines about Unchecked Crime Wave, an' editorials would thunder against the inefficiency of police an' district attorney, an' cry for an instant an' vigorous shake-up.

"For that matter, are the rest of us any better? Where the newspaper photographer is concerned, for instance, we've come to be weak as water an' plastic as putty. At their harsh summons, the statesman leaves his conference, the bridegroom his feast an' the suicide his coffin, helplessly posin' an' grimacin' until the last shot has been taken. Actually, it's as though some terrible spell had been laid on us.

"None of us seems immune. They had Herb Hoover an' Al Smith do everything but stand on their heads; an' look at the way they forced poor Cal Coolidge to act that summer he spent in South Dakota! Makin' him take off the white collar that is New England's idea of a fig leaf, dressin' him up in cowboy hat an' Angora chaps, an' makin' him sit holdin' a fishin' pole with a stuffed trout on the end of the line.

"Why do we submit? Lord knows it isn't vanity, for in all this world there's nothin' quite so loathsome as one of these hit-an'-run newspaper snapshots. Never by any chance do they fail to get you with mouth wide open, an' as if to make a bad matter worse, they usually foreshorten the forehead, enlarge the feet an' hands, give the eyes a definite cross an' impart an effect of pimples.

Back in the early days of the Republic photographs were an event

"I reckon there's a method in it, of course. What with newspapers operatin' at such high speed, they haven't time to poke around for the right picture, so they've got to take snapshots that will serve equally well for such standard subjects as Divine Denounces Dope Evil, Gang Leader Given Ride, Well-known Clubman Sued, Love Nest Sheik, Afghanistan's New King, Rotarians Elect, Big Sugar Daddy Squeals or Prince Awed by New York Skyline.

Reading Is a Lost Art

"Back in the early days of the Republic, photographs were an event. The limner, as they called him, came around once a year, an' the rules of photography were like iron. Every father of a family had to stand with one hand on the wife's shoulder, an' the other pressin' heavily on his liver, while the children were always taken pettin' a little lamb or else shelterin' a dove in their arms from the swoop of a ferocious hawk.

"Nowadays, however, pictures are as common as dirt an' very much like it. Men, women an' children make up before leavin' the house in the mornin', not knowin' what minute they'll hear the camera click. The newspaper photographer is far more important than the reporter or editorial writer, for where one person still reads, thousands have lost the art entirely, an' are absolutely dependent upon the eye for their misinformation.

"Why do you suppose the movie magnates changed from the silent drama to talkies, scrappin' an investment of millions an' forcin' any number of stars to take a course in elementary English? The fans had reached a point where it took 'em hours to master the captions, that is, with the exception of old favorites such as Came the Dawn, When Passion Dies an' Love Knows No Law.

"I wouldn't be surprised if the next twenty-five years saw the passin' of the newspaper, with events of the day bein' purveyed entirely by radio. An hour for murders, an hour for divorces, an hour for dirt in general, an' television throwin' appropriate pictures on the screen."

"I can't see why you read all this sensational stuff the newspapers dish up," declared Mr. Stubbs.

"I don't," virtuously explained Uncle Henry. "The children tell me about it; that is, as much as they think it proper for me to hear."

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EXQUISITE Taste?

~~Certainly! A world-known artist created this Console

Screen grid chassis
Optional equipment
-at no advance in price

This New Temple is the latest and greatest creation of a master engineer who has initiated much of the sound progress made in the field of radio invention. • •

To house this incomparable gem in a setting worthy of it, Temple went to a famous artist for a new thought in console design. The unaffected loveliness of pure art is mirrored in the beauty that characterizes Temple cabinet-work. • • • • •

It is certain to win your commendation on the score of beauty. But beyond that, Temple's strongest appeal lies in its superb tone—tone that has given vogue to a new word with a world of meaning—Templetone.

Only hear it. At its voice, distance melts into nothingness. Consciousness that it is man-made gives place to an incredible feeling that Temple has won a remarkable victory over elements and materials. • •

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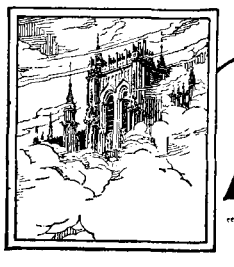
Temple is all-electric, standard chassis, six 227 tubes—push pull amplification in last audio stage, using two new 245 power tubes—full-wave rectification. A power supply over-sized in every respect in combination with the Temple Dynamic Speaker assures matchless tone for Temple Receivers. Consoled ready for use. The Temple 8-60 Console . . . . $149; The Temple 8-80 Grand Console . . . . $189 (less tubes). Temple Receivers are licensed by R. C. A. and Associated Companies.

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER WEST OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS

TEMPLE

TEMPLETONE Radio

"THE SWITCHBOARD OF A NATION"



TEMPLE NIGHTS—Every Saturday Night at 9:30—Eastern Standard Time—Over Columbia Network.

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$39.00 *for the Dynamic Speaker*
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PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER WEST OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS

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Illustrated by Robert Riggs

When he come to, about fifteen foot from where Soakem slaps him, the big feller's standin' beside him

Soakem O'Riley

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Owen P. White

WHEN Soakem O'Riley come to work as a bouncer in old man Crimmin's dance hall, where I was tendin' bar, and I looks him over good and sees that there ain't nothin' to him but two hundred pounds of muscle, with a brain in it no bigger'n a peanut, I says to myself: "Hell's shore goin' to pop around this place from now on." And it did.

His first night on duty Soakem whips two of the hardest men in the camp; the second, he heaves a Mexican clean through a window and busts a leg for him; the third, he stands a drunk cowpuncher on his head in the soapsuds in my sink, and the fourth, it bein' Saturday and a busy evenin', he starts in by winnin' five separate fights and concludes, at about four in the mornin', by bein' the only man left standin' after a battle royal with three drill pounders from the Lake Valley diggin's who's tried to mob him.

"Looks to me," I says, after this last ruckus, as I pushed over the whisky bottle and tells him to be plenty liberal with hisself, "looks to me, Soakem, just as if you natcherly enjoy fightin'. And you shore know how, too. I got to hand it to you for that. Where'd you learn it all?"

"Been a-doin' it ever since I can remember," he said. "Started fightin' at six and I ain't never quit. But you're wrong about one thing, Bill. I don't like it none. Fact is," and he points to the three fellers who was still on the floor, "I sorta hates to hit boys like them there, what ain't done nothin' to me, but I just can't help it. I gotta do it, you see, in order to maintain my self-respect."

"Maintain the dickens!" I says. "Who ever heard of a dance-hall bouncer a-havin' any such thing, any more'n a bartender?"

"Aw," says Soakem, "of course you can't understand 'cause you ain't been up against it all your life."

"Up against what?" I inquires.

" 'Tain't none of your business what," says Soakem, "but all the same, Bill, it's the thing that puts me on the prod when I ain't nothin' but a kid, keeps me there now, and I reckon I'll still be a-sluggin' for it when some feller finally plugs me."

"Then if it's that bad," I says, "why don't you pack a gun? I ain't never seen you wear one."

"Just for the same reason," he answers. "Packin' a gun wouldn't help my self-respect none. With pistols on 'em one man's just as good as another, but when a feller can handle his job, like I done it tonight, with nothin' but his hands, people is bound to respect him, ain't they, for bein' just what he is—a tough hombre?"

"Right you are, Soakem," I agrees, "and all you gotta do is keep a-goin' like you been for the last week and you won't have to worry none about your self-respect, 'cause it'll be fool proof and this'll be one dance hall that'll be runnin' like a Sunday school."

WELL, it turned out that way. Inside of three months Soakem O'Riley had accommodated every man within a hundred miles of Magdalena who wanted one with a good lickin' and of course while he was a-doin' it his self-respect warn't undergoin' no backset, and neither was I a-missin' no chance to find out what it was that was always a-proddin' him into bein' a fighter. But I couldn't get nowhere.

He didn't act like he was on the dodge, and near as I could see the only queer thing about him was that he always went around with both ears cocked like he was a-listenin' for somebody to say something unpleasant. After the first three months, though, you bet nobody done that. They all knowed better, and so for about a year, with not more'n two fights a week to liven her up, ours was the peacefullest joint in the territory.

Then all of a sudden we loses Soakem. It was like this. One night about eleven o'clock in drops a cute little city stranger with a big idea. He wants to meet Soakem and eat his ears off, and he starts this way. "Say you," he says to me as he buys a drink, "I ain't nobody's pet."

"The hell you ain't," I says, "but who cares? Tell it to Soakem."

"I'll sing it to him," he says. "That's what I come for. Point him out."

" 'Tain't necessary," I answers. "Just you holler twice and he'll be here, but look out, cutie," I warns him, "you better lay off that 'cause Soakem ain't spanked a baby this week, and he can just take a whole deck of two-spots, like you I mean, fifty-two of 'em, and tear 'em straight down the middle and then crossways, and he don't have to exert hisself neither."

He don't heed me none though. Instead he emits a war whoop, hurls a whisky glass through a lamp chimbley —and when he come to, about fifteen foot from where Soakem slaps him, the big feller's standin' beside him. But the little one's game. He gets up, swings his arms, and sails in.

"What are you doin' now?" says Soakem.

"I'm fightin'."

"OH, YOU are?" says Soakem. "Well, I wouldn't a-knowed it if you hadn't told me," and with that he grabs the little man by the collar and holds him off and looks at him. The little feller looks back and right then, well, I never seen two faces change so quick. Soakem gets white as a sheet, and he looks scared; but not the other feller. The little man stares for a second and then he busts right out in a laugh and starts to say somethin'. He don't finish it though. Soakem hits him and this time he meant it. The little man goes to sleep and Soakem O'Riley walks out of the dance hall. I never see him again, because he never come back, but when the little feller come to he told me about it and then I understood why all his life poor Soakem had had to fight for his self-respect.

"What did you say that big bum's name is?" asked the little stranger when he woke up.

"Soakem O'Riley," I says.

"Soakem nothin'," answers the feller, "I've knowed him for twenty years, was raised in the same town with him back East, and his name, the one what they baptised him with, is Lionel Clarence, and his last name is Archibald."

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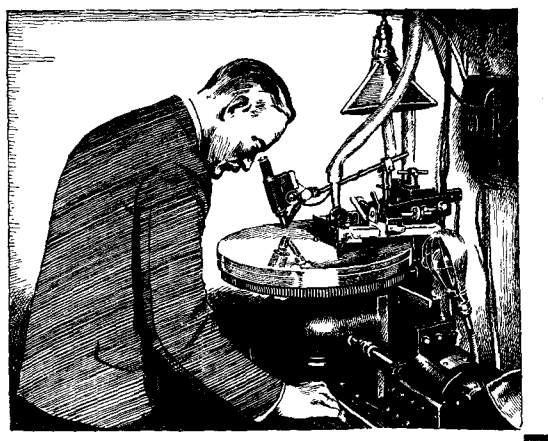

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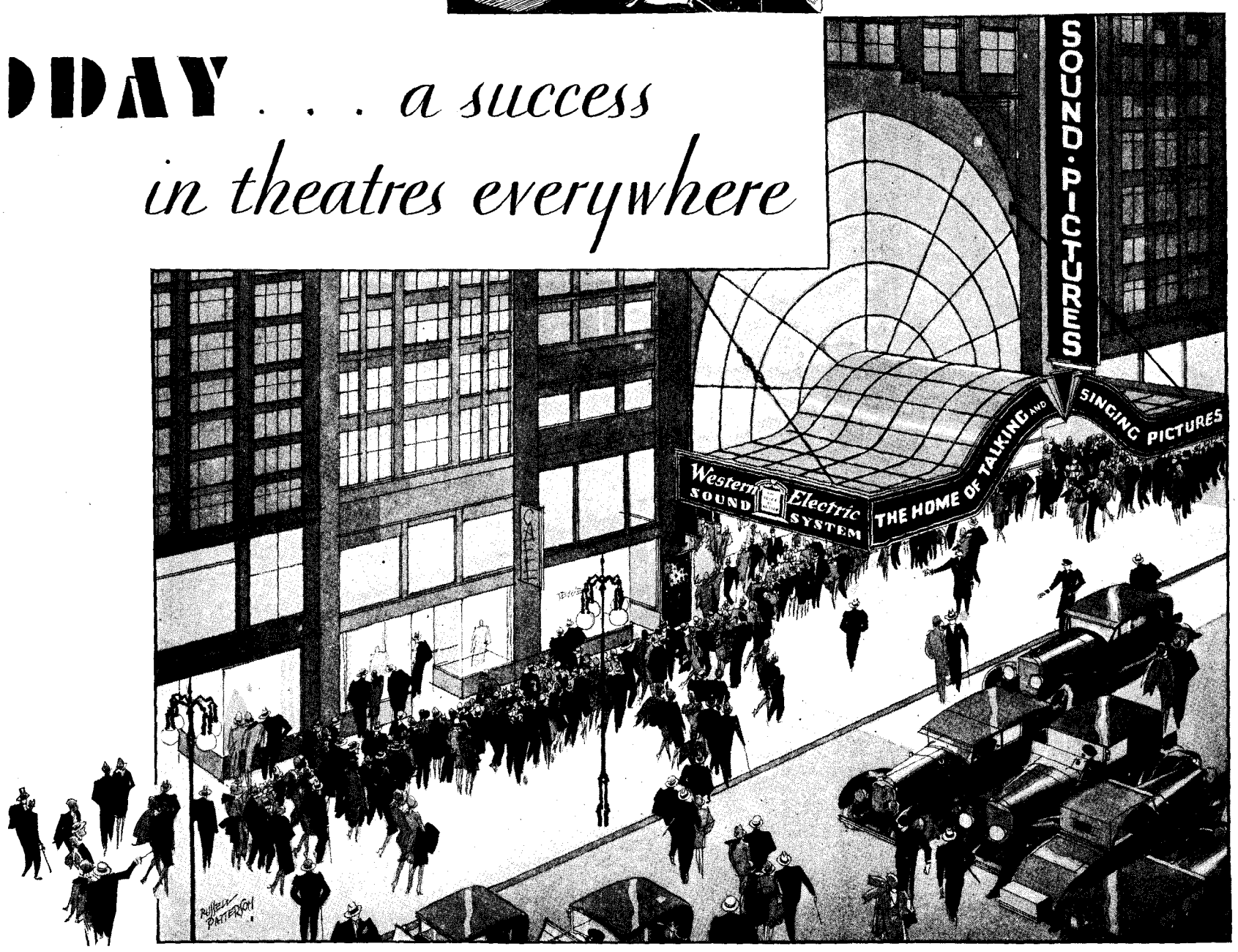
TODAY . . . a success in theatres everywhere



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YOUR ENJOYMENT of any Sound Picture depends on three things—the picture itself, the quality of its Sound recording and the natural tone of Sound reproduction in the theatre where you sit. Do not let your entertainment be spoiled by indifferent reproduction.

Get in the habit of going to theatres which have installed the Western Electric Sound System as an assurance of reliable quality. This system, made by the organization which three years ago developed the first practical Sound Picture apparatus, has proved a great popular success the world over. Naturally so, because it is the result of half a century's experience in telephone making and it speaks with all the clearness of your telephone.

TOMORROW? . . . The art of making Sound Pictures is being constantly improved by leading producers, who are using Western Electric apparatus in their studios. These improvements will be best appreciated when the pictures are reproduced in theatres equipped with the Western Electric Sound System.

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THE VOICE OF ACTION

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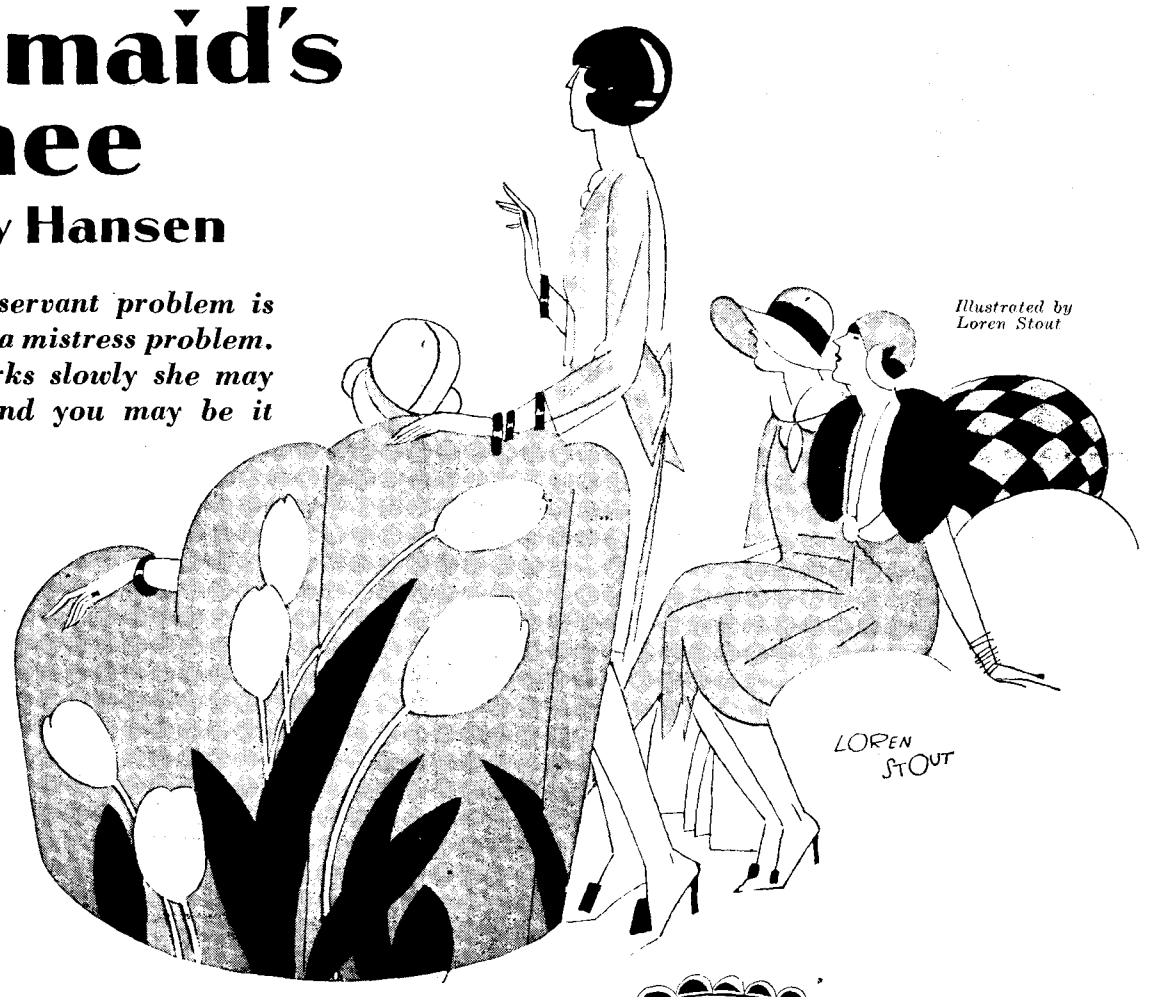
Housemaid's Knee

By Dagny Hansen

That everlasting servant problem is often, like as not, a mistress problem. If your maid works slowly she may have a reason, and you may be it

One woman has fixed a nice room where her maid can entertain friends. She often comes herself for a few minutes, bringing a plate of candy



Illustrated by Loren Stout

THE other day I was paying a call on a girl I had known for some time, a girl who is married now and a little more prosperous than she used to be. The talk had been almost entirely about servants, when all of a sudden the maid appeared at the door and opened her mouth as though to say something. But she didn't get a chance.

"That's all right, Olga," said my friend. "When you get through with that carpet I'll show you what to do."

The maid nodded, but still stood there.

"?" said my friend, with a dreadful look.

"Aye been t'rough vid d' garpet," said the maid, in a thick Scandinavian that I knew only too well. "Tonight aye living you, pliss, t'ank you."

"What!" said my friend, and there was an uncomfortable pause. Then: "All right."

"Isn't that nice?" she said, after the maid had withdrawn. "I tell you they're all alike. There's no keeping a single one of them. I've done everything for that girl. I pay her seventy dollars a month, with room and meals, and that's ten dollars more than anybody else pays. I've given her clothes, anything she wants. And here at the end of a month she's leaving me. That's gratitude! . . ."

Why Maids Leave Homes

But I knew why the maid was leaving, and I didn't blame her. What my friend didn't know was that four or five years ago, when I first came to this country from Norway and had a thick Scandinavian accent too, I had spent a year in the backyard, hanging out clothes myself. I had to, or starve. I, too, had given notice on Saturday afternoon, or at the end of the month, so many times that I cannot remember them all; I, too, had had ladies look at me in a terribly injured way, and wonder why I had so little gratitude. So it was not hard for me to see what the trouble was. Can you see from what I have just told you? This was the revealing remark:

"When you get through with the carpet, Olga, I'll tell you what to do next."

How often have I heard that cheering news! If there were a household's alumnae association, I think that would be its college yell, with three sour rahs on the end of it. It accounts for a great deal of the trouble that women have with servants, I can assure you. If you do not think so, I shall show you how it works out. Let us suppose that you were in Olga's place, except that instead of being a maid you were a secretary. You start on a batch of letters. And you are no sooner under way than your employer puts his head out of his office and says:

"That's all right, Miss So-and-So. When you get through with those letters I'll tell you what to do next."

And he does. Every time you think you are in a fair way to get your work done, he has a dozen other little things he piles on top of you, most of them quite senseless. What would you do? I'll tell you what you would do. In the first place, if it were letters you were working on, you would make them last as long as possible. And in the second place, you would begin to look around for a new employer who was not so afraid that he would not get his last nickel's worth out of you. Well, that is exactly how a maid feels about it, and that is part of the answer to why women, not only in the United States but all over the world, have such a hard time keeping servants. I remember one time when I made a job last as long as possible, and I think I was justified in doing it. I was working for a family that gave a big party on Thanksgiving Day. Twenty people came to dinner, and I was not only maid and waitress, but also cook. I had to roast two turkeys, prepare mountains of vegetables, and make a lot of special dishes I had never even heard of before. And when it was all over I had to wash so many dishes that they were stacked in piles around the kitchen. But I got through it somehow. The dinner was at night, and when I had everything cleaned up it was three o'clock in the morning and I was so tired I could have slept on my feet. But do you think that made any difference to the lady of the house? It did not. She made me get up at six o'clock the next morning, get breakfast for the whole family, and then when they had all gone out, start on work that could have waited a month, for all the hurry there was about it.

"When you get through with the breakfast dishes, Dagny," she told me sweetly, "come upstairs and I'll show you what to do."

What I was to do was to clean out a closet full of books. It was a job that ought to have taken me perhaps an hour, but I made up my mind that I would take my sweet time about it. I sat down, made myself comfortable, and saw that it lasted until time to prepare dinner. It took me five hours, and the next day I left. That is usually the answer when you hear some woman talking about how slow her maid is.

There is the newly rich woman who is forever talking about her servants

The Proud Parade

"She is a fine servant," you'll often hear a woman say. "She's thorough, and a wonderful cleaner. But slow! My stars! It takes her two hours to do anything at all."

The maid is thorough, and there's a reason. If that woman would let her maid alone, tell her what she is to do and then not fret her with endless little chores that make her feel she is never finished, things would be speeded up about 300 per cent.

In other words, women seem to forget that maids are (*Continued on page 54*)

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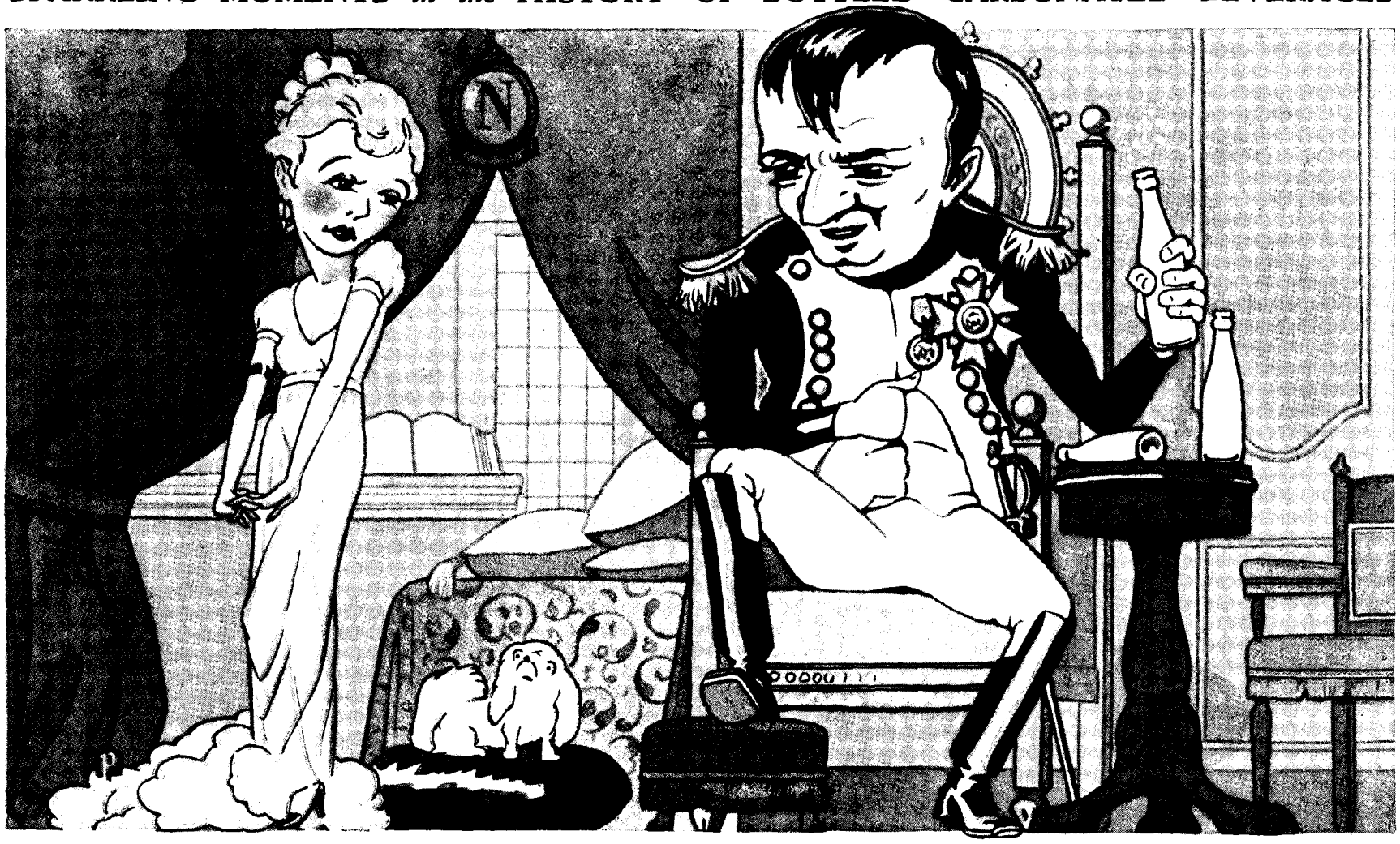
SPARKLING MOMENTS *in the* HISTORY OF BOTTLED CARBONATED BEVERAGES



"My dear," *said* Napoleon, "I just dropped in for a bottle between battles"

"Nap, darling, do sit down and take a load off your feet," cooed the Mrs. "You must be all tired out after that horrid battle."

"Napoleon is never weary!" thundered the general. "You know that's my motto. With worlds to conquer there's no time to dilly-dally and delay."

"But you will take a bottle of carbonated beverage, dear?"

"Ah, now you're tempting me beyond my strength," smiled Napoleon, as he reached for the convenient tray. "You know I get the inspiration for my best wars from these beverages. They're fairly bubbling with energy, and there's no headache or hangover.

"Well, my dear, if the maid has my other uniform pressed, I must be running along. I have a dandy war planned for tomorrow. The moving picture boys will be crazy about it . . . Over the river!"

"Skip the gutter, Nap. Write when you can, even if it's just a picture postcard. And remember there are always bottled carbonated beverages in the ice box."

Free! *Write today for a copy of this new recipe book. Frozen salads, delicious punches, dainty desserts. American Bottlers of Carbonated Beverages, 726 Bond Bldg., Washington, D.C.*

Bottled beverages *Carbonated*

AMERICAN BOTTLERS —OF— CARBONATED BEVERAGES

THERE'S A BOTTLER IN YOUR TOWN

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"I groan at the sight of more business!

Each incoming mailbag dismays me"

Most business men consider that the saddest predicament in business is having no business to do. But alas! there is another even more tragic sorrow . . . the plight of having so much business that you can't take care of the orders!

The officials of a great New York store were in the throes of this latter despair. They were suffering from "prosperity indigestion."

The store's mail-order department was growing at a dizzy rate. And yet . . . it was slowly choking to death. Orders piled in . . . and unfilled orders piled up. *Solely for lack of space!* . . . at least so the manager said to a Remington Rand man.

Filing space, he explained, had encroached on working space. Desks were jammed together. The girls were "in each other's laps" . . . and on each other's nerves. Yet not one single square inch of additional space was to be had anywhere in the store.

"See what you can do," he begged in desperation. "I'm licked.

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THE EMANCIPATION OF THE AMERICAN BUSINESS MAN

Each new mailbag dismays me. Honestly, I groan at the sight of more orders." So the Remington Rand man called in a specialist on systems, put in several days studying the department's operations. And . . . without the magic of Aladdin's lamp, he found the new space the department needed . . . *right on its own premises!*

He found the new space . . . in the system!

Found some of it in the files, you might say. For the department's old-style 4-drawer filing equipment ate up 25% to 40% more space than the newer 5-drawer Library Bureau types.

But it was in the department's *systems* and method of handling orders that he made the *real* savings. He cut waste motion from departmental routine with new "short cuts." Consolidated forms and records. Shortened the time of handling orders. And speeded up operations enough to increase the department's capacity by 80%.

What's wrong in your business?

Such incidents sound like miracles, but, in reality, they are only "run-of-mill" incidents in a Remington Rand man's day. Day after day, a Remington Rand man is called in to discuss new office appliances, files or other equipment, only to discover, after he digs in, that the trouble lies more in the *method* than in the *product.*

If the trouble happens to fall within the province of his specialized knowledge, he solves the execution difficulty himself . . . then and there. If not, he calls in other men who are specialists on the particular problems.

But solve it he *does.* For the consolidation of the leading office appliance makers into this one organization has brought to the business men of America not merely a new and more complete line of office appliances, systems and controls, but the first complete and highly organized fund of accurate, *practical* and up to date information on better business methods, operating "short cuts," control of details and economy and profit producing ideas ever available to business men.

Any Remington Rand man who comes to your office has back of him, and can bring to your assistance, 4,000 of the most experienced business analysts in America. Never has there been such a pooling of specialized knowledge.

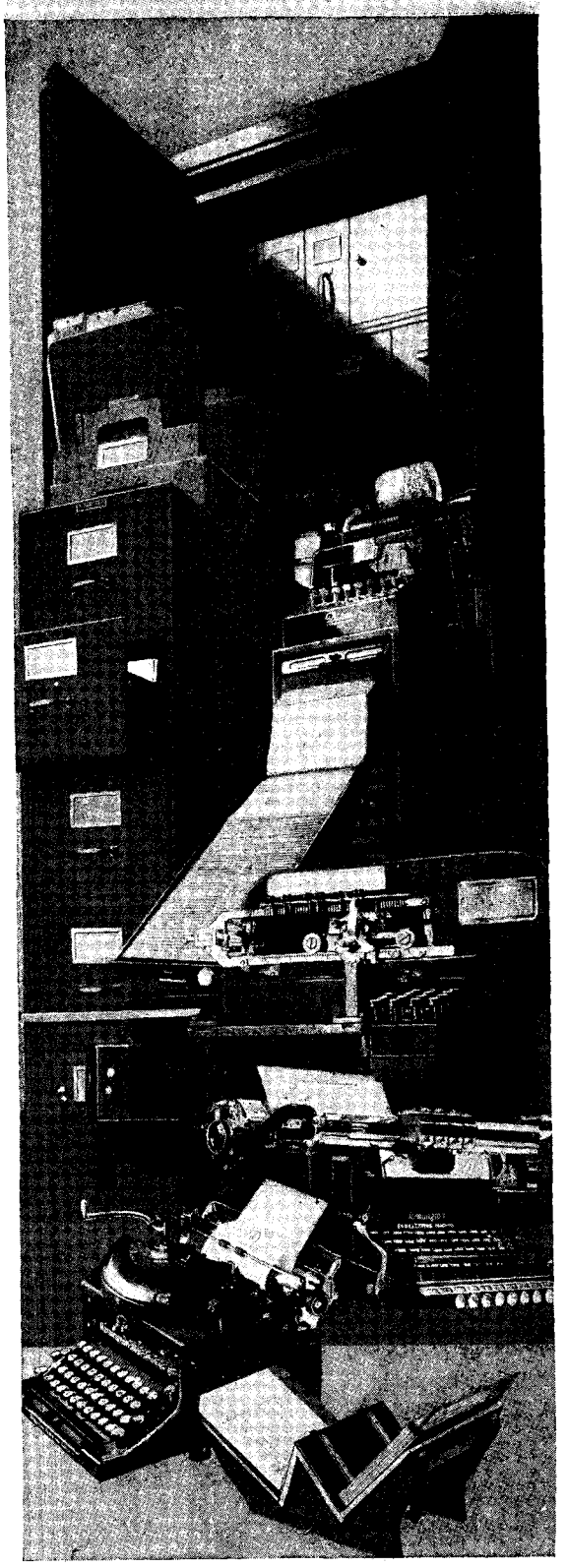
Without cost or obligation to you a telephone call will turn the brains of 4,000 analysts upon your business problems.

And because he has a line that completely covers all your office needs, the Remington Rand man can be utterly *unbiased* and impartial. He doesn't need to force the sale of a particular brand.

He can look for the trouble instead of a chance to sell. And that is something new in American business. *And something profitable for you!*

No matter how smoothly your office is running now, it may be time wisely invested to call in a Remington Rand man. New wrinkles in operation, new ideas, methods and machinery are constantly developing. A brief visit may solve a long-standing problem. Phone, or write, our nearest office.

THE GREAT EMANCIPATORS



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Galloping Pete

By Thomas McMorrow

Proving that even process servers may have a place in the Scheme of Things

The Story Thus Far:

GALLOPING PETE PEMBERWICK, former college football star, is friendless and penniless in New York City, where he is picked up by an impressive old gentleman—Colonel Ernest Swetfager—who takes him under his wing.

Hard-pressed by an irate landlady, the young man hears some welcome news: His great-aunt, Miss Hannah Jones Pemberwick (deceased), has bequeathed him her beautiful art collection, valued at $85,000!

Mr. Pye (of McGinty and Pye, attorneys, in charge of the estate) advises Pete to sell the collection and go into business. Whereupon Pete becomes the colonel's partner in a grocery firm, the colonel giving him an assignment of a defunct firm's book accounts (worthless), and he giving the colonel a bill of sale for the art collection.

At this juncture, the collection is partly destroyed by a maniac; and Colonel Swetfager's beautiful niece—Octavine Milton ("Vee")—tries to inveigle Pete into taking back the bill of sale, which established her uncle as the legal owner. Pete, very angry, calls the young lady a swindler, and she departs in a huff.

Pete, convinced by Swetfager that the defunct firm's worthless bills can be collected, becomes the colonel's partner again. All firm checks are to bear the signature of both partners. When the partners' joint bank account totals $39,550, the colonel tricks Pete into signing a blank check—and leaves for parts unknown. In a farewell note, he "gives" Pete an apartment house—mortgaged for more than it is worth. So, once more Pete is penniless!

Octavine Milton does not accompany her uncle. To Pete's amazement, she remains to tell Pete a secret. She loves him! And Pete, who has loved her in spite of what he regards as her villainy, loves her. . . . Divinely happy, but out of funds, he decides to do a generous thing: he gives her a half interest in "his" apartment house!

III

PETE PEMBERWICK brushed the superintendent of the Thorncliffe aside and strode through the spacious marble hall of the apartment house toward Seventy-eighth Street beyond the ornate doors of wrought bronze.

"Don't tell me your troubles, Wright," he said over his shoulder. "I refuse to own this house, and I don't have to. I'm quitting right now."

"But you can't do that, really," argued the superintendent, following him. "You can sell or be foreclosed or die, but you can't quit. That's the law, Mr. Pemberwick."

A fat and faded blonde appeared in the doorway of a ground-floor apartment. "Did I hear the owner was out here?"

"There he goes, Mrs. Hookey," said the superintendent.

"At last," said the blonde, and while her utterance was thick her accent was grim. "Come here at once, young man."

"Yes, madam?" said Pete, pausing.

The lady drew a string of bologna skin from her painted mouth, cast it aside, and said, "Do you think the tenants in this house are all pigs? When I first moved in here"—she reached for more bologna skin—"you could eat your dinner off the floor."

"Madam," said Pete, bowing and moving on, "you can do that right now."

"There he is, Miss Levitsky!" cried the blonde to an angular young woman who, brief case in hand, was entering from the street. "That's him, Miss Levitsky—the new landlord himself. You tell him where he gets off, dearie."

She was almost running. "Oh, Pete!" she cried. "I have a job!"

"MR. PEMBERWICK?" Miss Levitsky shot a card at Pete. "I'm the secretary of the Upper Manhattan Tenants' Defense League. I'm also a lawyer. I've just organized this house and I'm ready to talk terms. For the present, not another five-cent piece of rent will be paid in this house."

"Good," said Pete, turning for the door. "And good day."

"It's landlords like you," cried Miss Levitsky after him, "who are making Bolsheviks all over New York! Go ahead and try to deal with the tenants direct, and see where you come out."

A sunburnt man in an official-looking hat of brown straw was on the stoop of the Thorncliffe, writing in a notebook. He asked curtly, "Are you the new owner of this house, mister?"

"I'd rather not answer, for fear of incriminating and degrading myself," said Pete. "Oh, well, what about it?"

Illustated by R. V. Culter

"There he is!" cried the blonde.

"Tenement House Department," said the man threateningly. "I could make a barrel of trouble for you."

"Fine!" said Pete, clapping him on the shoulder. "I live on trouble—had nothing else, morning, noon, and night, for months. Make a lot of it."

HE WALKED toward Amsterdam Avenue, an angry grin on his face, swinging his broad shoulders.

There was one store in the Thorncliffe. On its dusty window was lettered in blistered white ULYSSES G. PECK, Real Estate and Insurance; in its doorway stood Mr. Peck in person, a lank and thin-haired man in the late fifties who was quite as dusty as his place of business. He had heard the exchange on the stoop; he put out a hand to stay Pete and said in a whispering and hesitating voice, "The new owner, sir? I'd like to speak to you, if I might. About my rent."

"It wouldn't be a blessed bit of use," said Pete.

"Please come in just for a moment," begged Mr. Peck. "I won't detain you."

Pete followed him into the store. Mr. Peck fussed about, finding a rickety chair, placing it for Pete, seating himself at his rickety desk. He tendered a precept in summary proceedings to Pete, saying tremulously, "I'm only back a month, Mr. Pemberwick. You won't put an old tenant into the street for one month's arrears, I'm sure. I've been twenty years in this store, Mr. Pemberwick, and always paid on the first, but business is gone to the dogs just now, and I simply haven't got it."

"I'm mighty sorry, Mr. Peck," said Pete, glancing at the name on the window, "but I can't do anything for you. I'm only a stuffed coat around here. Twenty years, eh?"

"Mr. Pemberwick," pleaded the old real estate man.

"NO USE," said Pete. "Let me tell you how I stand. I'm the owner of this house—one of the two owners—only on paper. The other owner—her name is Octavine Milton—and I were tricked into taking title to the Thorncliffe. The former owner was Colonel Ernest Swetfager; you may know that. Well, I was in business with him, and, without going into the sad details, our partnership ended in his getting away with all the cash and leaving me and Miss Milton this house. When we came around to see what we had won we found out that the house was mortgaged for more than it was worth and that the rents had been assigned to one of the mortgagees. And the mortgages, I have heard, are about to be foreclosed. The result is that we are the owners in name only, and that's not for long."

"I see," said Mr. Peck. He sank back in his chair; his near-sighted blue eyes clouded. "I suppose I can find something, showing apartments at twenty

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"That's the new landlord himself"

dollars a week, if I'm spry enough."

Pete's glance went back to the window. "Mr. Peck," he said, "did you have a boy of that same name?"

"I did."

"Did he play football with Harvard a few years back?" Pete's tone was incredulous and eager.

"Yes. You didn't know him, did you?"

"Why, Mr. Peck," said Pete, jumping up and seizing the older man's thin hand between both his own, "Lizzie Peck played guard right alongside of me! I was a tackle. He must have spoken of Pete Pemberwick?"

"Galloping Pete?" chuckled the father, returning the handshake. "Well, he did now. Well, well, Pete."

"It's a small world," said Pete.

"And a hard one," said Mr. Peck. After a silence that Pete didn't know how to break, Mr. Peck said softly, "He was a good boy."

"He was a good pal," said Pete. They stared at vacancy for a space. They were looking at the break in a chain that had joined them without their knowing, the break that had been filled by a son and friend. Pete got up and stamped, striking his heavy hands together. He said, "This is rotten, Mr. Peck. I can do nothing for you. New York has me licked. I'm pulling out today for the Coast."

HE LEFT Mr. Peck ten minutes later and strode uptown to Eighty-fourth Street and thence east to an old brownstone flat house near Columbus Avenue. He ascended the stoop and pushed a button under a name in the vestibule. In due course the door clicked and swung open; a voice from above called "Who is it?" and Pete ran up three flights of carpeted stairs and presented himself.

"May I see Miss Milton?"

"I'll send her out," said the woman who received him after looking Pete over frankly. Pete entered the stuffy living-room of the flat; its air was rich with the scents of soapsuds and boiling cabbage.

The flat was of the obsolete railroad type. He saw Octavine coming, her full young figure outlined by the light from the ground glass panes of the bathroom door at the end of the long hall. She was almost running when she reached him. "Oh, Pete," she cried, giving him her hands, "I have a job! I'm going to be a dental assistant in an office up on 116th Street under the elevated, and I'm going to wear a white dress and a white cap, and when you go by on the train in the morning you can wave to me. I tried the dress on, and I really look rather nice."

"You'll look immense," he said gratulatorily. "The very idea gives me a toothache. I mean I feel like giving you some business. But I thought your Uncle Ernie wrote you and asked you to come back and live with him as you used to."

"And you thought I would?" Her deep blue eyes were like hot steel. They melted instantly as she said in a voice that was husky and caressing, "Pete, you don't hold my rascally Uncle Ernie against me?"

"So far as you are concerned, Vee," he said heartily, "Colonel Ernest Swetfager doesn't amount to a tinker's retaining wall. I'm mighty glad to hear you have something to tide you over, though. I couldn't go away from New York while you were on your uppers."

"You're going away, Pete? No! Oh, no, Pete. When?"

"Today, Vee. Right away. I've got to jump right out. I've made a connection with a man in Edgewater, New Jersey, who wants somebody to help him drive a car to the Coast, and I'm his party. Nothing in it but my expenses, of course."

"Good-by," she said abruptly.

"Now, don't be that way, Vee. I've got to get out of New York before I'm arrested for knocking some little wisenheimer galley west. I can't make the grade in New York, Vee; I'm too thick in the head. I'm nothing but a rusticus in urbe, this side of the North River. So I'm going back to the Coast—"

"Where all the men are thick in the head?"

"Don't you believe it, Vee. There are smarter men out there than ever saw the Woolworth. I'm going back there because that's where I came from, where I know people and where people know me and my people. I'll get a job selling lumber from one of dad's old friends, and I'll get on my feet. I've been only a come-on in New York. What did I know? Nothing but sport and how to spend money. Well, the money is spent, and I'm not going to follow sport for a living."

"Pete—" she began and stopped. "Pete—wouldn't you like to have me come with you?"

"And how," he said whisperingly. The trite slang phrase was eloquent in his mouth. She lifted her face to him; her eyes were open but seemed sightless. Her small and heavy mouth quivered.

He dropped her hands almost roughly. "Good-by," he said. "I've got to run. I'll write you, Vee—every day."

He was out in the hall, hurrying for the stairs.

"THERE'S a clean handkerchief for your nose, Mr. Pemberwick," said Mrs. Schimpf, tucking the article into Pete's breast pocket. "You could have it done up and send it to me by the parcel post."

"You are very kind, Mrs. Schimpf," said Pete. "As for my trunk, I'll send for it when I settle down out there."

"As for the trunk," said Mrs. Schimpf, jerking her gray head, "you'll get it when you settle up back here. You owe me twelve dollars for the room, Mr. Pemberwick. I don't like to, but I got to live."

"I find it a bit of an imposition myself," said Pete sympathetically, walking down the worn brownstone steps of the lady's rooming house on East 126th Street. "Good-by, and good luck."

He drew the handkerchief from his pocket as he neared Madison Avenue; a dollar bill fluttered from it. "The old catamaran!" he exclaimed, picking it up and turning to look back at the dingy rooming house. Mrs. Schimpf had left the stoop. Two men were standing on it now—a hulking fellow with a soft brown hat cocked jauntily on his bullet head, and a weedy youth in gray from whose loose lips dangled a cigarette.

Pete went into Poulos' flower shop on Madison Avenue and bought with the dollar a red rambler rose in a pot. He put his card with the gift and told the Greek to deliver it to Mrs. Schimpf around the corner. He walked out, chuckling. "She'll get a kick out of that," he muttered.

HE CAUGHT a crosstown car on 125th Street and rode over to the ferry. Once aboard the boat, he mounted to the upper deck for a breath of fresh air.

He stood at the rail, looking down at the late arrivals. A commotion at the sliding door to the waiting-room drew from him a casual glance. An attendant was closing the door, and a strapping big fellow with a brown hat askew on his head was in the narrowing opening. The big man braced himself against the door jamb, caught the door as it came toward him, and hurled it back with one tremendous shove, toppling over the attendant. With a merry flirt of his hand at the fallen man, the big rough stalked out on the slip and down to the boat. Had Pete noticed, among the commuters who rushed from the opened doorway, a lanky youth in tight jacket and Oxford bags of gray, he would probably have known the two for the men whom he had seen on the steps of Mrs. Schimpf's select rooming house.

The whistle sounded a warning to river craft; water widened between the boat and the slip. The ugly industrial buildings in the Manhattanville Valley sank; Grant's Tomb on its high green hill was dominant. Then the serried files of enormous apartment houses, mile after mile, to the north and to the south—houses that sheltered only a part of that small fraction of New York's six million that comprises the fairly well-to-do. Hazy masses and blurred lines appeared above the southeastern horizon—New York's financial district, eight miles away.

NEW YORK was going; a chapter in Pete's life was ending, and in frustration. It was a chapter that had opened with every happy promise, with hundreds of hands reaching in facile friendship, with a thunder of applauding voices.

Even before that chapter opened, life had been easy to Pete, too easy. A dollar to him had never meant an hour of work, because he had never spent the hour to get the dollar. A man who earns what he gets realizes the value of money when he has it; Pete, leaning on the rail with a lonely five-dollar note in his pocket, with a memory of a competence dissipated, realized the value of money. He had been given everything: of him to whom much is given much may be required, and justly—but it won't be expected of him by people who have observed human behavior.

Pete's formative years had been too easy; all his life long he would be happy-go-lucky. He would always need management, a hand on his arm, a word in his ear. He might yet win to wealth and preferment, but not alone; the fighting heart and welling energy would be his, but the wariness needed for the turns and detours in the way to success would be imposed on him by associates.

And now, as the island of Manhattan dwindled before him, so that with a single glance he joined the hill above Spuyten Duyvil and the giant buildings to the south, so did the chapter that comprised his years in the East lose detail and present itself to him in outline.

He saw himself arriving at Harvard with a high-school reputation in athletics; the turn of a page, and he was the famous Galloping Pete of Eastern gridirons, a tower in the line, a catapult in attack, a bringer of victory. The college years passed; his father died; at the age of twenty-two he had a great deal more money than had Henry Ford at forty. Following the lure of good fellowship, made much of in sporting circles, he had become a man about town, a familiar of night clubs and gambling hells, a midnight son of Broadway.

He had taken business counsel over cocktails and from knowing chuckleheads; his last stake of some $20,000 had won for him the barren ownership of the Thorncliffe, an old apartment house on West Seventy-eighth Street that was worth perhaps $350,000, and that was mortgaged for more.

A deckhand's "Staying on, mister?" snapped him out of his bitter reverie; the boat was in the slip on the Jersey shore. He descended from the observation deck, climbed the sloping slip, and set his right foot on the soil of the borough of Edgewater.

His following stride was halted. The big plug-ugly who handled massive waiting-room doors with such ease and confidence had hooked a compelling arm under one of Pete's. "Turn again, Pemberwick," said the fellow. "You're wanted in New York."

"What's the idea?" said Pete, letting himself be pulled along.

"Never mind," said the rough. "Come along and keep your mouth shut, or I'll jump down your throat. You're going, Pem, if I got to carry you. So be nice."

"You're quite funny," said Pete tearing his arm free, "but I don't care to joke with you. Amuse yourself with your friends." (*Continued on page 36*)

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The Magic Ingredient

By Grantland Rice

It's control. And if you haven't got it all the talent in the world won't make you an athletic champion—or a business one, either

Mlle. Lenglen worked at tennis until she could place the ball within an inch or two of where she wanted it to go

Joyce Wethered (right) has almost uncanny control over the club head

Wide World

A FEW days ago I ran across George M. Church, one of the star tennis players of his day. Church was at Princeton when Bill Tilden was at Pennsylvania. They met more than once around 1914 and 1915, and Church nearly always won.

"But even that far back," Church remarked, "Tilden had all the strokes. He seemed to have everything—a slashing service, good ground strokes, speed, stamina, power and the rest of it. But he couldn't win. He had a great game of tennis, but it wasn't under control."

Tilden, with practically everything, had to wait five or six years before he reached the top. It took him that long to be master of himself in a hard match. Even as late as 1919 he seemed to have more all-around stuff than Bill Johnston, yet Johnston beat him 3 out of 4 sets for the championship.

Once in a while a young pitcher comes along who has everything, including control, from the start. Cy Young, Grover Alexander and Walter Johnson were three notable examples. But consider Bob Grove of the Athletics. For the first two years under big-league fire Grove couldn't get an even break.

Three years ago I saw him face the New York Yankees. He seemed to have everything in the world that day—blinding speed, a fine curve, and a cool head. He opened the game by striking out six of the first nine men who faced him.

The Road to Perfection

But around the fourth or fifth inning the strain began to tell. The big left-hander would work himself into a hole and then have to groove one. It wasn't so much a matter of bases on balls as inability to place his terrific speed and his fast curve where he wanted them to go.

The Grove of 1928 and 1929 was an entirely different pitcher. He had no more physical stuff then than he had carried before. But he knew what to do with it.

I recall Bobby Jones at Oakmont in 1919, playing the final round against Dave Herron. Jones had been a star golfer as far back as 1916. He had every shot. He was a long hitter and a fine iron player. I believe he was a better all-around iron player then, especially a better mashie player, than he is today.

Thirty or forty minutes before he started the match in the final round against Herron he went to the practice tee. I watched him hit at least a hundred shots while warming up. Every one was straight as a rifle shot, no matter what club he used. But when the battle with Herron started, this early control was missing. His drives began to wander off the fairway. His iron shots began to miss the greens. He was playing well but it was easy to see that he wasn't playing up to the quality of his game.

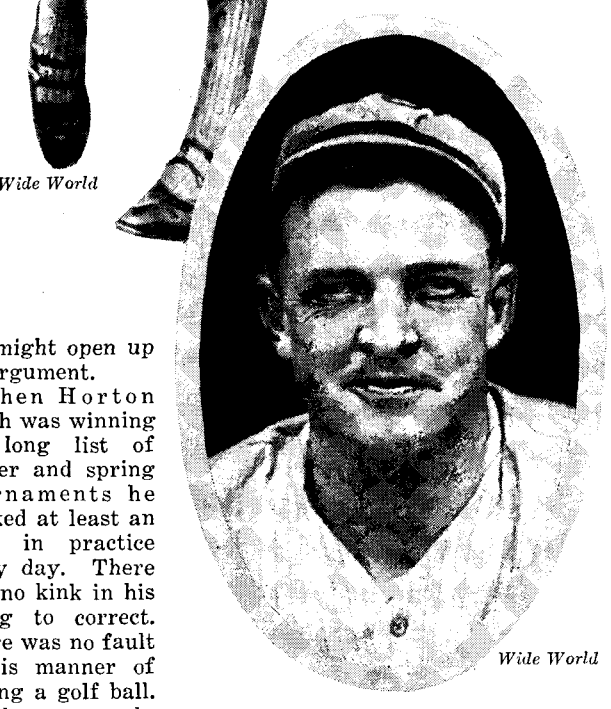
Jones went to the last eight in the amateur championship of 1916. He had a game then that looked good enough to win, rare ability in the use of every club. It was predicted that he would win a championship in short order. Yet from that date he had to wait eight years and take a long line of beatings before he finally took over the amateur crown at Merion.

Through those eight years he had more stuff than any golfer he faced. He had more shots in his bag. But he had not grooved them sufficiently to carry him through.

One of the finest examples along this line was Gene Tunney. Tunney spent five years, not only in increasing his punching power, which was never anything to write an ode about, but also in building up a type of control that would make his marksmanship perfect. He had a right hand to the body that could drive a nail. He had a left hand that could hit an eyelash.

When he started a punch for Dempsey's left eye he hit Dempsey's left eye. It wasn't a blasting wallop, but there was nothing going to waste.

It was not until Tunney lost control of his right hand after the fourth round in Chicago that he ran into trouble. His wildness in right-hand swinging gave Dempsey the big opening that came near costing Tunney the title. Whether this came from overconfidence or lack of sufficient practice in training might open up an argument.



Wide World

Christy Mathewson resorted to target practice to insure perfect control

When Horton Smith was winning his long list of winter and spring tournaments he worked at least an hour in practice every day. There was no kink in his swing to correct. There was no fault in his manner of hitting a golf ball. But he was working on as complete control of every shot as he could get. He worked to hit the target, not most of the time, but every time—if that could be done.

Control is merely the ability to use what you have, not once in a while, but the greater part of the time. Its foundations are largely mental. It usually consists of coolness, concentration and determination. But a big part of it is physical repetition until the player feels sure that he can handle his stuff.

Mathewson used to throw at a small target until he could hit it almost every time. He worked out the physical details until he had confidence in himself when the pinch came. Lack of control is sure to mean lack of confidence.

Two Women

Two of the highest types of control in sport have belonged to two women—Suzanne Lenglen in tennis and Joyce Wethered in golf. Mlle. Lenglen worked at the game until she could place the ball within an inch or two of where she wanted it to go. I have seen her on smashes hit within an inch or so of the lines. You had the feeling that she could bean a fly with a tennis ball at thirty feet.

In the same fashion Joyce Wethered, though she lacks the physical power of the leading male stars, can come closer to placing a golf ball where she wants it than anyone else. She has almost uncanny control over the club head. She has the directing power in her hands that can make the club head do exactly what she wants it to do. There are many leading experts who believe she has the soundest all-around swing in golf, male or female.

MacDonald Smith has a unique system. In place of practicing the shots he has been missing he practices the shots he has been playing well. When he gets the right swing with a certain club he wants to have it grooved and set.

Such stars as Bowman of Syracuse and Miller of Harvard, both 9⅘-second runners, were never up to the ball-carrying standard of a Mahan or a Grange because they could not control their feet in an open field. Their speed was all in one direction. Mahan and Grange could give a tackler a foot and then take it away. They lacked the speed and the bulk of the two sprinters, but they were far harder to haul down. They had worked out the knack of side-stepping and foot-shifting, which was almost entirely a matter of foot control.

How does one get this knack? Largely through the capacity for patience, study and hard work. Control in any form of sport is rarely a natural gift.

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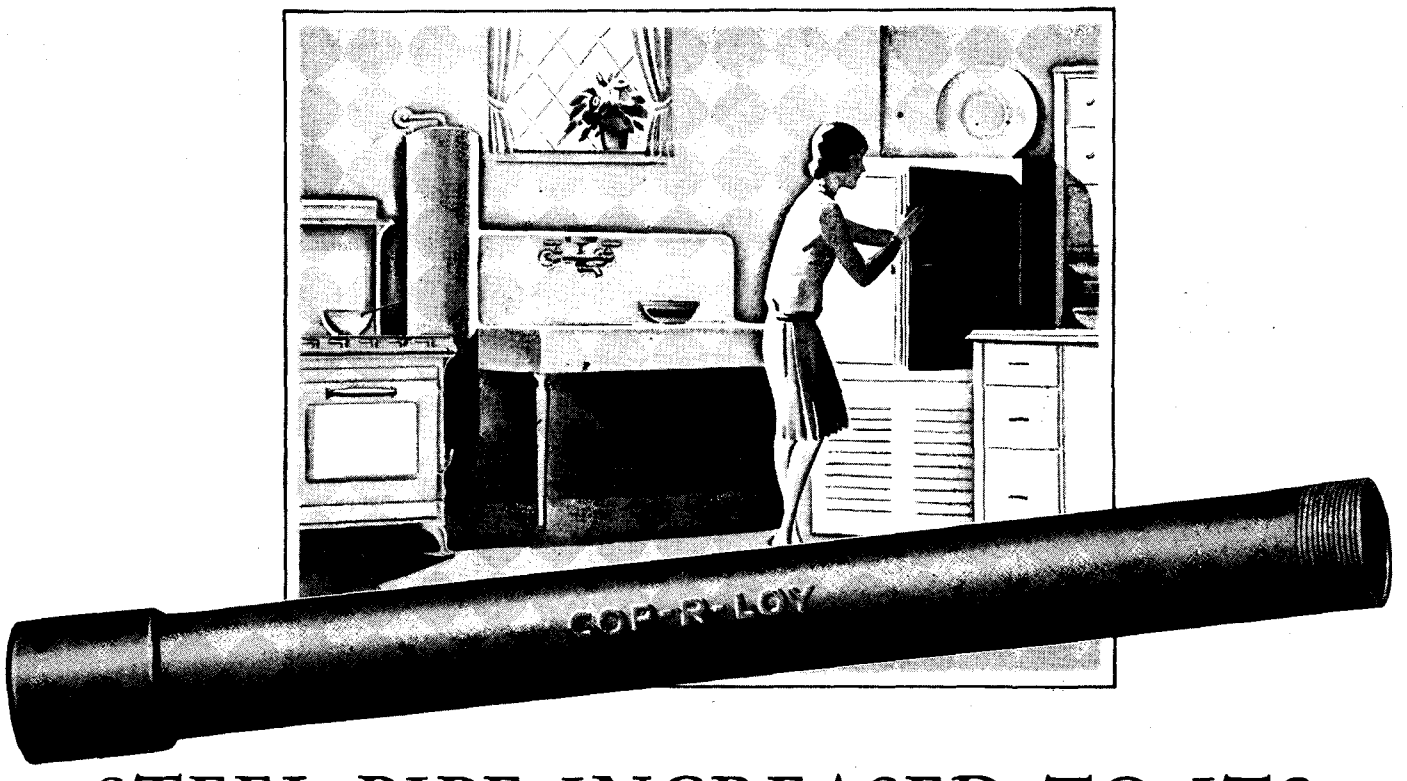

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Galloping Pete

Continued from page 33

He supposed the fellow was playing a drunken prank, and yet he did not smell of liquor.

The man jumped after Pete and caught him by the shoulder. "But I don't like this," said Pete, and he brought the heel of an open hand up under the man's bristly chin and sent him staggering back on his heels.

The man recovered himself, crouched, and hurled himself forward, back bent, chin on his chest, his heavy fists shooting out before him.

"Look where you're going," growled Pete, leaping aside and whipping his right fist to the man's face.

The rough's body sagged, his fists loosened and his arms drooped, but his legs held under him. He gathered himself again and bounded at Pete, timing a full swing to land it on Pete's head when his foot met Pete's, toe to toe. Like the past master of fighting who lay in the green hill across the river, the rough would not waste his strength in feints and skirmishes, but would throw it all into each stroke; if his strategy differentiated itself from that which let us have peace in 1865, it was only in failing to establish the enemy at the point of impact.

But this time it seemed to Pete, for a nervous instant, that he was going to be there; he put back his foot for room to maneuver and touched the wall of the ferry house.

Pete dropped to his haunches, moved forward like a squatting Russian dancer, caught the legs of the rough in a sweeping embrace, heaved them up, and sent his opponent flying over his head. The point of impact was thus shifted to the wall of the ferry house; and the rough was through for the day. He sat up slowly, blinked, gasped, and saw Pete. "Some wallop!" he said, lost in admiration.

A policeman came on the run from the plaza before the ferry house. "Listen," said the rough, gathering him in. "This bird here rolled a pal of mine in a speak-easy, and he's got to go back and answer for it."

"SOME silly mistake, Officer," said Pete.

"Where was this speak-easy?" said the policeman. "Because if you mean that place up the River Road, that is not a speak-easy, and besides they do not roll people in there, drunk or sober."

The pasty-faced youth in gray was behind the rough, whispering.

"Listen," said the defeated battler. "This bird's name is Peter Pemberwick. He claims I got him wrong. Well, I will bet a hundred dollars to a dime that I got him right, and he can hold the money."

Pete eyed him with puzzlement. "I can use that hundred," he said with a sudden thought, "and I'll risk missing my appointment here to get it. Put it up, and let's go!"

The rough turned his back. When he swung about there was a roll of limp bills in his hand. "On the fire," he said, peeling five twenty-dollar notes from the roll and slapping them into Pete's palm.

"Boat!" shouted an attendant. Pete thrust the money into his pocket and ran beside his late antagonist to the waiting vessel, which promptly whistled and pulled out of its slip.

The rough sprawled on a bench in the men's cabin and proceeded to eat cigarette smoke. Pete looked at his dollar watch and hoped that the California-bound car would wait. The man in gray was nowhere about.

Chains rattled in windlasses. Horses stumbled; the cars aboard began to move, roaring softly. Pete walked out on the island of Manhattan, which he had supposed he was deserting forever.

"Listen, pal," said the rough, walking beside Pete. "I got a little receipt for that century here, and would you mind signing it? Just to show my friend I went to the front for him, see? Here's a pen."

He handed Pete a sheet of note paper on which was scrawled, "For Retoin to New York to Anser Complaint, Received $100."

"No objection," said Pete, taking the fountain pen and signing.

"AND there's your complaint," said the young man in gray Oxford bags, popping up from nowhere. He slipped a legal document into Pete's hand, ran to a waiting car and jumped in beside the rough. They went off.

The legal document proved to be a summons and complaint to foreclose the first mortgage on the Thorncliffe. Pete saw his name there, together with Octavine's, and with those of the subordinate mortgagees, lienors, and a long list of tenants. Clipped to the summons was a business card:

HAMMER & TANSEY
PROCESS SERVERS
We Get Our Man

"In the language of Shakespeare—Irregardless!" chuckled Pete, bound to respect such indomitable business men.

He found that there would not be a westbound boat for half an hour. He called up the man in Edgewater. The latter cut short Pete's rather murky explanation of the delay by saying, "Don't hurry merely on my account, Pemberwick; any time does me."

"Great," said Pete, missing the sarcasm and forgetting that he was only a hired chauffeur. "I'll be over in an hour or an hour and a half."

He walked to Broadway, took the subway to Seventy-ninth Street, and so to the dusty and moribund office of Mr. Ulysses G. Peck.

"Mr. Peck," he said bluffly, "I discovered just now that I have much more cash with me than I'm going to use on this trip. Will you mind a hundred dollars for me? And, so that it won't be a nuisance to you, let me call it a loan."

"Got your ticket bought, and all, Pete, eh?" said Mr. Peck, staring at his desk.

"Oh, I'm driving out, Mr. Peck. It's much pleasanter. Besides," he added hastily, thinking of a clincher, "the fact is I owed Lizzie Peck a hundred dollars, borrowed money, honor bright."

"The fact is," said Mr. Peck, "that you're lying, Pete." He sat in silence. Pete waited.

"Pete," said the older man then, shakily, "I'm going to take that money. I know you're well fixed now and won't miss it. It'll be my salvation, Pete. If I'm put out of here for not paying my rent, I'm through in the real estate business. And I know every angle of the business; I ought to. That last year before my boy was killed, this office netted $19,000, and that was no banner year. We would have doubled that if—if he had stayed with me. Young blood, Pete. But after that thing happened I neglected everything and just didn't care, and the business went where it was wanted."

"But they'll put you out of here, anyway," urged Pete, not happy at the prospect of having his hard-won hundred cabbaged by strangers. "They're foreclosing a mortgage on the house."

"So I've heard," said Mr. Peck stubbornly, "though I haven't been served yet. But that's only a form, Pete. They won't put the tenants out. We're all paying the full market price and a bit more. They'll break the leases so as to get a clear title on the sale, but they'll be mighty glad to renew them. Pete, if I can get a big house or two to manage and thus pay the expenses of the office, I'll put this business back where it was. I've taken a turn, Pete. I can think and talk about my boy now."

"DO THIS at least," said Pete, with whom time was pressing. "Now that you've got your rent, if you want to pay it, go down and see my lawyer and ask his advice. He is Mr. Jonas Pye of McGinty & Pye, Fortieth Street and Madison Avenue. Will you do what he says?"

"I will, Pete," said Mr. Peck after a struggle.

Pete picked up the telephone and called his employer in Edgewater. "Let me have Mr. Edward Kilgallon. Tell him this is Pemberwick and that I'm coming right over. What's that? Hello! He's gone—already?"

He hung up.

"Bad news, Pete?" asked Mr. Peck.

"Oh, a temporary inconvenience," said Pete offhandedly. "The man who was to help me to drive to the Coast has gone off with somebody else. I'll find another in jig time, don't fret. Now we can go down to see Mr. Pye together!"

Mr. Jonas Pye looked at Pete over his spectacles. "You have evidently acquired new sources of income, Mr. Pemberwick, since you can disburse $100 so easily."

"Oh, yes," said Pete, glancing quickly at Mr. Peck and hurrying to switch the inquiry. "But what makes me wonder is how those fellows could afford to pay me $100 to cross the river! Some legal kink there, eh?"

"How is that?" put in Mr. Peck alertly.

"It was my understanding, Mr. Pemberwick," said Mr. Pye, with a dry little smile on his lean face, "that you wished the source of the $100 to remain undisclosed to Mr. Peck. With your permission, then, I tell Mr. Peck what you told me just now in private—that the $100 was paid you to get you to accept service in the foreclosure on the Thorncliffe. And, since you have not pledged me to secrecy beyond that item, I tell him that the $100 was about all the money you had in the world."

"YOU'RE highly technical, Mr. Pye," said Pete with temper.

"I certainly shall not accept—" began Mr. Peck.

"Pardon me, sir," said Mr. Pye, bowing. "Mr. Pemberwick wants a technical explanation of a legal kink, as he expresses it. Those scalawag process servers, Mr. Pemberwick, could pay you $100 because it was well worth that to their client who was foreclosing the mortgage.

"The summons and complaint could be served on you in person only within the State of New York. Failing to find you in the State, the plaintiff would be obliged to go to the Supreme Court for an order to serve you by publication; and the Supreme Court, Mr. Pemberwick, is very technical in granting such orders. But, having the order, the plaintiff must then publish the summons once a week for not less than six weeks in two newspapers most likely to be seen by the defendant. There is the expense and the delay."

"Mr. Pye," broke in Mr. Peck, "I won't take that money."

"You'll do as he advises," said Pete sternly. "If he says you're safe in paying your rent, I'll pay it for you. If you think you can stop me—persuade the man who's collecting the rents for the mortgagee not to take my money. What's the situation there, Mr. Pye?"

"To pay that rent," said the lawyer, "would be throwing money away. Mr. Peck is mistaken in thinking his lease would be renewed. I saw in the Law Journal this morning that a preliminary agreement for a building loan covering the site of the Thorncliffe and adjoining property on Amsterdam Avenue was recorded yesterday. After title is obtained—a matter of a few weeks—the new owners are going to erect on the whole plot a twenty-story apartment hotel costing $3,000,000. They are proceeding with confidence, although you and Miss Milton are still—technically, Mr. Pemberwick—the owners of the Thorncliffe. They are sure that you will not pay off the mortgages to protect your title."

"Well, hardly," admitted Pete.

"Ah," sighed Mr. Peck. But there was nothing of triumph in the sound.

"You will see that you are named as a defendant, Mr. Peck," said the lawyer, opening the summons and complaint that Pete had brought. He ran through

(Continued on page 38)

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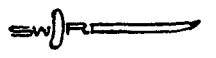

"Sword," by Samuel J. Bates, Hawthorne Court, Wheeling, W. Va.

"Kangaroo," by Ralph J. Byers, New Port, Pa.

"Lantern," by Helen B. Hamill, 477 Grove St., Worcester, Mass.

"Horton Smith," by V. A. Lambert, 1200 Coca Cola Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

"Crinoline," by Mrs. Dell Selles, Winslow, Wash.

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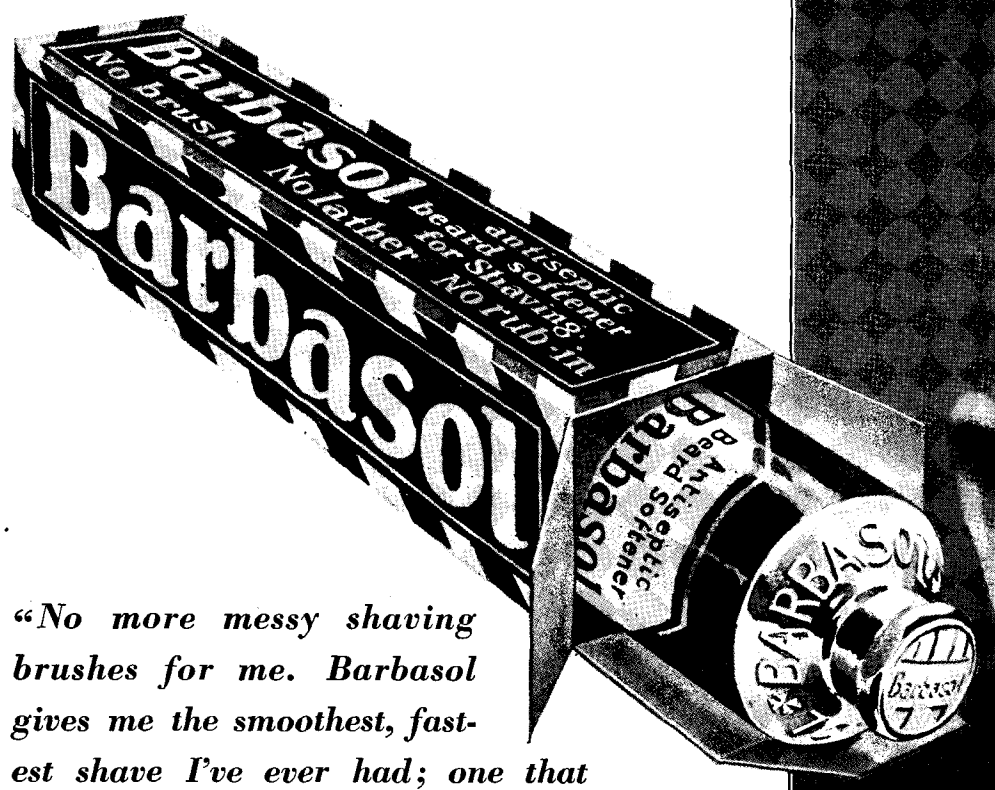
"Of course I use Barbasol!"



"No more messy shaving brushes for me. Barbasol gives me the smoothest, fastest shave I've ever had; one that always looks clean in the spotlight."

The man who gave jazz a college degree

If you haven't heard Paul Whiteman's Orchestra you haven't heard jazz! Every melodious sob and blatant blare—every breath catching cadence proclaims him a past-master of modern music.

And Whiteman is as modern as the music he makes—he wears no flowing mane—no bedraggled windsor tie. On the contrary he is immaculately groomed on all occasions.

ONE quick shave with Barbasol will tell you why men who stand head and shoulders above their fellowmen use this modern shaving cream.

No other shave quite approaches it

No brushing, lathering, or rubbing. You spread on Barbasol with your fingertips . . . and shave! The razor speeds over the face. It mows the beard (the toughest beard) without pulling or scratching. And when you've finished (in a fraction of the usual time) your face feels smooth, cool. It looks fresher and more youthful. For Barbasol soothes, heals, and exhilarates the skin while it smooths the path of the razor.

Here's how it's done: 1. Wash the face (leave it wet). 2. Spread on Barbasol (don't rub). 3. Shave . . . That's all!

Then look in the mirror. How clean and smooth your face looks! And it will stay that way all day. Feel your skin. Smooth as a baby's and cool. That's the Barbasol, 3-step shave.

Step up to the nearest drug counter and ask for a man-sized tube of Barbasol, 35c and 65c.

Then tomorrow morning step into the bathroom and give yourself the quickest, smoothest, most comfortable shave you've ever had. Get a tube —today.

THE BARBASOL COMPANY, Indianapolis, Indiana

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For Modern Shaving

No brushing—No lathering—No rubbing

KEEPS THE SKIN

youthful, bright and keenly fresh looking. That's why men like this New Barbasol Skin Freshener. It cools, revives, freshens. Douse it on the face—after shaving—whenever tired. Nothing better . . . you'll agree!

It's Great for Sunburn. To discover the healing, soothing, properties in Barbasol, rub it on sunburned skin. Relief from pain comes almost instantly. The skin loses its redness and soon recovers its normal temperature. Then sunburn changes to a healthy tan.

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Galloping Pete

Continued from page 36

the names in the box at the head of the complaint, frowned, ran through the names again, and said, "Let me see your lease, Mr. Peck. . . .

"Here is a strange oversight."

"It's an old form of lease," said the real estate man. "I've been in that store twenty years."

"That's just the point," said Mr. Pye. "I see that it has been renewed several times, the last renewal having three years yet to run, and I do not see in it anywhere a mention of the mortgages on the house. And this mortgage under foreclosure"—turning again to the summons and complaint—"is dated and recorded October 1, 1920. You did not record your lease, but your possession is constructive notice of your rights. The attorneys for the mortgagee evidently went by the record alone and failed to see who was in possession of the premises—one of those oversights, Mr. Pemberwick, that are committed by lawyers who are not technical."

"Ah!" breathed Mr. Peck again. But now the sound resembled the growl of a lion across whose nostrils has drifted the scent of prey. "Do you mean that they can't dispossess me, Mr. Pye?"

"Not if you pay your rent," said the lawyer. "Your lease is not subordinate to those mortgages. That is why you are not named in the summons. That is why they instituted a summary proceeding against you to evict for nonpayment of rent."

"That is the law?" said Mr. Peck more loudly.

"The law, sir."

"NOW for the real estate!" cried Mr. Peck, jumping up, putting out his right hand to Pete, and shaking his left fist. "The oldest tenant in the house—twenty years in that store and always paid on the nail—and they'd throw me into the street! Did they come to me like men and offer to buy my lease for even a few dollars? They did not. They tried to snap a dispossess on me. I'll snap them—I'll dispossess them!"

"Be calm, Mr. Peck," advised the lawyer.

"Calm—be blamed, Mr. Pye," shouted the realtor. "I've been calm for three years, so calm that these fellows thought I was dead, and they better throw me out. I'll calm them. I know just where they're at. They're sweating with fear right now because of that notice in the Law Journal—and that was put in, dollars to doughnuts, by some broker who was afraid they'd beat him out of his commission. I'll sweat them! Mr. Pye, be good enough to call up the lawyers who are handling that foreclosure and tell them that if they want to buy a three-year lease on a store in the Thorncliffe, they had better get their client over here on the jump."

Battle flamed in Mr. Peck's blue eyes. Looking at him, Pete saw as in a glass the image of burly "Lizzie" Peck, the good old wheel horse of a great Crimson team. "All the time!" he cried, slapping his hands together with a report that made the telephone instrument jump in Mr. Pye's hands. "Tipple & Porgy," he called.

Mr. Tipple—a large and placid gentleman with an overbearing eye—was announced in fifteen minutes. At his request the conference was deferred until other interested parties arrived. Within half an hour of the original message, nineteen gentlemen in varying states of agitation or exaggerated indifference were marshaled behind the formidable form of the senior partner of the law firm of Tipple & Porgy. There were introductions.

"The tenant of the store," said Mr. Pye, bringing up his man.

"Mr. Weiler of the National Bond and Mortgage," said Mr. Tipple, reciprocating, "Mr. Lavery, who placed the loan; Mr. Barry Senior, the broker who sold the assembled plot to—Mr. Kinkelday, the builder; Mr. Berg, who owns the corner; Mr. Frank, the second mortgagee; Mr. Phillips—"

WHEN he was completely done, he espied Pete Pemberwick. "Who is this gentleman, and what has he to do with the affair?"

"He is one of the owners," said Mr. Pye; and Mr. Tipple nodded.

"He is my partner," said Mr. Peck; whereupon Mr. Tipple went to Pete and shook hands cordially.

"It seems," said Mr. Tipple, with legal caution, "that Mr. Peck and Mr. Pemberwick own an outstanding lease for three years on a store in the premises under foreclosure. I ask them to banish from their minds any idea that we'll pay anything for that lease. If they do not accept the fair and even handsome terms that we offer, we shall take them to court, and failing to break that lease, we shall simply drop this building project for the time being. They'll sit and we'll sit, and they'll tire first."

"What's your offer?" said Mr. Peck curtly.

"On condition that you cancel the lease, we'll give you a three-year lease of a store in the new building, and, pending erection, we'll find you as good a store in the immediate neighborhood, and pay any difference in the rent reserved," said Mr. Tipple.

"Absolutely nothing doing," said Mr. Peck.

Everybody sat back and drew a breath.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Peck, rising and thrusting his thumbs under his armpits, "you're not dealing with a child or a greenhorn. A $3,000,000 building operation is not started or halted without plenty of oil. Commissions have been earned. Somebody hired Mr. Senior to sell the assembled plot, including the Amsterdam Avenue property; appraising the plot at only $1,000,000, somebody owes Mr. Senior right now $10,600. Somebody—Mr. Kinkelday, I suppose—owes Mr. Lavery a commission for placing the loan; that commission is $30,000. Before Mr. Weiler's concern would accept an application for a loan they would want to see complete plans; architects have been retained. Allowing them only three per cent of the cost of construction—"

"Do not spend our money so liberally, Mr. Peck," said Mr. Tipple, reaching for a laugh to loosen the atmosphere. "Let us take it for granted that this hotel has been long in contemplation and that a number of good people will be slightly inconvenienced if you force us to drop the deal. The bad news, Mr. Peck—out with it! But temper your avarice with mercy, or discretion. It is true that we would not have proceeded to this point if we had known of this old lease earlier than a week ago."

"When you promptly got out a dispossess," said Mr. Peck, quelled not at all by Mr. Tipple's forceful gaze. "My partner and I will not risk moving the business to another location; you will have to pay us a fair proportion of the profits we might expect to make in the next three years. I set that proportion at $17,000 a year. Say, then, a cash payment of $50,000 cash and—"

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Kinkelday.

"What!" cried a horrified chorus.

"And?" said Mr. Tipple reserving comment.

"And a three-year contract as renting agents of the new apartment hotel, with a free store," said Mr. Peck, sitting down happy.

AT HALF past six that evening Pete Pemberwick, with a roll of blue prints three feet long and nearly a foot through the butt, climbed the stairs of the old flat on West Eighty-fourth Street. After the usual frigid inspection, prolonged this time because of his hilarious excitement, he was permitted to visit the young lady roomer for whom he asked.

There was more hilarity when Octavine came. She tried to make him see what fun it was to be a dental assistant for an afternoon. He tried to explain to her why he had not left New York; he might have succeeded if he had begun at one end or the other of his story and had not tried to parade it before her in company front. He exclaimed at last, "I tell you I've got a job, and it's a stemwinder!"

"Paper hanging?" she guessed, looking at the roll of blue prints.

"Heavens, no."

"Billposting?"

"Vee—have I been talking for nothing?"

"I give up," she said. "Tell me all over again."

He opened the roll of blue prints on the marble-topped center table. "This," he said, tapping the front elevation, "is a twenty-story apartment hotel going up on Amsterdam Avenue and Seventy-eighth Street. Over on this side used to be the Thorncliffe. Well, it is there now, but won't be long."

"Yes!" she said, determined to understand.

"Over there," he said, pointing at the horsehair sofa, "is a store across the street that is occupied by the real estate firm of Peck & Pemberwick—going to be, that is. And I am Pemberwick! Get that?"

"Yes, you are Pemberwick," she agreed.

"Now for it, Vee. Peck & Pemberwick have got charge of this new apartment hotel, to rent it—that is, they will have. Peck's office is right here—that is, it used to be. Well, it is still there for a few days, but for getting out of there it will be here.

"The same place," she commented.

"But not the same store, don't you see? And it will be Peck & Pemberwick, and they are getting not only the management for a year on trial, but $20,000 in cash. Half of that is mine."

"But isn't the office here?" She pointed to the sofa.

"I'LL try something else, lady," he said, shaking his head. He turned to another blue print.

"Here is a floor plan of the sixteenth floor. Look at that dandy little four-room apartment with two baths. Do you know whose apartment that is? That is the private apartment of Pemberwick of Peck & Pemberwick. He has already leased it to himself for twenty-five hundred per year, and, believe me, he got a bargain."

"Your apartment, Pete?" Her tone was light and sympathetic.

"Yes, I'm thinking of getting married, Vee. I'll accept your congratulations in a minute; business before pleasure. Look at the dandy view from those windows. You can see Edgewater, I'll bet. Right now, you could see with a good pair of eyes a gent named Kilgallon scuttling across the United States."

"Pete!" The word came like a pistol shot.

She struck the blue print from his hand. Her blue eyes glowed; her face was white; her teeth were showing. "Say it," she hissed.

"Say what, Vee?"

"Getting married, are you, Pete?" she gritted. "Say it quick!"

"Will you marry me, Vee?"

"Certainly I will, you idiot," she laughed, bringing up her arms. "Pete, I would have killed her, whoever she was. But I knew you were joking. Do you love me, Pete?"

"I—love—you," he said, holding her close and punctuating in the same old way that phrase of eternal youth.

She said after some minutes: "We'll get along somehow. I'll keep my job with the dentist, Pete. And you can stick to the paper hanging for the present—or whatever it is. I suppose we're crazy. I know you are, Pete. You talked like it. Positively, Pete, a stranger would call a policeman if he heard a fellow without ten dollars in his pocket, ranting about building a house twenty stories high, and having $20,000 in the bank, and being a member of some dizzy firm called—do you remember, Pete?"

"Peck & Pemberwick!" he cried, catching her wrists and pulling her back to the blue prints.

(*To be concluded next week*)

Beginning

THE PRINCE'S DARLING

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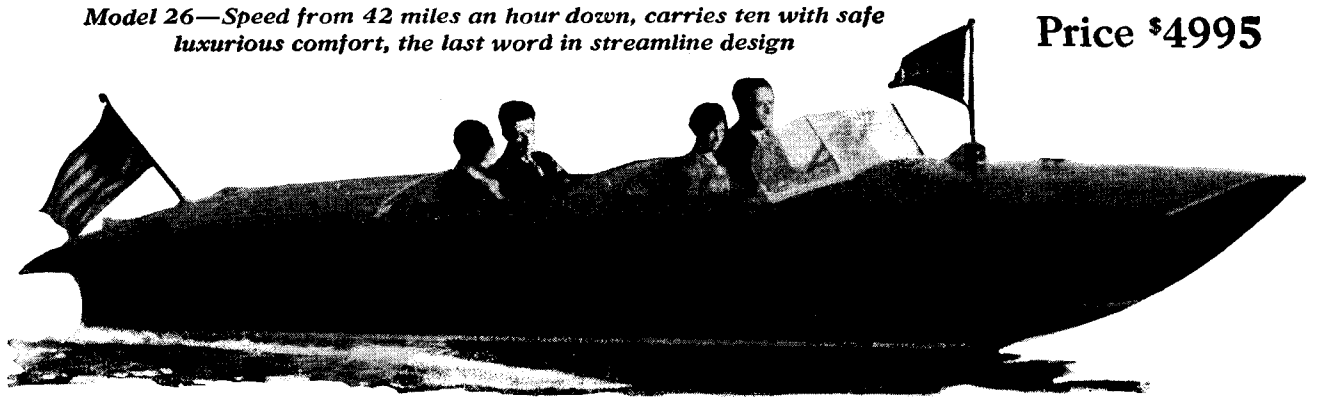

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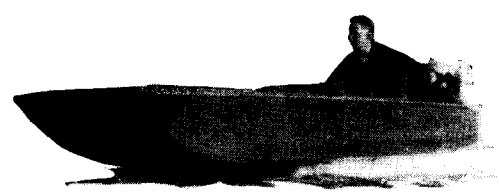

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The Tariff Trumpeter

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

THE brunt of the tariff on the regular high-tariff Republican side is being borne by David A. Reed, the young Republican senator from Pennsylvania.

Senator Smoot, the chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, whose name goes on the tariff bill, is old and tired. He has been under a severe strain for a long time. His voice hardly rises above a whisper when he speaks from the floor of the Senate. The weather is hot and exhausting. At best he is not a good man to lead a fight, for he crumples under attack, falters when an opponent shouts at him aggressively, and is easily silenced when a determined debater rises against him. Moreover he knows very little about men, has few real friends in the Senate, and is not skillful in piloting a bill on the floor.

So the real job of putting the bill through the Senate falls upon his younger colleague. He was picked for it years ago by the Republican leader who foresaw the time when Mr. Smoot would be merely a figurehead in tariff making. So although Senator Reed has been in the Senate only seven years and is outranked in point of service by seventeen Republicans, he stands second on the all-important Senate Finance Committee.

In all-around fitness for the job of conducting a tariff fight he stands first, not only among the Republican members of the committee but also among all of the regular Republicans. If it were not for a certain snobbishness, a certain sense of his own superiority, which only manifests itself at times in outbursts of impatience, he would be the ideal leader of the Republicans in the tariff fight.

The young man has gone far in the Senate. If there is any organization among the regular Republicans it consists of a triumvirate of Jim Watson, the floor leader, ex-officio, George Moses and David Reed.

The Natural Leader

Of these three Reed makes the best appearance on the floor, inspires the greatest confidence, has probably the greatest industry; besides, he has youth and staying power on his side.

Moses is the smartest, and the best politician, for Reed is one of the worst of politicians, but Moses is too cynical, too given to wisecracking, to lead a serious fight in the open. He has a talent for intrigue and will be important behind the scenes. If in the end a vote or two are necessary to make a majority of the Senate for the tariff bill it will be George Moses, not David Reed, that will get them. Leader Watson will hardly know what it is all about.

So the young senator from Pennsylvania is already an important figure in the Senate. If he wins this fight, he will be the most important figure among the regular Republicans.

Mr. Reed is the natural leader of the tariff fight. He comes from the great state of Pennsylvania, where the belief persists that government exists to give advantages to the producing interests, to see that they are not taxed, but that other people are.

A Loyal Son of Pennsylvania

It is the state of Joe Grundy, who collects large sums from the protected interests for the Republican party, both in the nation and in the state, and in return makes it his business to see that in the state the manufacturing interests are favored in taxation and that in the nation they get all the protection that they desire for their products against hated foreign products.

Mr. Reed is also the spokesman and legal adviser for Secretary Mellon, who said that giving vast and illegal amounts of money to elect a senator wanted by the big business interests of Pennsylvania was like giving money to a Sunday school or something of that sort. Mr. Reed in fighting for high duties on Pennsylvania products serves a similar religious purpose.

He has, moreover, a lot of products to secure high duties for; more, perhaps, than any other member of the upper house. Senator Smoot cares for not much besides sugar. Senator Reed has to look out for the interests of plate glass, cement, numerous steel products and a variety of lesser things. He does it in a way no other senator does.

Most senators regard only the fact that some constituent, perhaps a contributor to the senator's campaign fund, is interested in higher duties in some product. They think of the tariff—unless they happen to have some personal financial interests in the production of some commodity—chiefly in terms of their own reëlection. They are for a duty because supporting it will help them to be renominated and reëlected.

Mr. Reed is an unselfish soul. He never thinks of the political effect upon his own fortunes of what he does. He is for higher duties because he was born and bred in the atmosphere of Pennsylvania. He believes in the tariff with all his heart. He has no patience with those of little faith who think the Senate bill should be lower than the bill the House passed.

The Siren of the Marsh

Continued from page 15

a word with Mark Rennett," he announced.

"My husband," the woman said, a little uneasily. "He is out along the dyke side. There was a call of snipe this morning—or maybe he fancied it. What do you want with him, may I ask, sir?"

She crossed the threshold toward him, and shaded her eyes with her hand, looking down the curving waterway. Slane was speechless. In a dim sort of way, he understood the reticence of the men at the Dormy House. No words could deal adequately with the subject of this woman.

"He's not partial to strangers, Mark isn't," she confided, turning toward him, with a faint deprecatory gesture. "I don't know that I'd stay, if I were you, unless the business is serious. He be a violent man, and suspicious beyond all things."

Her delicate mouth—heavens, to find such a mouth in such a place!—broke into a smile, her eyes seemed to be asking him for understanding.

"WELL, the fact of it is," Slane told her, pulling himself together, "I came to complain. I lost my way and passed along the path there last night, and he shot at me—missed me by no more than a foot or two."

She seemed to treat the incident lightly.

"Mark's peculiar," she admitted. "He has strange ideas in his head—mostly about me. I'd let it be, sir. I wouldn't wait for him now. Don't come this way again by night, if Mark's about."

"That's all very well," Slane protested, with an effort at good-humor, "but one doesn't expect to be shot at just because a madman doesn't like you near his cottage. I very nearly went to the police instead of coming here."

She laughed gayly.

"And what did you think they'd do?" she mocked him. "There's old Sergeant Pardowe. He'd tighten his belt, and cough and wheeze, but he'd never step this far across the marshes. He'd wait until he found Mark in a public house, and then have a solemn word with him. Young Clooney would come fast enough if he'd send him, but young Clooney is afraid of Mark. They mostly are," she went on, looking at him with wistful, wide-open eyes, seeking for sympathy. "Mark's so queer about me. The sight of a man near the cottage drives him crazy. Some day there will be trouble."

"It must make life lonely for you," he ventured.

Again she laughed, and Slane fought against the stealthy conviction of what that call in her eyes might mean.

"There come times," she confided, and there was a magic in her tone which seemed to be telling him that it was for him alone she spoke, "when the wind sets fair, and the boats go out, and Mark must fish. That's in the full springtime too. He's away for weeks—the springtime when the nights here are soft and velvety, and the stars shine, and one can see the sea and the lights of the boats without moving from my window. I am thankful for those fishing days and nights sometimes, for Mark's a gloomy man."

In the distance they heard the report of a gun. Once more she leaned forward and gazed down the waterway.

"He's coming back," she whispered. "If I were you, mister, I wouldn't wait. I shan't tell him you've been."

"If you don't mind," Slane insisted, "I should like to stay and see him. I do not wish my visit to be a secret. I came here to warn him."

"He'll take no notice," she assured him. "He's a fearsomely determined man. Do you come from the Dormy House, by chance, mister?"

"I do," Slane admitted. "I'm staying there."

"Then he'll hate you just like the rest of them," she predicted. "He can't abide the sight of a gentleman. I'd rather you went," she begged, moving back a little. "If he sees me here talking to you, there may be trouble, mister. He can't help it. He's like that."

"I'll take my chance," Slane decided. "Or—wait! It's safe going by the side of your creek, I suppose? I can reach the links that way. I'll go and meet him, and then there's no chance of getting you into trouble."

She looked upward, her eyes searching for a lark, singing unusually high. At that moment her face was like the face of an angel. She was listening too; her eyes were seeking for something beautiful.

"Go and meet him then," she sighed, "if you must. For myself, I should rather everyone left him alone. There's the spring fishing, and the winter fishing, and when he's away I can breathe. When he's here there's always terror in the air."

"I think," Slane remonstrated, "that you get a little overnervous living here alone and without neighbors. I'll have my talk with him anyway."

He lifted his hat. She had drawn back into the shelter of the cottage, out of sight of the distant but approaching figure. She made no reply to his farewell, but with her hand straying back once more to her hip, she stood looking at him, and there was something in the flicker of her eyelids, the promise of her eyes, the faint curve of her lips which an even less experienced man than Slane might have recognized as something akin to the witchery which has set men's hearts trembling and crumbled to dust their wills since the days of Delilah. Slane went tramping across the marshes, with a singing in his ears, but without a backward glance. . . .

MARK RENNETT, at close quarters, had at least personality. In costume and appearance he seemed to be a composite picture of the gypsy and the fisherman. His complexion was swarthy and his hair black. He had a distinctly hooked nose, and a harsh, angry mouth. He wore a fisherman's jersey, sea boots over his trousers, and a red handkerchief around his neck. He was a fine, upstanding figure of a man, with a slight stoop of the neck. His pockets were bulging with the snipe he had shot, and as Slane approached, he brought another one down from the skies, picked up the fluttering little mass of feathers, chucked it into his pocket, and reloaded his gun. Then he changed his course so as to meet Slane.

"What does you want with me, mister?" he inquired truculently. "I don't allow visitors at my cottage."

"You'll have visitors you won't want if you're not careful, my man," Slane replied. "You'll have the police. I nearly went for them this morning."

"Fat lot of good that would do you," the man snarled. "Say your business with me, and be off."

"I shall be off when I choose," was the calm rejoinder. "The marshes don't belong to you, my man, and you'll quit them for prison if you go about letting off firearms as you did last night."

Mark Rennett laughed unpleasantly.

(*Continued on page 42*)

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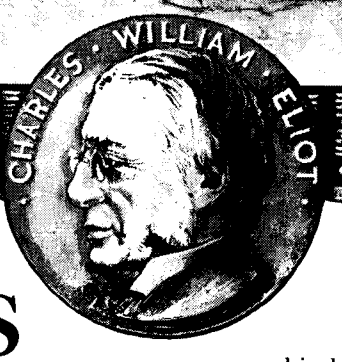

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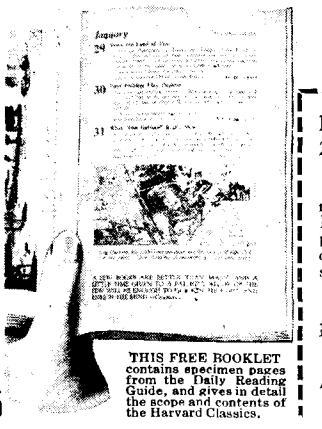

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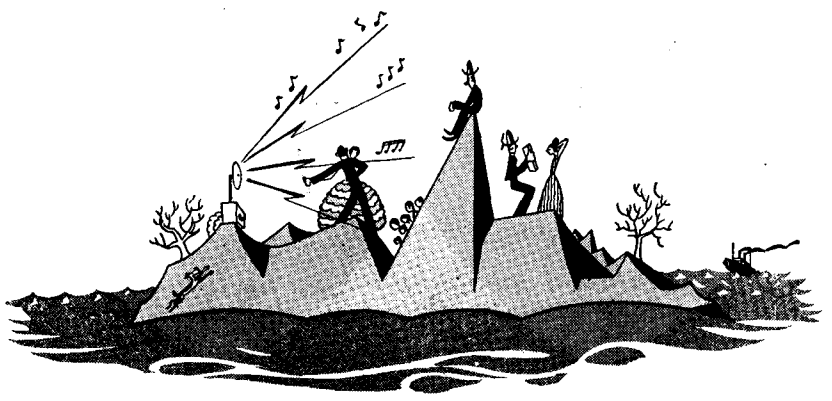

Picked out of the Air

By Jack Binns

OUT in the vast reaches of the South Atlantic, midway between Africa and America, the little Isle of Tristan da Cunha raises its lofty peak above the watery wastes, a thousand miles from anywhere. Along the fringe of its inhospitable shores a hundred people live their isolated lives, blissfully ignorant of what is going on in the world of which they are a part but from which they are secluded. For a hundred years they and their ancestors have dwelt in contentment, the monotonous routine of their existence interrupted but once a year when the mail boat makes its call.

Within the protection of the British Empire the habits of this little community are governed under patriarchal rules administered by the leading elder of the settlement, and history records they are the most law-abiding people on earth. Their spiritual needs are taken care of by one of those newly ordained parsons in whose esthetic but youthful minds there throbs the spirit of adventure. Needless to say, that spirit never becomes dormant in the South Atlantic, and these parsons rarely stay more than one boat call—as time is measured down there.

Now, apparently, the even tenor of life in Tristan da Cunha is about to be changed. A new parson has been assigned to the lonely isle. He is esthetic and he is young. As in his predecessors the spirit of adventure courses through his being—but he has one quality they all lacked. He is a modern of the moderns, and being so he has taken with him, among other things, the very latest type of short-wave radio receiver. He plans to serve his year of voluntary imprisonment by engaging in the DX Bug's Delight, generally known as "Fishing for Distance." Whatever he picks up down there will certainly qualify him for membership in the DX League, although experiments aboard the steamship Duchess of Atholl on the way down proved that it was easy to pick up the American and British short-wave stations in the vicinity of the island.

Now all this is very well, but will the reverend gentleman be able to keep the islanders from listening in? To ask that question is to answer it—human nature being what it is the world over. After listening to jazz bands from the whoopee clubs of London, Paris and New York, will they be content to spend the rest of their lives in the isolation of the South Atlantic? Will the women remain content after listening to the daily fashion talks of their northern sisters? Has the new parson unthinkingly brought the seeds of discontent to that lonely isle in his box of tricks? Unfortunately we shall not know until the next mail-boat time rolls around.

Feeding the Great Unrest

Undoubtedly a million housewives listened breathlessly when Ida Bailey Allen told them over the Columbia network how to prepare appropriate meals for a day's cruise on a yacht. Somehow I can't help thinking the directress of the National Radio Homemakers' Club committed a grave error in broadcasting this vital information. How can she expect her hearers to remain satisfied in their prosaic kitchens now they know the proper food to serve on their floating palaces?

One on Us

Out of one of the New York studios of the NBC comes this little yarn under the heading One on Us:

"The wisecrackers don't spare the radio folks either. One of them telephoned the NBC studios recently. 'Do you ever play anything by request?' he asked. 'Well, sometimes,' the person on the studio end of the wire answered. 'Will you please play checkers while I get some sleep?' and the requester hung up."

Yes, dear reader, you've guessed right. They did comply with that request, but the broadcasting went on just the same.

Radio Prohibition

Shortly after it was promulgated, I predicted in this column that the famous General Order 43 of the Federal Radio Commission would never go into effect. This is the order that is intended to limit chain programs by providing that there must be no duplication of programs on cleared channels by stations less than 300 miles apart. The latest ukase (which is about the fifth or sixth) from the commission postpones the effective date of this order to October 1, 1929.

It is a senseless order because, if put into effect, it would take away good programs from more than half of the listeners in the country. If the commission ever attempts to enforce it, the resulting public howl will be mighty.

The Siren of the Marsh

Continued from page 40

"So the marshes are yours and the sea and the air as well, I reckon, mister," he jeered. "Will you fight me for them?"

"We can neither of us fight for what does not belong to either of us," Slane replied. "They are free for me as they are for you, so long as you behave yourself. You fired off a gun last night in the fog which barely missed me."

"Well, if there was a fog, mister, how could I see?" the man demanded insolently.

"You saw me right enough."

"Then what were you doing nigh to my cottage?"

"You don't deserve a civil answer," Slane said, "but you shall have one. I missed my way walking from the golf club house to the Dormy House."

"I guessed you was one of those lazy, ball-playing pigs," Mark Rennett gibed. "Nothing to do but eat and drink and knock a little ball about, and skulk after other men's belongings. Sorry I missed you the other night, guv'nor. I could always have said I thought I 'eered duck. You listen to me," he went on, coming half a yard nearer. "It isn't often I get a chance to talk to one of you blokes, except Major Lyall. He's the only gentleman of the lot of you. Minds his own business, he does. Now I've got you here I'm going to tell you summat. You can bawl about the police until your throat aches. I don't care. The police won't touch me. They dursn't. But as for you chaps up at the Dormy House there, I hate the lot of you. D'you hear that? You're a lot of mucking, idling hogs. I beat up one on 'em, come a year ago, and I did my two months for it. I'll swing maybe for the next. So now you know. Get on your ways, mister. You're the first one I've seen as can look a man in the eyes anyway. Keep t'other side of Rennett's dyke, and you'll keep out of mischief."

The man strode away. Jasper Slane filled his pipe and turned toward the golf house. Somehow or other he was not utterly convinced that he had had the best of the interview. The memory of that singing bullet still filled him with a curious sort of irritation when he thought of it. He sat on the beach, deliberating what to do, and then fate solved the problem for him. A boy from the Dormy House arrived on a bicycle with a telegram. He was wanted in town, and wanted urgently. He caught the three o'clock train, and for the time being his acutely vivid impressions of the last few hours passed into the background of his mind.

IT WAS May before Slane found himself able to take another few days' holiday. He packed his golf clubs and fishing rods, wrote for his usual room, and traveled down to Norfolk. In the hall of the Dormy House, Lyall met him.

"Come down alone?" the latter asked eagerly, as they shook hands.

"Didn't seem to be anyone at the junction for here," Slane replied. "I kept the car waiting five minutes or so in case anyone turned up."

Lyall drew a little breath of relief. Slane looked at him curiously.

"You don't look very fit, old chap," he remarked.

The secretary took his arm, and led him to the little smoking-room. He made signs to the steward, and they were served with whiskies and sodas. Slane glanced at the man again. There were deeper lines in his long, narrow face.

"I want a change," he confessed. "The solitude and quietness of this place through the winter get on one's nerves. One magnifies little things, and one can't sleep."

"Is that murderous fellow Rennett still tramping the marshes with his gun?" Slane asked.

Lyall's face was like a mask.

"That fellow, Slane," he confessed, "is the curse of my life. He'll do someone a mischief some day or other. By the bye, I think you know Ebben—Julius Ebben?"

"Very slightly. I'm really not sure that I have ever met him. He's a banker, isn't he—one of the famous Jew family? A tidy golfer, I believe."

"YES, he's a scratch player. To tell you the truth, he's one of my troubles just now. He wanted to come down here. I wired that every room was full, and that it was quite impossible. I'm afraid, all the same, he'll turn up. He's one of these persistent devils. You never can get a millionaire to understand that there are things he can't buy. If I had my way," Lyall continued, filling a pipe, "I'd blow the roof off this place before he slept under it."

"What's the trouble?"

Lyall smoked gloomily.

"Nothing that men of common sense—healthy men like you and me—could understand. It is these romanticists—Jews, artists, chaps of that sort—get the poison into their veins sometimes. Don't let's talk about it. Ebben mayn't come, and," he added, looking out of the window at the storm which had suddenly blown up, "the fishing boats mayn't go out."

"So that's it," Slane murmured softly.

A car drove up to the front door, and a soberly dressed manservant descended from the box. A tall man in a huge ulster climbed out and entered the hall.

"It's Ebben!" Lyall exclaimed.

The door of the smoking-room was thrown open. Julius Ebben entered—a tall, good-looking man, slim and athletic, with bright, dark eyes, just then filled with laughter.

"It's no good, Lyall, old man," he said. "You can't rob a man of his week's golf like that. Any old crib will do for me."

"I wired you we hadn't a room, Ebben," Lyall protested. "There isn't a hole or corner for you. You had better have a drink and go on to Hunstanton."

Ebben smiled.

"Now, Lyall," he begged, "don't be unreasonable. This is Slane, isn't it?" he added, turning to the latter. "Glad to see you. Lyall, you've plenty of rooms, and you know you have, and you can't keep me out of the place. Why, damn it all, I'm a director! Don't be stupid. We'll have a drink together, and you shall tell my servant where to put my things. I warn you though, arguments are no use with me. I shall open the door of every bedroom in the place and select the first empty one I come to."

"There are a lot of fellows coming tomorrow," Lyall muttered ungraciously.

"Then perhaps there may be one of them," Ebben declared, "for whom there won't be a room, but first come, first served, you know."

Lyall was beaten, and he knew it. He left the room to give some orders. Ebben watched his great, shambling figure with a smile of amusement.

"Poor old Lyall," he murmured. "He takes everything so damned seriously. Looks upon us all when we come here as being under his parental eye, or something of the sort—as though we couldn't take care of ourselves."

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Four times that evening, between the service of dinner and bedtime, Lyall, on some excuse or another, walked out into the night and stood on the wall, his hands outstretched, his head thrown back, scenting for the wind. The last time he came back, Ebben looked up from the bridge table.

"What about the weather, Lyall?"

"The wind has gone down," was the grumpy reply. "You'll get your golf tomorrow."

But both men knew that it wasn't the golf Lyall was thinking about. They knew it then, and they knew it when, from the ninth green on the following morning, they turned to see the little procession of boats coming down from the harbor along the widening estuary. Along a narrow creek, running at right angles, a single sail was visible, gliding between the two banks of marshy land, down to join the others. The little company of golfers stood and watched it. Not one of them spoke a word. They stood there gazing until the small boat reached the broader waters. After they had driven from the tenth tee, they turned round again. The sail of the little dinghy had been furled. Its solitary occupant had clambered into one of the larger boats. The smaller one was made fast behind. Lyall watched it curiously.

"I wonder," Julius Ebben murmured, "why our friend Rennett is taking his dinghy?"

No one answered, but three other men wondered. The cottage on the marshes seemed dead and lifeless. Not even a wisp of smoke came from the chimney. . . .

THAT evening, the wind had dropped, and the lights of the fishing fleet were dimly visible on the horizon. At night they had disappeared. At the Dormy House, the time passed apparently in the usual fashion. There were some new arrivals, and three tables of bridge. When Slane retired to bed, Julius Ebben was still playing. Lyall, in a distant corner, was seated with his arms folded, and the air of a watchdog.

Slane awoke the next morning to find the room full of sunlight and Lyall's tall form bending over him. Some instinct of apprehension caused him to become suddenly alert. He swung himself out of bed.

"What's wrong, Lyall?" he asked.

"The inevitable," Lyall groaned. "I thought you'd better see the body before it was moved. These local police are no use, although of course I've sent for them, and a doctor. Come along, man! Into some clothes, quick!"

All the usual matutinal instincts were forgotten. In a pair of trousers, a shirt and a pull-over, Slane was prepared in a matter of seconds.

"Tell me about it?" he begged, as the two men left the room.

"Everyone went to bed last night at midnight," Lyall recounted. "I locked up myself. This morning Ebben wasn't in his room. They came and told me. I got up. I knew where to go. He's outside the door of the cottage, dead; Mark Rennett sitting a few yards away, smoking and looking at him."

"And the woman?"

"I haven't seen her."

It was a few minutes before seven o'clock when they reached the hall. Lyall hesitated.

"I wonder whether you'd better take a gun?" he said.

There were four or five in a corner. Slane handled them thoughtfully.

"It wouldn't be a bad idea," he agreed. "What about this one?"

"Take the next one," Lyall suggested hastily. "Here are some cartridges."

"And you?"

"Oh, he wouldn't touch me, even if he were crazy."

They crossed the lawn, stepped out on to the marsh, turned a little to the right, and walked in single file along the top of the dyke. Slane saw with a shudder that the dinghy was back, moored in its place. In the distance, they could see Mark Rennett seated apparently on a kitchen chair outside, and something a few feet away from him lying stretched upon the ground.

"Where is the woman, I wonder?" Slane muttered.

"Inside, I suppose," Lyall answered. "I can't think why the sergeant hasn't come by this time," he added uneasily.

They were about fifty yards off now, and he paused.

"I don't know why the mischief I should drag you into this, Slane," he continued. "There's nothing to be done, nothing can be done. Ebben's dead. A whole shell of number four shot plugged into his heart at not more than a dozen paces away, I should say."

"What about Rennett? Did he speak to you?"

"Not a word."

"We might have waited for the police and the doctor," Slane meditated, "but now we are here we'd better go on. He might try to get away."

They stepped across the last little creek, and drew near to the cottage. Ebben lay, as Lyall had left him, with the latter's coat over his face, one leg doubled up. He seemed to have changed since evening into a suit of rough golfing clothes, with rubber shoes. Opposite to him, Rennett remained seated in his hard-backed chair. He glowered at the two arrivals, but made no movement. Slane bent for a moment over Ebben's prostrate body, raised the coat reverently and replaced it. Lyall was all the time gazing at the cottage. Every one of the windows was framed with coquettish-looking dimity curtains, but there was no sign of life behind. Slane crossed the few yards of turf to where Rennett was seated and, stooping down, picked up his gun, and looked at it.

"Where's your wife, Rennett?" he asked.

The man, although his eyes had been wide open, started as though he had been awakened from sleep.

"I were watching he," he said. "He's dead."

"I can see that he is," Slane assented gravely. "Where's your wife, Rennett?"

The man glanced toward the sun, and back to the windows of the cottage.

"She do sleep steady," he replied, "but it's past seven o'clock in the morning. Give her a call, mister."

Slane knocked on the door. When he tried to call out, he was surprised to find his voice tremulous.

"Mrs. Rennett—Mrs. Rennett!"

There was no reply. The man on the chair moved nervously.

"She do be a sound sleeper at times," he repeated.

THIS time, Slane thundered upon the door. His first blow had scarcely fallen when the door was thrown open. The woman stood for a moment framed upon the threshold. She was wrapped in a strangely fashioned dressing-gown which she clutched tightly around her slim body. Her feet were bare. A breath of wind disclosed her throat. Her hair, unbraided and loose, was in wild disorder. The sun touched it, bringing out red glints of fire. Her large eyes seemed weary with sleep.

"Why, what's amiss?" she asked, in her soft, disturbing voice. "Mark, thou'rt back? I dreamed I heard the dinghy in the creek."

No one spoke for a moment. Her eyes lit as they looked into Slane's. Then, behind him, she saw the body, stretched upon the ground, and shrank a little backward.

(*Continued on page 44*)

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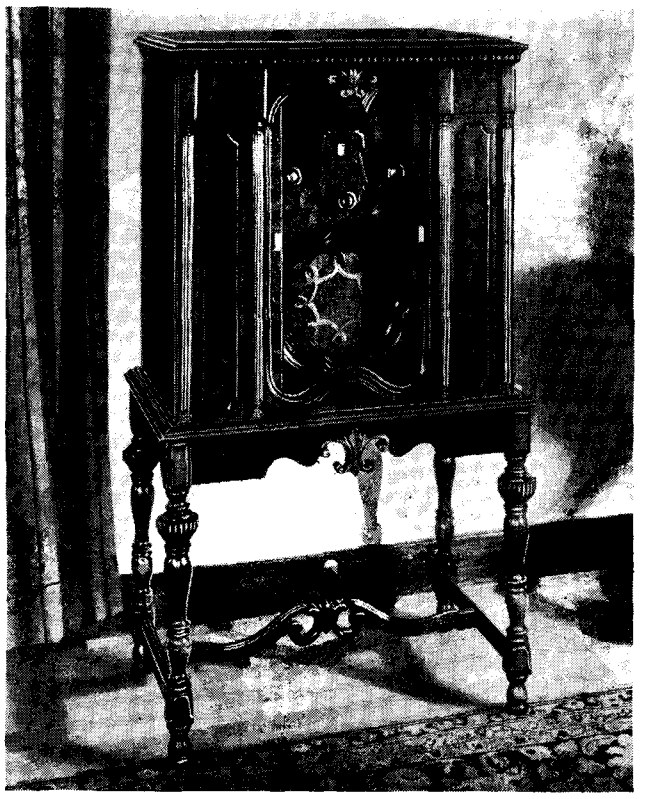

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Vitamins in Margarines

By Edwin E. Slosson

Director Science Service

THESE are boom times for the vitamins. Any food that can boast of possessing any of the series from A to E is urging us on big billboards along national highways or in the pages of magazines to eat more of it to save our lives. Ultraviolet rays are advertised by the states that have sunshine to sell. Folks who can't go there are installing lamps that stock their skins with Vitamin D, or filling their windows with glass that will transmit these rays, or taking pills that have been irradiated by them.

One of the funniest features of this vitamin affair arises in the perpetual conflict between butter and oleomargarine. When the oleomargarine makers became so skillful that you could not be sure of the origin of the spread on your bread, the dairymen rushed to the rescue of the public, lest it be misled into buying another product than their own. They secured the passage of legislation for the supervision of the manufacture and licensing of the sale of the rival product.

It was anticipated that such exacting and expensive requirements would kill off the business, but curiously it had the opposite effect, for the public, which had been suspicious of the purity of the manufactured spread, was reassured by the official certification.

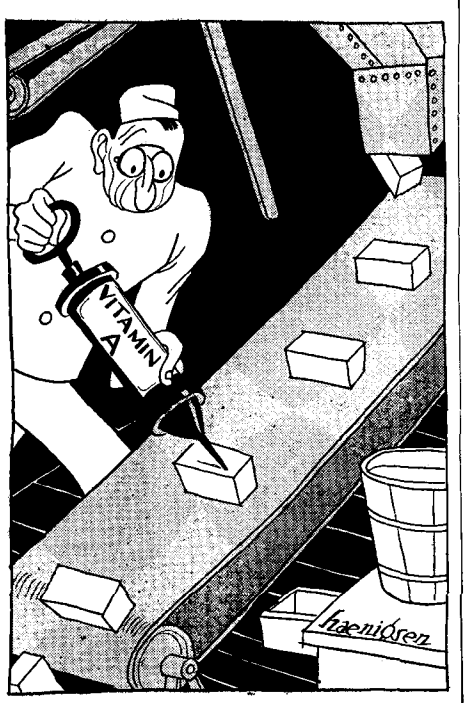
When the war came food controllers in all countries urged the use of butter substitutes as a measure of economy. It was then we became acquainted with nut margarines, which found favor with vegetarians.

BUT the discovery of the importance of vitamins in diet put a strong weapon in the hands of the dairy interests. Vitamin A, which promotes growth and increases resistance to disease, and Vitamin D, which develops sound bones and teeth, are absent from vegetable oils and consequently from vegetable margarine, but present in cream and consequently in butter. To meet this new attack the margarine people argued that it was not essential that every article of diet should contain all the vitamins; that no one food was perfectly complete in all respects; that it was cheaper to supplement margarine with whole milk than to buy butter; that some milk was used in all margarine; that oleo contains Vitamin A; and that at certain seasons and when the cows are kept on certain diets, butter contains little or no vitamins.

But these arguments were not enough for those who demanded vitamins in their bread spread; so in Europe, where the fight rages fiercest, the margarine makers have scored by introducing the lacking vitamins, since these can now be obtained in concentrated form.

In Norway the government is urged to require that all margarine be vitaminized up to the butter standard. Probably such a law would be opposed in the United States by both sides; by the margarine makers because it would increase the expense, and by the butter makers because it would remove the handicap of margarine. This would be just as well, for if the food regulations can insure purity of product and correct statement of ingredients that is about as far as it is necessary to go.

One of the amusing things about the situation is that the laws against the misbranding of foods still require the makers of nut margarine to misbrand their product as "oleomargarine," although they use no oleo. Another joke is that when a tax of ten cents a pound was imposed on oleomargarine, artificially colored, the manufacturers took to using the yellow oils to avoid the tax, and these turn out to be the oils most apt to contain Vitamin A. A third joke is that the margarine manufacturers can no longer attack butter on the ground that it is likely to contain tuberculosis and other germs, for they all are using milk to give the butter flavor.



(*Continued from page 43*)

"Up to thy killing games, Mark?" she cried. "They'll bring thee to the gallows. Who lies there?"

Still, no one spoke for a moment. Then Lyall stepped forward. He had seen over his shoulder the approach of the little company of men from the village.

"You'd better go inside, Mrs. Rennett," he advised.

She stepped out, and walked swiftly across to the prostrate body. She had the wanton's gift. There was no one there who did not realize that save for that flimsy dressing-gown she was naked. She stooped down, and before Lyall could stop her, raised the coat, and glanced underneath, at Ebben's face. Then she turned around, and looked at them all one after the other. There was no problem picture of modern days, or ancient history, which failed to answer its own riddle so completely as did her expression. For a moment it seemed almost triumphant. Certainly there was in it nothing of pity —very little of horror. Her bare feet flashed over the turf as she turned back toward the door. From there she faced them all. She looked first at her husband, still sitting in his chair.

"Thee had better have stayed with the fleet and caught thy fish, Mark Rennett," she said. "Is this for what you came stealing home on the tide? It sings in your blood, too, though to a different tune, the neap-tide madness?"

Her eyes traveled round the little group once more, but met Slane's fairly, with the witch's challenge flashing from their depths. She closed the door with something almost like a laugh. A few yards away, now, a scattered crowd of the villagers were approaching. A doctor sunk on his knees by the side of Julius Ebben's body, and opened his case which a rough-looking youth had been carrying. A police sergeant whispered on one side with Lyall. The village constable sidled up to Rennett, and possessed himself of his gun, a feat of which he bragged many a time afterward. The sergeant turned away, and approached the man who was still seated.

"MARK RENNETT," he said, "I've a few questions to ask you. You needn't answer them unless you choose —may be used in evidence against you afterward."

Rennett threw back his head, and laughed.

"What's all the palavering about, sergeant?" he asked. "There lies one of them Dormy House muck rats, dead, and in hell by this time, and there's my cottage ten yards away."

"Hold out your hands, Rennett," the sergeant ordered.

The man obeyed. The sergeant fastened the handcuffs with a click. It was perhaps the proudest moment of his life.

"You're a wise man, Rennett, to keep a still tongue in your head, and to give no trouble," he said. "There's a trap on the road. We'll be making for the station."

Rennett had suddenly the appearance of a man who is waking up. He looked at the sergeant with a dazed light in his eyes.

"You be taking me for killing he?" he demanded.

"A still tongue in your head is the greatest wisdom," the sergeant reiterated. "There's many a man has hanged himself with his own lips. We'll be making a move. Bob," he went on, turning to his subordinate, "you stay here, and see that nothing's touched until I return. These gentlemen will walk along with me."

Slane brought up the rear of the little procession. Twice, he deliberately turned and looked at those empty windows. There was no sign of life from behind them, nothing to tell him whether the woman was combing her hair, or sobbing her heart out on the bed, or shaking with terror in her chair.

The garden at the Dormy House was fragrant with spring flowers as Slane and Lyall pushed open the gate. Down the lane they could hear the sergeant's mare trotting off toward the police station. Some of the curious had wandered back on to the marshes. The whole of the little place was in a fever. It seemed to Slane that his companion too had something of the dazed expression of the handcuffed man as he had been driven off to the police station. Slane passed his arm through his as they entered the passage, and stopped to whisper a word or two to Harrison, the steward.

"JUST one minute, Lyall," Slane begged. "Come in here."

They entered the bar. The Dormy House was a very well-ordered establishment, and all signs of the last night's festivities had disappeared. The tables were bright and shining. There were no glasses anywhere about. The window was open, letting in the fresh, hyacinth-scented air.

"Lyall," Slane asked, "what are you going to do about this?"

His companion looked at him with burning eyes.

"What do you mean?" he demanded.

Slane hesitated.

"You shot Julius Ebben," he said. "Mark Rennett came back when it was all over."

Lyall sank into a chair. His little groan was horrible in a way, and yet Slane fancied that there was a note almost of relief in it.

"It must come out," Slane continued. "When you asked me to take a gun, I felt yours. The muzzle was warm. One cartridge was still in it. Your shoes, reeking wet, were just by the side. I told Harrison not to move them for a moment. Rennett's gun, on the other hand, was fully loaded, and as cold as ice. I heard you leave the house last night, Lyall. It's no business of mine, but I heard you. I am sorry. I can't say more. Rennett would have done it right enough if he'd been there. I wish he had."

Lyall rose to his feet. For a moment he leaned out of the window, and half closed his eyes. The breeze was becoming a little stronger, and its fragrance seemed to fill the room. His lips twitched once or twice. Then he moved back to the bar, stretched across the counter, took a bottle of brandy, half filled a tumbler, and drank it as though it were water.

"We always blame the woman, Slane," he said, "but if ever one was born without soul or heart, and with a call to evil singing in her blood and out of her eyes, and quivering of her limbs —well, let it go! I suppose it was the solitude here, and it's a strange, lone place through the gray months. You'll give me five minutes upstairs, Slane? I'll leave everything straight. It's the best way."

"I'm damned sorry, old chap," Slane sighed, as he held out his hand.

Lyall left the room and in less than five minutes Slane, who had walked out into the garden, heard the sound for which he had been listening. A man stepped through the French windows of the dining-room, his napkin in his hand.

"Did you hear that shot?" he asked.

Harrison, too, was standing in an attitude of startled attention, and, looking into the man's pale face, Slane realized that he, too, knew.

"It seemed to me to come from the major's room," Slane said. "You'd better step up there, Harrison."

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Protection

Continued from page 17

Here was the stout fellow he wanted to take his place, a man whose life was spent in handling his weapons, and as accustomed to take blows as the iron-thewed Spartans or the trained gladiators of Rome. And he did not intend to fight. The duke knew of no one else, his very twin in size and bearing, fit to wear his armor. If he ordered one of his own men to take his place, the rogue would talk. Behind his chair, Arnulf whispered, "Offer him gold."

"Hark ye, Eric the Landless," said Odo grimly. "I seek one to lead the charge, and to draw the onset of the Moslems—for they will come against the leader. If I should be unhorsed, the battle would go badly, for my men are new to this land and the Saracen. The peril is great, yet this armor is good, and I will give thee a score of stout lads to shield thy back—and a score of gold byzants to fill thy purse."

THE mild blue eyes of the Viking dwelt upon the Norman curiously. "The risk is yours," he responded. "And I have a duty at the camp. I am thinking that the Arabs may reach to the camp, seeking loot, for that is their way."

The thin lips of the Norman curled. Only a victor in battle, he thought, could gain and plunder a hostile encampment. "Thirty pieces—of Venetian weight," he offered.

Something troubled the Viking. For a moment he brooded.

"I am thinking all this is not good. Perhaps there is a sign between us. But to wear the garments of another man is not good. Hark ye, Duke Odo! Do you hear a whetting of sword edges, and a rushing of ravens' wings? There will be a breaking of shields and a coming of wolves and sorrow after the next sunset."

Arnulf crossed himself, but Odo smote his hand upon the table. "'Tis someone without!" Steps sounded on the ground, and a woman's voice cried out. The Norman commanded, "Enter!"

The entrance flap was lifted by a man-at-arms and Ilga stepped into the candlelight. Throwing back the hood of her robe, she hastened to the table and held out a slender arm to the Viking.

"Messire, thy pardon," she whispered, courtesying to the duke. "O come back to the tent, Eric. My father cannot rise from his bed, and he cries for water, the fever being upon him."

Her eyes were bright with anxiety. A child, Arnulf thought, frightened at the sign of death. He had watched her on the road, listening to Eric's droning talk of northern trolls and elves. Surely she loved the yellow-haired giant, as she loved the great horse that carried her and the hound that ran by her. And because she was frightened, she had come to find him here.

But Duke Odo spoke before the Viking. "Nay, little Ilga, water we have not, yet here is Cyprian wine, and cool." Motioning Arnulf aside, he handed her the flagon on the table.

"I thank thee, my lord," she cried softly. "My father said thou wert an ill man to meet with, but surely thou art great of heart, to give this to him."

The ghost of a smile touched the Norman's lips. "I give to the daughter, not the father."

Silent, she looked at the two men. Eric, hands clasped on his ax shaft, said nothing, and she bowed again, slipping from the pavilion while Odo watched, still smiling.

And Arnulf—who knew his master's whims—said to himself that the lord of Bari desired this brat of the Jerusalemite; and what Odo desired, he took. Ilga being gentle born, and Sir Guy still living, Arnulf felt that Odo might venture too far, unless the disorder of the march and fighting should place Ilga in his hands.

"Now I see well, Eric the Landless," murmured Duke Odo, "that thou art no man of thy word."

As at the sight of the fine mail, the Viking's eyes quickened. "That is ill said. Nay, it has not been said before," he responded in his deep voice. "And how is it true?"

"Upon joining my company, thou madest pledge to stand shield to shield with my men, at need. Now, when the battle is near, thou art a coward and foresworn—bound to the tents by a woman's girdle."

Swiftly Arnulf moved behind the Viking, his fingers on the dagger at his hip. Eric's blue eyes had clouded, and his face was bleak. Odo's thrust had touched him.

What Arnulf did not know was that Eric all his life had been a leader of men—in the voyages over the gray waters of the north, and in the great palaces of Constantinople where he had ruled the warriors who fought the wars of an Emperor for pay. A Viking must hold to his service, and his sword.

"That will not be said of me," Eric answered grimly. "I will wear your gear"—with his ax head he pointed at the gleaming helm—"on the morrow, and sit in your saddle. And I will say nothing of *that* to any man. But there is this to be done. Before darkness there will be weapons drawn between us, and the death of one of us."

"Granted," Black Odo nodded.

"But when I take your place," Eric went on, "you must by your own hand safeguard the girl Ilga from danger. For I pledged her father that I would ward and shield her from harm, while he lies sick."

"I swear," asented the Norman quietly, "that no Moslem shall lay hand upon Ilga of the Mount while I live."

"Swear upon the cross."

Odo picked up his sheathed sword, holding the hilt high, and laying his hand upon the crosspiece. And suddenly Arnulf laughed.

WHEN the curtain had fallen behind the Viking, the henchman stared curiously at his master. Odo rubbed his chin reflectively. He had got the Viking to serve him, but if Eric lived Odo would have a duel on his hands. Ordinarily the Norman would not shun that—he trusted his arm and his sword edge. Yet Eric was Ilga's watch-dog, and Odo lacked not cunning.

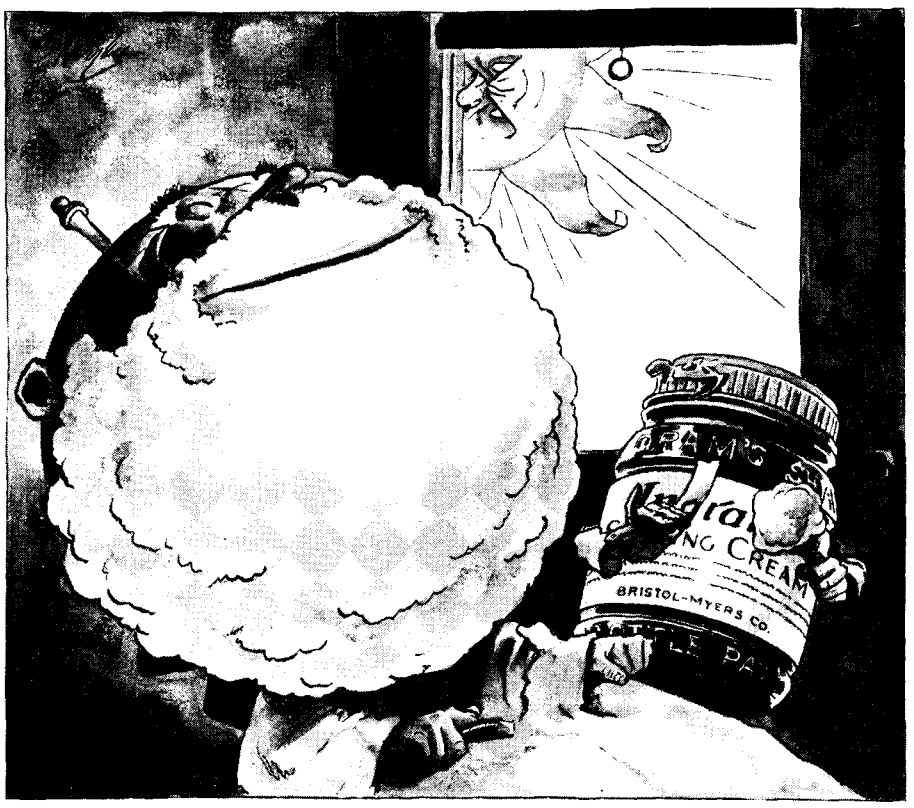
"By the mother that bore thee, if so be thou knowest her," he observed pleasantly to Arnulf, "mark well what I say. Choose thee some ten bold rogues, and follow this landless wight in his onset. Follow and keep his back, until he is hard pressed—then draw away and let him go down. But if he is not slain, put thy knife behind his ear. If he lives, thou wilt not. Am I clear?"

Arnulf grinned, and touched the dagger hilt at his hip. He knew well where to find the ear hole in his master's helm.

"And then," Odo mused, "stand thou guard over his body, saying that Duke Odo is stunned. Bear back the carcass—unhelm it not—to this pavilion, after sunset. I will await thee here in other guise, and speak with thee then."

(*Continued on page 46*)

The COOLEST *shave on the face of the earth!*



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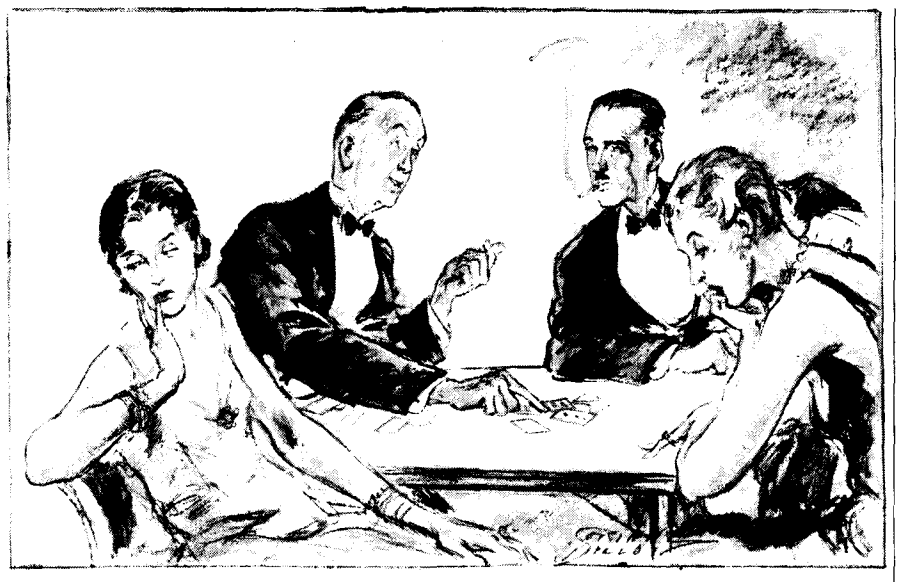

How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Contract Bridge for All

North
S. 10-9-8-2
H. 6
D. A-Q-J-3
C. A-K-Q-6

West
S. 5
H. K-Q-J-9-8-7-5-3-2
D. K-4
C. 9

East
S. 7-6-4-3
H. 10
D. 10-9-6-2
C. J-7-4-2

South
S. A-K-Q-J
H. A-4
D. 8-7-5
C. 10-8-5-3

THE above hand, published in Collier's last week, was played at Auction Bridge under conditions which ordinarily do not bring out subtleties of play; the players were chance acquaintances on a train, but despite that and many distractions East availed himself of an unusual opportunity. The bidding was: South one Spade, West four Hearts, and North four Spades.

Had it been played at Contract, South's original one Spade would have been the same and West might have overcalled with four Hearts, but probably would have bid three. After either a three-bid or four-bid by West, North would bid five Spades, the bid for more than game being made to indicate slam probabilities in North's hand and to ask South to bid for a slam if his hand contain more than a minimum one-spade declaration.

I advocate great conservatism in jumping from one to five of a major and consider that it requires a count of 28 to justify it; but North had just that count. His four Spades count 2, his singleton Heart 4, his Diamonds 9 and his Clubs 13—a total of exactly 28. South, having better than a minimum one-bid, would bid six.

The Play

West's opening lead was the King of Hearts, which was won by South. West selected his long suit instead of his singleton Club because, considering the high bidding, he did not think East had an Ace with which to win the first trick and return the suit for West to ruff; and it was possible that East could ruff the first trick. To trick 2 South led his four of Hearts to take a ruff in the dummy. Dummy ruffed with one of his high Spades to preclude an over-ruff.

Ordinarily when one of the defending side holds four trumps he likes to keep them intact, preferring not to be forced. But in this particular situation, East should (and when I saw the hand played he did) *under-ruff* North's Spade—that is, he discarded one of his trumps under North's winner. The play is one that ordinarily would be attributed to gross carelessness, but in this case East could infer from the bidding and the exposed cards that his four trumps would be of little use if kept together, and also that it was highly desirable to retain his four Diamonds and four Clubs so as to kill dummy's fourth trick in each of those suits.

Notwithstanding East's obvious determination to part with his trumps rather than discard from a plain suit, Declarer felt obliged to lead North's Deuce of Spades to trick 3 and put South in the lead to try a Diamond finesse, postponing the exhausting of trumps so as to retain South's trumps as entries. When the finesse won trick four, North led a second Spade to trick five, and West refused, discarding a Heart. It embarrassed the Declarer slightly to find a trump still left against him; but he had no fear that a second Diamond would be ruffed, so he led that suit to trick six, and when the King fell from the West hand his task was simplified. Dummy led his last trump, trick seven, which closed hand won and all the adverse trumps were exhausted.

Declarer then was in position fully to appreciate the reason for East's under-ruff, and could be sure that East had retained four Diamonds and four Clubs to prevent the establishment of a fourth winner in either suit in dummy. Declarer's thoughts doubtless turned to that old and faithful friend, the squeeze—by leading South's last trump he could compel East to discard either a Diamond or a Club—but, alas, North would have to discard first and East would discard whichever suit North selected. South, after his futile squeeze, would have to lead a Diamond or a Club to trick nine and then East, playing after North, would be sure of a trick in one of the minor suits; so Declarer was cheated of the grand slam which would have been easy had East discarded a Diamond or a Club, on the second trick.

Next week's hand is given below; make up your mind how you would bid and play it before you read next week's description.

North
S. Q-8-3
H. 8-7-4-2
D. 9-8-7
C. A-Q-10

East
S. K-6-5-2
H. 10-6-3
D. 5-4-3-2
C. 5-3

West
S. 4
H. K-Q-J-9-5
D. K-Q
C. 8-7-6-4-2

South
S. A-J-10-9-7
H. A
D. A-J-10-6
C. K-J-9

(*Continued from page 45*)

And Arnulf's bow was deep with respect. What a brain! Odo had arranged everything to his will. He would be in his pavilion, watching the battle, yet no man would know this. He might even play with the daughter of the sick Jerusalemite, while everyone thought him in the saddle pursuing the Moslems, and afterward, in the pavilion—Arnulf's ready mind played with still finer fancies—Odo might change places with the dead Viking—might say, if he chose, that Eric had been slain for an affront to the girl Ilga. He, Arnulf would be witness.

Still amused at the baiting of the Viking, Arnulf went in the half light before sunrise, to call Eric to be armed. He found the warrior in Sir Guy's tent—the sick knight awake upon his cloak, haggard and breathing swiftly. A guttered candle flared and smoked upon the ground and beside it the girl curled up on her pallet asleep. In both hands she held the Viking's fist. He nodded to Arnulf, drawing free his cramped arm slowly, so that Ilga only stirred and sighed and slept on.

But Sir Guy propped himself on an elbow and whispered:

"Remember thy pledge, Eric—my daughter will be shielded?"

"On the honor of Duke Odo," said the Viking, "she will be."

WHEN the glare of sunrise struck into the valley, the hills took shape, the mists thinned away, and the Normans moved forward as Duke Odo had commanded, before the morning heat should be upon them.

They kept no order, being only to come to grips with the bands of Moslem horse already in motion toward them from the rocks of the distant well. The men watched in silence, being sore with hunger and wracked with thirst. Only when their leader trotted up to them did they shout hoarsely.

They had no slightest reason to suspect that this leader was not Odo—some of them indeed noticed that he carried upon his saddle horn a heavy ax instead of his sword, and that he did not speak to his knights as usual. Instead he sent Arnulf to bid them halt and form in a half circle, with the archers in front.

It surprised Arnulf that Eric should sit the gray charger almost as easily as his lord the duke. From foot to head he was now encased in loose chain mail, and over his head had been thrust the steel helm with only an opening as large as his finger for him to see through. On his left arm—looped by a leather band over his shoulder—was braced the long painted shield of Duke Odo.

When Arnulf urged him to form the mailed horsemen for a charge he laughed inside his steel dome:

"Arrow fight before sword stroke. Watch ye, little man!"

Amid drifting dust clouds three thousand desert men swarmed about the seven hundred Normans. They dashed forward in groups, round shields upraised, cloaks flying about them. And the long arrows of the Normans dropped them from the saddle.

The back-curving ends of the Christian arc were still too close to the ridge and Odo's camp for the Moslems to cut in behind them, and the darting charges of the excited Arabs failed to break the Christian line. The short Moslem saddle bow was not effective at that distance, and the Norman archers began to enjoy good sport. As the Arabs rode over their dead, their fury grew, and their shouting became a pulsing roar—

"Allah 'l allahu!"

The Norman horsemen, standing beside their stirrups, chafed and grumbled. They dared not ride to their leader to protest, although they were ill content to be out of the affray. "'Tis not our lord's way, to hang upon the leash."

It was not, indeed, Odo's way, and a rider galloped down from the closed pavilion—a man of Arnulf's who sought the *armiger* beneath the upraised standard. And Arnulf shouted against Eric's helm, holding up a gleaming signet ring. "The token of my lord the duke. He bids thee cease this play and go forward before the heat comes."

Again Eric laughed in his dark dome. "Truly said I there was a sign between us. Let us try the sword strokes. Sound thy horns."

At the blare of the horns the Normans mounted, and walked their horses between the archers, who moved after them. Before the standard bearer rode Eric, holding back until the mailed riders had closed in and formed a double rank. Suddenly his eyes swept from flank to flank and he urged on the gray charger. Behind him massive hoofs drummed the hard clay, and roared into a gallop.

The uplifted spears came down, the long shields were raised, and a war shout went up.

"Forward, with God!"

The Arabs had launched a counter charge, to strike the leading rank before it gained full headway. A thousand or more of the wild horsemen came on, their scimitars swinging by their knees, their horses maddened by blood.

But the first wave broke against the long Norman spears, and the lighter horses of the Moslems swerved or went down at the impact. A swirl and check—a brief clanging of steel—and the gray Norman line went on, gathering pace. Again the spears were lowered, as the Arabs closed in from all sides.

Eric, his ax-head resting on his shield arm, drove between two cloaked riders, took the lash of a scimitar on his shield and struck to the right. The curving edge of the ax sliced upward, beneath an Arab's jaw, and Eric freed the weapon by a jerk of his wrist that laid open one side of the rider's head.

A scimitar bruised the muscles of Eric's right shoulder, and again the ax slashed out, catching the new assailant beneath the arm. And the arm and part of the shoulder flew off.

The Viking was little excited. The clash of weapons left him calm, and he struck out instinctively, knowing what the result would be, and always freeing his weapon swiftly. While the tall Normans lashed about them, shouting their exultation, he rode silently—a fighter plying his trade, a weapon man, killing where he willed.

Never before had he been so protected by steel. He felt an arrow jar into his thigh, and reached down his left hand to break off the shaft. Twice something crashed against his solid helm, and he shook his head and went on.

SO THE hard-riding Normans broke the Arabs and followed up, until dark faces whirled past Eric again, and his ax rose and fell, scattering blood from its edge. And then his horse went down with a stagger and lurch—the length of a sword blade in its belly.

The Viking freed his feet from the stirrups and fell clear. He raised the shield over his head, and shortened his grip on the ax. Dodging, hitting out as he ran, he fought for a way out of the press of rearing and circling horses.

Hands caught at his ax arm, but the Viking heaved back, and an Arab tumbled to earth before him, and lay motionless a second later with his skull crushed in and his brains scattered over the ground. Eric strode over him, ran for a moment beside his horse—glimpsed a rocky knoll through his eye-slit and swung himself to the top of a four-foot boulder.

Arrows flicked past him and he swung his shield agaist the gleam of javelins.

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Arabs scrambled from their saddles to climb to the ground beside him, and with shield and ax he battered them down.

They reached up to catch his legs, but that giant body in its chain mail was firm rooted. Never, thought the Norman men-at-arms, straining to reach his side, had Odo fought with the sword as he now fought with the ax. "Aid for good Duke Odo!"

He heard their shout, saw their long blades sweeping nearer.

"Good blows, ye men of the Cross! Good blows!" his deep voice boomed.

And then he saw no Moslems before him. Norman men-at-arms were sitting in the saddle beneath him, panting, resting their bloodied sword arms. They were looking at him silently. Many of them had hated, and almost all had feared Duke Odo. But this leader of theirs in the dull and dented helm, the chain mesh hanging in shreds from his right arm, and blood bubbling through the links on his chest and thigh—this man had led them through four onsets of the Moslem masses, and they were ready to follow him hereafter to Jerusalem or to purgatory. The valley was theirs.

ERIC blinked at his men through sweat-tormented eyes, steam rising from his body, the lust of conflict like hot wine within him. The steel helm, heated by the sun's glare, irked him and he pulled at it with unfamiliar fingers, to tear it off. But it had been laced to his shoulder links by an expert hand, and he croaked for Arnulf to rid him of it.

A tall swordsman, black with dust, gripped his arm and pointed: "My lord, yonder is thy weapon bearer, and he is sped this life."

Eric looked down, seeing the carcass of his own horse and, a space in back of it, Arnulf's body outstretched. The Italian's head lay to the rear, face down, an arrow fairly through his throat. So Arnulf must have turned back, when the Moslems surrounded the Viking, a moment before the charger was slain.

But Eric was not thinking of that. His eye had been caught by smoke and dust on the summit of the ridge where the duke's camp stood. Through the haze moved cloaked horsemen, and gaunt yellow camels. At times steel flashed in the sunlight. He could hear no uproar but it seemed to him that the large pavilions of the knights were down and burning—and surely Odo's pavilion had vanished from its stone summit.

The fleeting Arabs had turned aside to storm the camp. And Eric, who cared little for that, remembered the sleeping child who had held fast to his hand through the night's watching. He thought of her shot through by arrows, falling under the galloping horses, or bound to an Arab's saddle, and he leaped down from his high ground.

He pulled the swordsman who had spoken to him out of the saddle, and he swung upon the Norman's charger, and lashed the horse to a gallop toward the ridge. The others made haste to follow.

But Eric was the first to climb the ridge. The Arabs had fled. Upon the knoll, the duke's pavilion lay in flames.

The Viking urged his horse toward Sir Guy's tent, and reined in.

"Here was fighting," he muttered.

The tent was down, and atop the wreckage lay the figure of a Norman man-at-arms, his chain mesh broken, his body slashed open below the ribs. His head, encased in a basket helm, was turned to the sky, and upon him and about him sprawled the bodies of eight Moslems, all cut and crushed by gigantic blows.

Others of the duke's men came up to stare, and to say—what Eric's eyes had already told him—that they knew nought of Sir Guy and his daughter, save that no captives had been carried off by the Arabs. But when they said that, the folds of the linen tent stirred upon the wreckage, and a faint voice cried, "God for Bari!"

The Normans started back and exclaimed, but Eric bade them cut through the tangle of cloth with their knives, and this they did after making the sign of the cross—for it seemed to them that the dead had spoken.

They found the tent pole and table piled against the pallet, and upon the bed the girl Ilga, shielding the head of her sick father with her body. When Eric bent over them she started back and looked around fearfully. The knight of the Mount raised himself upon his elbow.

"Forgive her, my lord duke," he whispered. "She hath been sorely tried and all this day she looked for the tall Viking, who came not."

"What befell here?" Eric's voice was hoarse within the steel dome.

"Christ be my aid, a strange thing befell. Anon we watched thy charge and the main battle. Then there came to the tent a tall fellow, wearing a nobleman's helm such as thine, but without device of any kind. He spoke not, but took Ilga up in his arms. She cried aloud for Eric the Viking, but this man laughed and heeded me not. He bore her to the entrance, and then we heard the shouting of the Arabs."

Sir Guy brushed the sweat from his white face. "The man of the helm said nothing. He turned back and again he laughed, when he tossed Ilga down beside me. He laid the table—so—and heaved up the center pole, letting it down upon us, with all the canopy about us. Then he pushed his way clear of the cloth and took his stand near us, for we heard his battle shout. Aye, he struck heavy blows, and it seemed to me that a score of swordsmen came against him. Yet he held his ground, and shielded us. He had great strength, being a madman, touched with the sun, or God's anger."

"Not so." The Viking thrust his fingers through the openings in his helm beneath his ears, and wrenched off the steel casque when the links and laces broke.

A HUNDRED eyes stared at him mutely, until the maid Ilga left her father and caught the Viking's arm against her heart. "Thou—thou didst leave me!"

Eric's blue eyes clouded, and he nodded slowly. "True—it must be said that I have that weakness. When steel is bared, I have nothing else in my head." And when she pressed her face against his torn shoulder he bent down, brushing his lips against the tangle of her hair.

A Norman strode up to him. "What then of my lord, the duke? Eric the Landless, it does appear to me thou hast stolen his gear, and helm."

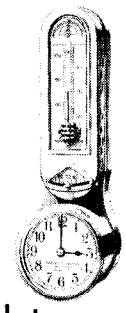
But Sir Guy lifted his hand. "Ill said! This smells to me of Odo's trickery, and I doubt not that he will presently come out of his hole, like the fox he is."

Before anyone could answer, the Viking's deep voice checked them. "Not so!"

He stepped to the body upon the wreckage, and with the edge of his ax cut the thongs of the helm. He drew it off and cast it away, and in the silence that followed his action, leaned on his ax to look down into the pallid features and the open eyes of the dead duke, Odo.

"I am thinking," his voice rumbled on, "that this was a man of hard deeds, but he met his death well. And it must be said, that is a great thing in any man."

"I WILL NOT RAISE MY BOY TO BE A JANITOR"



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Alibi

Continued from page 11

quarreled with almost everybody in the glen.

He drew in a deep slow breath. Now!

"Say, Uncle Wade"—his voice obeyed orders singularly well, considering the persistent wavering of his diaphragm, the dryness of throat and lips—"have you got anything in that medicine chest of yours that's good for indigestion? I feel kind of wobbly."

"You come right in and I'll fix you up quick as a wink!"

Stieffel followed him, suppressing a crazy desire to laugh. How many smart men, he wondered, would have thought of playing on old Trumbell's passion for jack-doctoring as the way to get him into his bedroom, bending over the chest where he kept his stock of patent medicines, his back turned, wholly off his guard?

He stood in the doorway, his right hand in the pocket of his coat, waiting till it was absolutely safe.

"I'll give you a good dose of Pope's Pepsinated Iron. I know I got some left in here somewheres, if—"

PERHAPS a hundred times Ed Stieffel had practiced the series of movements but, as the great, ungainly figure sagged forward on the tumbled cot he felt dimly puzzled. It seemed unreasonable that such a thing could be done so easily; the way people talked and wrote about it there ought to be something more impressive about killing a man than just three or four swings of the arm!

Stieffel had a vague sense of being cheated out of a tremendous emotional experience. This was just about as exciting, he thought, as driving a nail!

He had gone through the succeeding motions so often in his thoughts that he set about them now in actuality with the practiced swiftness of a rehearsed actor. He shut the bedroom door; he put the stout muslin bag of shot back into the pocket of his coat; swiftly he pulled off the shirt and overalls that were all the clothing Trumbell wore; managed, with some strain upon his strength, to reclothe the great figure in the nightshirt that hung from a nail in the door. With more labor he composed it in a posture of sprawling sleep, face downward against a pillow wadded in the crook of one huge upraised arm.

He studied his work and found it good. It would look convincingly as if somebody had found Trumbell asleep and stunned him before he could wake. Stieffel put on gloves before he opened the drawers of the dresser and tumbled their contents out on the floor. They probably hadn't yet found out about fingerprints, back here in these sticks, but he wasn't leaving any.

Closing the bedroom door behind him he crossed the kitchen until he could make sure that Mrs. Pellat was still sitting under a cherry tree. The sight of her gave him a singular feeling of safety.

It was a little darker than he had expected and he glanced at his watch. Plenty of time—too much, almost; Sam Dorner's car wouldn't call for him before a quarter to nine and it was only five after eight now.

He shut the door. From the shelf beside it he reached down a glass jar half full of bird shot. Old Wade Trumbell had never given up the muzzle-loading shotgun that had been his father's. That jar of shot had served Ed Stieffel as the inspiration, long ago, which had guided him in his choice of a weapon. From his pocket he drew out the muslin sack and untied the cord that bound its neck; he felt his mouth grinning as he poured a double handful of shot into the jar and put it back on the shelf.

He lifted the stove lid and saw the glow of embers under a gray mist of ash; the bag, dropped down on the reddest place, puffed into a flame. Stieffel watched it burn, made sure that nothing was left of it except powdery ashes before he replaced the stove lid.

Taking pains to make no noise about it he opened the drawer of the table and the doors of the two cupboards that flanked the chimney, putting their contents into such confusion as might have been left by a stupid thief in a hurried search for plunder. From his pocket he produced a candle and, again consulting his watch, cut it at one of the notches scored in its surface. There was a mild glow of self-applause to be had from this. Somebody not quite so foresighted would have taken it for granted that there'd be a candle in the tin stick that stood on the shelf beside the cheap clock, would have made a guess at the length of time it would burn. Not Ed Stieffel! When he went out of this room he would know to the minute how long there would be a light behind the drawn window shade.

Again he peeped out. It was almost dark, now; he couldn't see Mrs. Pellat plainly; a stir of fear moved in him. If she should take it into her head to go in earlier than usual—he'd better not risk waiting.

He lighted the candle. From the kitbag he unpacked a small phonograph, not the modern device employing a flat disk record, but the old-fashioned kind that used a wax cylinder.

HE GRINNED thinly as he set it up on a chair just inside the door to the back porch. If any question, by any fantastic freak of accident, should ever arise as to his owning such a thing, he had his answer ready. The machine belonged to a correspondence course in Spanish; he could produce the thirty records that went with it and the paper-backed lesson-pamphlets that corresponded to them; he could even prove that he'd studied these lessons!

He wound the clockwork motor and slipped a cylinder out of the pasteboard tube. His brows gathered as he touched the starting lever and a whir of scratching sounds issued from the tin horn which he had cut down so that it would fit into the kitbag. Almost instantly he stopped the motor.

He'd been right. There was altogether too much of that scratching noise; with the door open Mrs. Pellat would hear it very plainly.

He went back to the stove, opened the drafts and threw in paper and some sticks of kindling. He set the skillet over the quick flame and put a thick slice of bacon into the pan. It rewarded him, presently, with a sputter of sound that was like pleasant music in his ear. He went back quickly to the phonograph, started it again, opened the door.

Mrs. Pellat was still sitting in the twilight under her cherry tree. She did not turn but Stieffel knew that she couldn't help hearing the voice that came past him from the tin horn.

"Ought to get started if you figure on catching the nine-twenty train."

IT WAS the fruit of much patient experiment, that counterfeit of old Wade Trumbell's voice, and it left something still to be desired, perhaps, in the matter of resemblance, but Stieffel hadn't been able to improve upon it. It was plenty good enough to fool the old woman anyway. Stieffel answered cheerfully:

"Oh, I've got loads of time. Sam Dorner's coming up to the crossroads to drive me down to the station."

"Well, you better get started on down, anyway. It's pretty near bedtime for me. I'm no night owl like you, Ed."

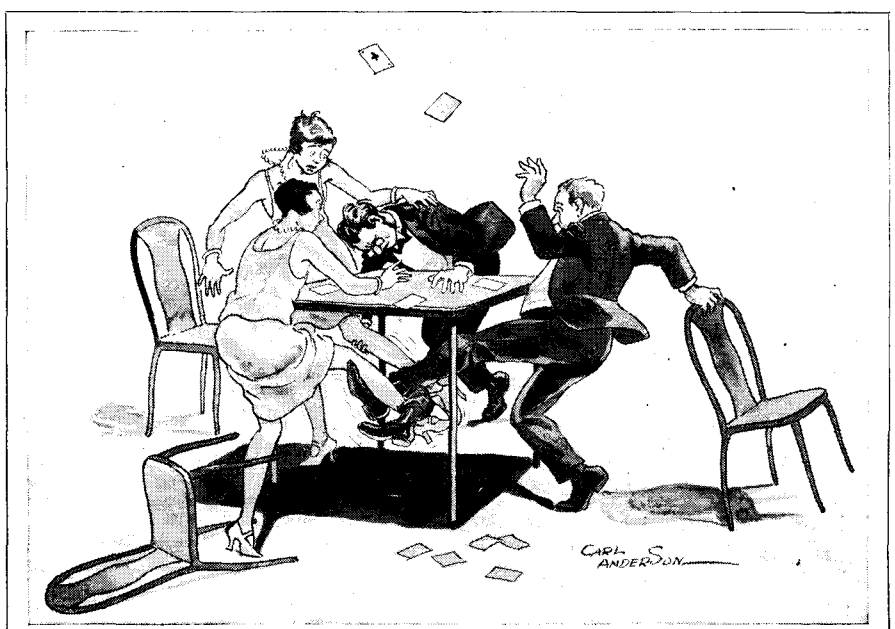
"All right," Stieffel laughed. The kitbag stood open on the floor beside the chair. Even Stieffel could hardly distinguish the rhythmic scratch of the phonograph needle from the hiss and spatter of the bacon on the stove.

"Well, so long, Uncle Wade. Much obliged for my supper."

"Better get started," rasped the tin horn impatiently. "And shut that door after you. You'll have the house full of bugs."

Stieffel laughed again. Still in the doorway, in full view of the old woman under the cherry tree, he leaned over, and, with the swiftness of patient practice, shut off the phonograph, unhooked the horn, thrust the apparatus into the kitbag and snapped its catch.

"So long, old-timer!" He shut the door. It was fairly dark, now that the candlelight was shut off. Just as well that he hadn't risked waiting any longer. Old Mrs. Pellat would be going indoors any minute now. He lifted his hat to her as he passed and spoke in affable farewell.



Bridge players get their signals mixed

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"Good-by, Mr. Stieffel." The voice was mildly amiable and the syllables were separated and spaced in the plodding drawl. Stieffel grinned happily in the dusk. He made his way past the angle of Trumbell's shanty to the cart track that wriggled downhill toward the paved highway. She would be glad to swear in his favor if she had the chance; it would be a queer jury, too, that wouldn't believe her!

He waited under cover of a blackberry thicket beside the road to see the light disappear behind the shaded window. As soon as the house was dark it would be safe to get away. There was nothing to be afraid of, anyway.

He heard footsteps coming toward him from the direction of the highway and for an instant that conviction of security was shaken; he felt a stab of panic. Boldly, though, he walked on to meet the newcomer; whoever it might be it was safer to meet him away from the house than near it; certainly he couldn't afford to give anybody the notion that he was afraid to be seen.

He could have laughed with relief as he recognized the lanky figure that plodded toward him through the rutted yellow dust. There wasn't any chance at all that Doc Averey had walked up that hill to call on Wade Trumbell; it had been five years since they'd spoken to each other.

"Coming up to see Uncle Wade, Doc?" Stieffel chuckled, held out his hand. "Better hurry or he'll be in bed before you get there. Just kicked me out because he was anxious to turn in."

Averey shook his head. "I'm going to see Abbie Pellat, Stieffel. Wade Trumbell and I don't get on very well—thought you'd know that." He paused. "Walking to the station? You haven't got any too much time to catch the nine-twenty."

"Sam Dorner's coming after me," Stieffel explained. "He won't drive any farther up the hill than the crossroads, so I have to meet him there."

He swung blithely down the hill. If he had managed it himself he couldn't have asked for anything better than this chance encounter with Joseph Averey. The doc's evidence would dovetail perfectly into old Abbie Pellat's testimony.

THE certainty of this complete safety grew pleasantly upon him as he waited at the crossroads for the headlights of Sam Dorner's little tin car. He wasn't even in a hurry to see those lights.

He was pleased to hear the noise of Averey's returning steps. It was just as well that the doc should be able to swear to this second meeting.

"Wait a few minutes, Doc, and we'll give you a lift down to your house," Stieffel called cheerfully as the long figure came toward him through the early darkness. "You'll get there sooner and a whole lot easier than if you hoof it."

"All right." Averey spoke slowly. He came and stood close beside Stieffel and in the dimness he seemed even taller than he was. There was a little silence. "Did you say that it was Sam Dorner who was coming for you, Stieffel?"

"Uh-huh. Why?" Stieffel felt a lessening in that comfortable certainty that he was safe.

"I was going to ask you that, myself," said Averey. "There are three other men who drive public cars, Stieffel. Why did you choose Sam Dorner to drive you down to the station tonight?"

"Why not?" Stieffel shrugged his shoulders. "It's all the same to me. Why shouldn't I hire Sam Dorner?"

"Here he comes now," said Averey, as the yellow headlamps glowed suddenly at the foot of the slope. "Perhaps I'd better let him answer me."

"Answer you what?"

Stieffel tried to make his voice sound decently blustering. He slid down from the rail of the snake fence. "What are you getting at, Averey? What—"

The little car panted up to them and his voice was drowned in the clatter of its racing motor as Sam Dorner threw out his clutch. Averey called out above the uproar:

"Stop your engine, Sam, and get out."

His hands moved swiftly, so swiftly that before Ed Stieffel could retreat they had clamped upon his wrists. The clamor of the engine ceased.

"WHAT'S up, Doc?" said Dorner, scrambling out over the side of the car. "I got to hurry if I'm going to get Stieffel down to that train."

"Stieffel will wait," said Averey. "I have been asking him why, with three other taxi drivers to choose from, he should hire a sheriff's deputy to drive him to and from a murder. It was either very clever, as I see it, or very stupid. Which was it, Stieffel?"

"You crazy?" Stieffel managed to find his voice, to find, among the whirl of his brain, words that would play for time. "A murder? What murder? Who—"

"Sam," said Averey, "I went up the hill this evening to see old Abbie Pellat and on my way I met Stieffel just coming down. He told me that old Wade Trumbell had ordered him out so that he could go to bed, and that he was coming down here to wait for you to drive him to the station."

"It's the truth," said Stieffel. "I don't know what you're trying to get at, but I told you the truth and—"

"Some of it was true," said Avery quietly. He turned to Dorner. "I found old Abbie sitting in her garden, a few steps away from Trumbell's back door. She was worried because she smelled something burning on Trumbell's stove, and to quiet her I knocked at the door, and when he didn't answer, I went in.

"The kitchen was full of smoke. I found a skillet on the fire with something burned to a cinder in it; there was a candle burning. It didn't seem like old Wade Trumbell to go to bed with something cooking and a lighted candle guttering on a shelf, so I opened his bedroom door to see if he was there. I found him dead in his bed; his skull was crushed in just above the spine. He'd been dead an hour, perhaps; maybe a little less than that, but not much, for there was warmth in him still."

"He was alive when I went out," Stieffel cried. His voice went high and shrill in his throat. "I can prove it by Abbie Pellat!" He twisted uselessly at the grip of Averey's hands. "She'll tell you so herself if you ask her!"

"What makes you think so, Stieffel?" Averey spoke quietly. "Why should Abbie Pellat have any reason to think that you left your uncle alive when you came out of his house?"

"Why, she was right there! She wasn't twenty feet away when he was yelling at me! She couldn't have helped hearing him bawling at me to shut the door so the bugs wouldn't get in! She'll tell you I wasn't out of her sight while—"

"So that's how it was?" Averey's voice was almost compassionate but the tension of his hands did not relax. "I'm beginning to see where you made your mistake, Stieffel. It's been puzzling me, this cocksureness of yours that you were safe, but I see now. You were counting on some trick or other by which poor old Mrs. Pellat was to be fooled into thinking that she had heard Trumbell talking to you after you'd left the house. I don't know what the trick was, but it doesn't matter, because it didn't work. It couldn't work, Stieffel. For two years and more Abbie Pellat's been stone deaf!"

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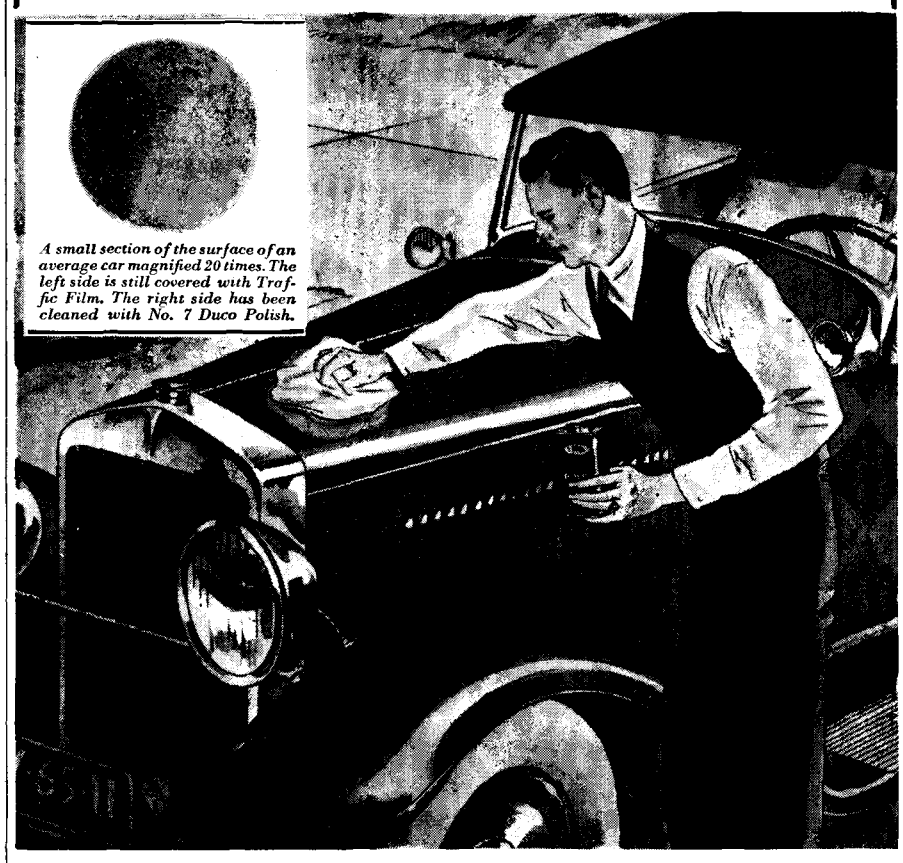

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Catfish Wiggins Comes Through

Continued from page 7

the second one that Henry handed him and bit into it. "Only one thing I like better—"

Unfortunately that gathering was never to know what it was that Mr. Nash liked better than hot dogs. He emitted a cry of pain and slapped his hand over his mouth. He inserted his thumb and forefinger and drew out—horror of horrors!—two lead bullets as big as peas, which he held out accusingly at Henry.

Henry Wiggins turned pale. That was the second time bullets had been found in Bon Ton hot dogs, placed there by a disgruntled employee during labor troubles that had been settled only a few days before.

"Gee whillikers!" Henry cried, and Mr. Nash dropped the bullets into his hand and rose and furiously threw the remainder of the hot dog on the floor. The others in the immediate vicinity stopped chewing and looked suspiciously at the dogs that remained in their hands.

"Listen, Mr. Nash," Henry yelled in a voice so loud that everyone in the hall stopped eating. "That'll never happen again. Labor troubles." He picked up another hot dog from the tray. "Here, try this one, I bet it's all right."

Mr. Nash was not to be dangerously injured again. He waved it away with one hand while his other searched his mouth for more bullets. Men began warily to put down their hot dogs. It was a crisis in the life of Bon Ton hot dogs. But Henry Wiggins suddenly had an idea. He climbed on a chair.

"Listen, men," he spoke. "I had labor troubles in my factory and we caught a fellow that put bullets in my hot dogs—Bon Ton hot dogs, the best made. We threw him out. But four or five dogs got out. I'll give any man here a thousand dollars if he finds another hot dog that has any bullets in it. A thousand dollars. Let's see you find one!"

Within fifteen minutes there wasn't a Bon Ton hot dog left in the place, and not another bullet had been found.

THE eighteenth green at Engledale is right in front of the clubhouse veranda. As Henry and Barney were finishing eighteen holes the next Sunday morning they were surprised to note that the veranda was crowded.

Henry was surprised to find his wife and daughter right in the front row.

"What are you folks doin' here?" he wanted to know.

"Haven't you heard?" Dorothy exclaimed, all excited. "Edward Stokes is playing with the pro."

"Edward Stokes, the movie actor?" Barney asked.

"Yes, isn't it wonderful?" Dorothy breathed. "He'll be in pretty soon."

"Rats," said Henry Wiggins.

"We're going to eat," said Barney.

"Oh, Daddy, why won't you wait?"

"Let your father go," said Mrs. Wiggins severely. She felt that the presence of her husband added nothing to her social standing at the Engledale Country Club.

"Then, Daddy," said Dorothy, "go into the main dining-room and save two places for us."

"Go where you choose, Henry," said Mrs. Wiggins, peering down toward the eighteenth tee, "and don't save any seats for us."

Barney said he wanted to stick around and see the excitement, so they chose the main dining-room, instead of repairing to the men's grill, and took a table for two in the corner.

"There he is," said Barney presently.

Henry turned his head and saw only a mass of people in multi-colored sports clothes rushing for tables.

"Folks sure are nutty," he said, turning to his sandwich, "all this high-hat mob goin' cuckoo over a movie mug!"

Henry heard a voice saying, "Isn't this Mr. Wiggins?" He looked up.

He suddenly found himself on his feet wringing the hand of Eddie Schwartz, the delivery boy who, back in Topeka, had given him the buckeye.

"Gee, I'm glad to see you, Mr. Wiggins," Eddie exclaimed. "I didn't know what had happened to you!"

"Gosh almighty, Eddie, where in heck did you come from? Pull up a chair and sit down. This is Barney Thompson—Eddie Schwartz used to deliver meat for me. Golly, Eddie, you sure are a sight for sore eyes. You're looking great!"

EDDIE shook hands with Barney Thompson, who was speechless.

"I can't sit down," Eddie apologized. "But let's get together after lunch."

Somebody pinched Henry's arm. He looked and found it was Dorothy. Mrs. Wiggins was standing behind her.

"Do you really know him?" Dorothy whispered in awe.

"Eddie," Henry said, "meet my daughter, Dorothy. And this is my wife. How are you, old kid, anyway? What you doin' now for a livin'?"

"Daddy!" Dorothy exclaimed.

"Haven't you heard about me?" Eddie laughed. "I'm in the movies. You put me there!"

"I did? And you in the movies? How come?"

"Remember that $300 you sent me? That took me to Hollywood."

"Well, I'll be doggoned. What ya doin' in the movies? Not actin'?"

"Henry!" Mrs. Wiggins spoke sharply. "Is this a joke? Don't you know that your friend is Edward Stokes?"

Henry looked from his wife to Eddie. "Aw, quit cha foolin'," he said.

Eddie grinned. "I changed my name, Mr. Wiggins."

"Well, great jumpin' turtles!" He surveyed Eddie from head to foot. "That's all that's changed about ya. You're the same old Eddie!"

He felt someone nudging him and upon close inspection discovered it to be W. B. Nash.

"Here, Mr. Nash," he shouted. "Meet Edward Stokes—Edward Stokes, the great movie actor. Edward Stokes."

"Yes, I know," Mr. Nash hastily declared.

"I'm glad to know any friend of Mr. Wiggins," said Edward Stokes. "I used to work in his butcher shop out in Topeka."

"Really?" Mr. Nash answered. "I'm very glad to meet you. Very glad. Yes, Mr. Wiggins and I are great friends. I'm very glad to know you."

Mr. Nash turned and surveyed the crowded dining-room. Every eye was turned toward him. He felt very proud.

Edward Stokes, W. B. Nash, Henry Wiggins and Jock Hayley, the pro, made up a foursome that started at the first tee before the largest gallery that had gathered since Bobby Jones played Engledale.

Mrs. Wiggins and Dorothy were the center of a group of admiring women, the most important women in Engledale.

"Oh, didn't you know?" Mrs. Wiggins would remark casually. "Mr. Wiggins and I started Edward Stokes in the movies—gave him the money to go to Hollywood. He's a wonderful young man. Not at all spoiled. Hasn't changed a bit."

As Henry sliced, W. B. Nash foozled, Edward Stokes dubbed and Jock Hayley, the pro, socked straight and true, the gallery gradually melted away—the men to boast casually to each other of their friendship for Henry Wiggins, the women to fuss amiably over which should sit next to Mrs. Wiggins and Dorothy on the veranda.

W. B. Nash rather hated to have the gallery leave. He had taken charge of the foursome and gradually adopted Eddie Stokes as his own guest.

On the fourth tee, Henry took a new ball, having cut one beyond recognition. He was standing beside his bag and as he reached for his driver the new ball slipped out of his fingers and dropped into the bag. The caddy stuck his arm down into the bag but could not touch bottom.

"You'll have to dump it upside down," Henry advised.

The caddy turned the bag over, held the clubs and shook. The ball came rolling out and with it a tiny object.

With a cry like that of a marooned man who has spied a sail, Henry Wiggins dived into the grass and came up with an object clutched in his hand.

"The buckeye!" he yelled. He opened his hand and showed it to Eddie Stokes, then hopped around in ecstasy.

"The one I gave you?" Eddie asked. "Sure enough. I carved it myself."

"Boy," Henry gloried, "there's Lady Luck back home again!"

"Let's see it," Mr. Nash asked.

HENRY dubiously handed him the precious talisman. Mr. Nash inspected it with no little respect and before Henry's amazed eyes drew out a buckeye of his own. Mr. Nash compared the two, then returned Henry's

"They work," Mr. Nash said, positively.

Eddie Stokes laughed. "They sure do," he said, and displayed his own, a companion piece to Henry's. "We got them, Mr. Wiggins and I, back in Topeka years ago. Remember, Mr. Wiggins, when everybody used to call you Catfish Wiggins?"

"I should say I do. Remember how—"

"Catfish!" Mr. Nash exclaimed. "Fried catfish?"

"Ever eat fried catfish?" Eddie Stokes asked Mr. Nash.

Mr. Nash rolled his eyes. "Not since I left Omaha," he said regretfully. "That's the greatest dish—"

"I get catfish shipped in every week," said Henry. "Got some yesterday. How about comin' over to dinner tonight?"

"Fried catfish?" Mr. Nash said. "Of course I'll come."

"You come, Eddie?" Henry asked.

"Certainly."

"And Mr. Nash, why not bring Mrs. Nash and your boy—fine boy you got. Great boy."

"Thank you. He is a fine boy. Of course, we'll all come."

"Seven o'clock tonight?" Henry asked.

"Approximately," Mr. Nash said. "And we'll have time for a little talk. I've been wondering if there was any way to work out a plan for opening lunch stands in connection with our gas stations. Perhaps you could give me some information along that line."

Henry Wiggins placed his buckeye carefully in his watch pocket and stepped up and socked a drive straight and true 235 yards down the center of the fairway.

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April Escapade

Continued from page 22

there was pearly gray at the windows. Morning And never had she longed so little to see the day.

Mary Kate had been cold, an hour or two ago. But now she was feverish with the bad air of the hermetically sealed room, maddened by the drone—drone—drone of the sleeping woman's breath.

Suddenly she was out of bed. She groped for the dressing-gown, and felt for her slippers. Noiselessly she opened one of the porch doors, and noiselessly crept out into the wet freshness and silence of the porch.

On this same porch she had been happy, last night, just as the sun was sinking. But between sunset and sunrise she had lived through half the emotions of her life.

The garden was drenched with heavy dews, but already the warmth of the coming day was softening the air, and the trees and shrubs, gray shadows on lighter gray a few moments ago, were taking definite shape.

Mary Kate huddled in a basket chair, wrapping about herself a plaid that had been folded across it. She saw the wet leaves glisten in the first shafts from the east and the stiff, curved leaves of the oaks and the thin shredded foliage of the peppers take on a patina of shining gold. The sun dazzled bright in the upper leaves of all the trees, sank down through their branches in broad banners and waves of warmth and brightness. It was morning.

Mary Kate went wearily indoors. Exhaustedly she flung herself once again on her bed, drawing the covers over her, wrapper and all. And this time sleep found her almost instantly, deep, dreamless sleep, in which she could forget for a little while what had preceded the merciful oblivion, and what must follow the inevitable awakening.

"THIS is Miss O'Hara. Yes. Now, Miss O'Hara," said Constable Browning, looking up from an improvised desk, in that very living-room of whose Spanish completeness Mary Kate was so deadly weary, "we'll only detain you a moment. Will you sit down?"

Mary Kate had entered heavily, slowly, looking fearfully into the face of one man after another. She was dressed in the clothing she had worn down from town, on the day before; she looked ghastly pale, and the rings about her eyes were black this morning.

There were several persons in the room. Chris was there, Peters and Joseph, the old gardener, Gordon Rountree, looking nervous and sympathetic and troubled, a young police officer, Constable Browning, who had been there last night, and a businesslike young man who was busily taking stenographic records of everything that was said.

There was also a heavy-faced, gloomy-looking young man who seemed to be from the coroner's office, or perhaps he was from the City and County Hospital. A jury of Spanish Inquisitors could not have appeared more horrible to Mary Kate. To her the room was a veritable torture chamber.

"You were in this house last night, Miss O'Hara?" asked the constable.

"I—yes. I was here."

"Have I your name and address correctly?"

He read them. Her tragic eyes wandered to Chris' face.

"Yes, that's right."

"You are a friend of Mr. Steynes?"

"Hardly that. He asked me to do something for him, as a sort of joke—"

She saw the expressionless glances of the officers cross and meet.

"Why, that's all right," Browning said considerately. "That isn't our affair. We merely want to know how you first became aware that somebody was trying to break into the house. Just tell it simply, what you heard and saw, and what you did. Take it easy. All we want is the truth."

"I told you," Gordon Rountree said in a low, hurried voice, uncomfortably, awkwardly, "that Miss O'Hara has been my secretary for two years, and that she is a young lady for whom—ah! —I have the greatest—well, respect."

The constable's hard eyes fixed him with an impersonal stare.

"Sure," he conceded indifferently.

MARY KATE rapidly told her story. There was a brief, not unkindly, cross-examination.

"That's all," said Browning.

"You won't need Miss O'Hara any more?" Chris asked.

"Not unless he gets well—the feller that was shot. If he does she may have to appear in court."

"It seems to me a—well, if you'll excuse me, a rotten thing," Christopher said, "that a man can't take a shot at an armed burglar in his own house, without dragging his—his friends, his guests, through all this publicity."

"It isn't that," Mr. Browning explained, with the menacing patience of those who know that they are invincible. "It's that—looka here, now. I don't say it's so in this case, and I don't say it's often so, but suppose this young lady had framed this up with the burglar? How would I know—"

"It seems to me you're rather exceeding your authority, Constable," Chris said, in a pause, in a tone Mary Kate had never heard from him before. "Anything that is in the line of your duty, by all means do," he went on, a white line forming about his mouth as he spoke, and his color receding under his country tan, leaving his face pallid, "but don't diverge into any plot that you happen to remember from any book you may have read!"

The two men frowned at one another. Then the constable dropped something of his truculent manner; no use to antagonize these people, who had influence sometimes in unexpected quarters.

"That's all right, sir," he said civilly. "I'm sure I have no object in annoying Miss O'Hara. As far as I'm concerned we'll have no further use for her, and if she's wanted at the trial, she can settle that with the Court."

"All right, Mary," Chris said, coming over to her. "Come out into the patio a minute," he said, putting his hand on her shoulder, "I want to talk to you."

The square patio was filled with fog, but the sun was beating against the gray mass, far up in the sky, and the soft damp air was warm and penetrated with a strange, golden light.

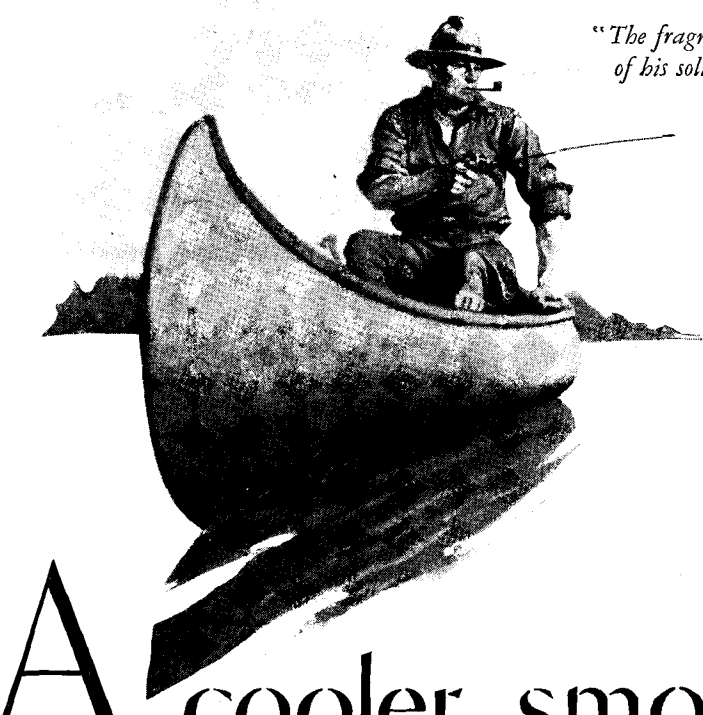
"Don't worry about him," Chris said reassuringly, with a jerk of his head toward the living-room, and the inquisitioner. "He's just puffed up with a little brief authority."

"Chris, if Moody—the burglar, lives, will they have a trial?"

"Why should there be any trial? The man undoubtedly will plead guilty. I never heard anything funnier in my life than the way this Browning ass is carrying on!

"As a matter of fact," Chris continued, "Gordy thinks much the best

(*Continued on page 52*)



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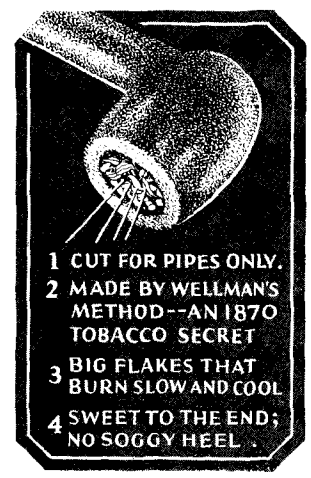
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A SHAVING CREAM
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(Continued from page 51)

thing would be to let the whole thing drop, not prosecute. In that case I decline to appear against him, say that nothing was stolen—nothing was—and the man would be discharged."

"Wouldn't the police—wouldn't the district attorney prosecute?"

"I don't believe so."

"He might—" she said, in agony.

"Not without a complaint being filed."

"I think Gordy's brother has considerable pull," the man went on; "he'll work it, if we need it. But at any rate, here's what I was thinking," he added, in a brisker tone, returning to the problem of the present moment. "They're through with us, and we can beat it. I'll have Rountree take the luncheon on. He can have the crowd over to the club. You're in no condition to play hostess after last night, and Gordon'll make our excuses. Get your things, and put them in the car and we'll drive off somewhere and fool away the time until your train is due."

Again in the beautiful Sirano, which shot through the green springtime roads like a projectile, Mary Kate was very silent at Chris' side.

"Like to run over to Half Moon Bay?" Chris asked.

"Oh? Oh, I don't care." And she lapsed into her apprehensive silence again.

THE car climbed up above the trees to the top of the hills, and started down toward the broad plane of dim grayness that was the ocean.

The wind was keen and soft from the sea; it brought the color into Mary Kate's tired face. Chris stopped the car on a headland, and they looked out across the rolling blue waters, heaving and dimpling placidly, mysteriously, under the season's first hot sun.

North and south the beaches curved between waters and land, sometimes rising to cliffs, sometimes broken by great tumbled masses of rock. The tide foamed and bubbled and slid into a thousand pools in the rocky places, and wrote endless, unceasing curves over and over again on the sand.

All along the shore were the little frame houses, beaten and discolored by wind, and set in angles of artichoke and cabbage patches. Now and then there passed a humble little village, marked by wind-blown hedges, and blighted gardens whose paths were outlined by iridescent abalone shells. It was a deserted world, on a fragrant spring morning. The men were in the fields, the women in houses. Now and then a Saturday group of little girls, walking toward a village store, and gum, and chocolate bars, huddled cautiously at one side of the road, when the car, with its long desolate melancholy four-toned cry, went sweeping by.

The queer, endless day dragged by. At half past one o'clock they had mussels and spaghetti and sour, delicious Italian bread, at a bleak, bare, odorous seaside restaurant that looked as if they had been its only guests in years, and the old Italian host made zabayone for Mary Kate himself, and brought it, warm and foaming, to the table.

It was three o'clock. Four o'clock. They were going back over the hill; they were in Belmont, and had turned north. At the Burlingame station Chris very simply and kindly put Mary Kate back on her train.

"You have money?" he asked, while they were waiting at the station.

"Oh, plenty, thanks!"

"You've been an awfully good sport, and I'm awfully sorry it's turned out this way. But don't worry. It'll be all right."

"Oh, I hope so!"

"And I'll see you, soon."

But at this she looked up at him unsmilingly.

"I think not. I'd rather not—ever, see you again!"

"Oh, say"—he protested, with that widening of the eyes that was familiar to her now. "Why this?" he asked.

"I'm hoping to get married this year," she told him. But without any confidence or happiness in her tone. "I'll be leaving Mr. Rountree—"

"You don't mean," he asked, as she paused, "you don't mean that you think you have to tell the man you marry about this?"

"No, I wasn't thinking of that," she said quietly. "Although it might be the wise thing to do. I'm going to tell my mother the whole story, this afternoon, and if she thinks I ought to tell Cass—"

"She won't!" Chris protested.

"But I was thinking that our ways won't cross again," the girl went on, as if she had not been interrupted. "There's no reason why they should. So good-by."

She held out her hand, and Chris shook it, and said again, "I think you've been a wonderful sport! And don't worry, you'll never hear of this house-breaking mess again. And thanks awfully, Mary."

"You're welcome," she said youthfully, indifferently. He followed her, with her bag, into the car, and placed her luggage conveniently. There was only a second left, in which to run to the door and jump down. Mary Kate was on the wrong side of the train; she did not see him again.

And then it was all simple. The towns and villages of yesterday began to reverse themselves, like a film running backward, and in no time at all she was in San Francisco, she was in a taxicab, she had given the driver the O'Farrell Street number.

The city looked grimy and weary; workers were streaming home in every direction. The dreadful sense of being a child that must return to inevitable punishment—a sense that had shadowed her all day, returned to Mary Kate, and by the time she had reached her own doorway she was almost sick with emotion and excitement.

The children were all out upon her like a flash, Pat and Regina and Tess, and big Tom, who kissed her with a warm, unshaven cheek against hers, and brought up the procession with her bag. Mother was in the kitchen, and Aunt Julia was here.

Mary Kate had never felt an impulse of affection toward Aunt Julia before. But she fairly loved the dreary monologist who was in the rocker this afternoon; Aunt Julia was so notoriously disagreeable and so scathingly critical that the O'Haras never had time for anything, during her visits, but a feverish concentration upon her conversation. Afterward they pieced it all together, and laughed about it until they had to lay their heads down upon their supper plates.

AT THE sink, broad, capable, mistress of all she surveyed, was Ma. And when Mary Kate saw her mother she forgot that the separation between them was a matter of hours rather than weeks or months, and ran toward her confidante, her friend, her nurse and teacher, judge and advocate, the court of last appeal for all the difficulties and woes her twenty years had known. Her arms were about her mother's neck, her cheek was pressed against the soft, shapeless cheek, her tears were wet upon her mother's face.

"Mary Kate, between us and all harm!" Mrs. O'Hara said. "I didn't tell you, Aunt Julia," she explained to the caller, "that Mary Kate went up to Sacramento, all by herself, and stayed at a hotel there!"

"Oh, Mother, I'm so glad to be back!"

"Well, don't cry about it, dear-r-r!" the mother remonstrated, her own smile coming through tears. "You'd think it was a year, and she away!" she said, half-scornfully, half-proudly, to the visitor.

She held Mary Kate off at arm's length, and her tone changed.

"Why, what's come to you, dear?" she asked quickly.

"She's the picture of death," observed Aunt Julia Deane, pleasantly, as she watched the pair.

"What is it, Mary Kate? Were you train-sick?" Mrs. O'Hara continued, alarmedly.

"I'm tired, Mother." The girl clung to her as if she could never let go, drooping her weary head upon the broad breast, tightening her slender arms about the older woman's shoulders, laughing and crying.

"But darlin', you look sick!"

"I think—" She had arranged this with Chris, for just this emergency. It came to her now as an inspiration. "I think maybe I had a touch of ptomaine, Mother."

"You'd get worse than that, drinking the water in them trains," Mrs. Deane suggested.

"Go get into your bed," the mother directed. But Mary Kate made no move to obey.

"I'm honestly all right, Mother, but the train was hot—"

"Did you have any lunch?"

"Yes'm, but not much. And I'm dying for tea, and some hot toast—"

"I'll make it!" Tess shrilled, rushing into action.

"Oh, will you, darling? And will you take my hat and coat upstairs, Regina, or hang them over the banister, anyway? Oh, it's delicious to get home," sighed Mary Kate, sitting down at the table, and dragging Pat into her lap. She sat kissing the top of his head, and looking respectfully at Aunt Julia, while the reviving currents of home love and home atmosphere poured through her parched being in a heavenly wave.

"YOU wouldn't be better off in bed, dear?"

"Oh, no, Mother." She wouldn't be alone. "Truly—truly, this is all I need!"

"She takes after Martin, don't she, Teresa?"

"Well— And in a way she favors my own good mother, too."

"Oh, Pat, I'm so glad to be home!"

"What's Sacramento like, Mary Kate?"

"Well, in a way it's wonderful. We'll all go up there some day, and have a look at it—I didn't hear you, Tom."

"An elephant couldn't hear, in this din!" Tom muttered. "I asked if you saw an oil well?"

"Is it a sort of a—a hole in the ground, with a—a sort of a fence 'round it?"

"No!" he shouted. "It's not. You get the chance to go up there, through Port Costa and everything, and that's all you see! I suppose you were goggling at the governor—"

"Tom, don't talk to your sister that way—stop it, now."

"Oh, Lord!" growled Tom, in his half-and-half, raw, pathetic voice. He laid his arms on the table, and dropped his big untidy black head upon them.

"How's Uncle Robert, Aunt Julia?"

"He's bad. And now you've asked for him, and done your duty, and you can forget him again," Mrs. Deane answered rapidly.

"Oh, that's too bad."

"You'd wonder the Lord wouldn't remove him," Mrs. O'Hara said, with a sympathetic cluck-clucking of teeth.

"Where's your boy, Martin, Teresa?"

"Mart, God bless him! Oh, I forgot to tell you, Mary Kate, that Doctor van

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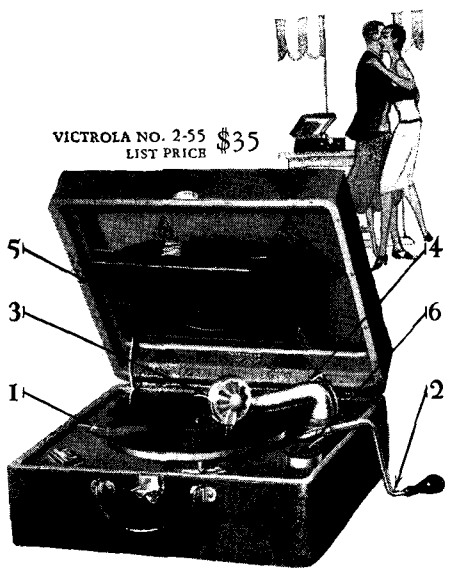

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Antwerp is havin' Mart drive him up to Portland, Oregon," Mrs. O'Hara explained, animatedly. "He went up to give a lecture or whatever, in the vacation, and Mart's drivin' him."

"Oh, Mother!" And with the pleasure and relief of it the first natural color, the first natural manner she had displayed since her return transformed Mary Kate. "Oh, what fun for Mart!" she said immediately. And secondarily, and deep in her soul, unexpressed, she thought, "I'll have time to think about it, to decide what to do, whether to tell them or not!"—"When did he go?"

"After dinner last night. And they'll be off the whole week."

"And he'll be paid for all that extra time, Mother! Tess," said Mary Kate in a fervent aside, "I have never in my life tasted such tea and such toast. The toast is—*simply*—delicious!"

"She drew it so weak on you, you'd think it would taste of nothing but the kettle."

"I love it weak, Aunt Julia."

"I'd as soon drink hot water and do my stomach some good."

"This is doing my stomach, and every other bit of me, all the good that ever was!" Mary Kate rejoiced.

"The old feller at the Fair, in the old country," Mrs. Deane recalled with a sudden laugh. "He says 'Pigs and swill goes together!'"

THE O'HARA eyes everywhere—Mary Kate's from the table, Tess' from the stove, where she was toasting bread for herself, Mrs. O'Hara's from the sink, met in solemn, pregnant silence. For the next three years there would be hysterical laughter among them when they remembered this gem from Aunt Julia.

Then Cass was suddenly there, leaning over from behind her to kiss her quite simply, before them all, infinitely heartening and happy and affectionate—"darling," as the little girls said later, with cranky old Aunt Julia.

Aunt Julia, declining a second cup of tea scornfully, went off in her dingy weeds to minister to crippled Uncle Robert, to be a miracle of tenderness and consideration, and even of gayety, to the helpless old man. Then the O'Haras had supper.

Mary Kate did not eat much, but she sat next to Cass, her slim fingers often in his, her fond, proud eyes on his tense, handsome face, with its forceful impression of gray eyes and firm jaw, hard brown cheeks, and quick, authoritative voice. He was so clever, and so sure of himself, and so fine!

Her color came back, and her spirits, and the past twenty-four hours were relegated to the world of nightmares; there was no Spanish house, with a parrot and a fountain, there was no ivory satin dress and quilted wrap richly furred, there had been no dinner, no burglar, no police investigation. It had all been a dream!

She begged off from going to the movies, and helped Ma with the dishes, and was so sweet and gentle and helpfully considerate that she seemed ten years older, in her watchful mother's eyes at least, than the girl of yesterday.

"It's love has done it to her!" Mrs. O'Hara thought, going off with the little girls and Pat for their regular Saturday night's entertainment. Tom, lumbering and superfluous, and not invited to share anyone's plans, had disappeared, so that Mary Kate and Cass had the kitchen to themselves.

For a while they sat close, at the table, his arm about her, her shoulder turned against his breast, her elbows on the table, so that when she twisted her face to speak to him, or look into his eyes, her bright silky hair brushed his cheek, her thick long lashes were but a few inches from his own. Fragrant, slim, crushed like a soft cool rose in his hard embrace, newly gentle and weary tonight—that was Cass' girl, that was Mary Kate.

"My cousin Mamie Terry was talking about you yesterday, Mary Kate. She said you were the loveliest girl she knew. She said you always reminded her of a little girl."

"She doesn't know me!"

"Oh, doesn't she?"

"You know her husband's two sisters and her brother and his wife, and their husbands, and all the children, always come and have dinner with Mamie on Tuesday nights. And she wants you to come Tuesday."

"You told her?"

"I gave her a pretty strong hint." He looked concernedly down at the bright crushed hair that dropped suddenly on his shoulder. "Why? Mad?"

"Oh, no, dear. Only—I don't know, sometimes, that I'm good enough to be anybody's wife!"

"Joke over?" Cass said, with a joyous, explosive laugh.

She sighed in infinite content and weariness, resting against him, without answering. And presently she dismissed him, and went upstairs, to light the gas, and unpack her bag, and put away brushes and powder and the peach-colored nightdress that had figured in last night's horror and fright.

Then she got into a fresh gown, brushed her hair, washed her face thoroughly, and knelt down, with her soap-fragrant hands hooped over her face, to say her prayers. She turned down the little girls' bed neatly—and was reminded of Mrs. Peters, putting the guestroom in order last night, and falling heavily into sleep the minute she got into bed.

Suddenly Mary Kate visualized Chris. A pang, sharp and piercing and completely unexpected, went through her heart. She would never see him again.

His tall, lean figure in the comfortable tweeds, his long, lean hand holding a cigarette, his bronzed face that yet somehow remained fair under all its burning, and the loose wave of his fair hair very bright against the Indian forehead, all these were suddenly before her eyes.

Fever devoured her. Thirst made her fling her head back, breathing hard, like a person dying for air.

Oh, Chris—Chris! Oh, loose tweeds and brown hands and leisurely, casual voice so full of sureness and authority!

TREMBLING, hardly knowing what she did, Mary Kate lowered the light to a bead, and lighted the special, green-hooded jet that hung above her couch. She flung a book on the bed, stepped out of her slippers, established herself comfortably on her pillows.

It was no use. She could not read. Frenzy shook her. She must hear his voice, she must see him—talk to him again.

She threw the book aside, and put out the light. Only the tiny bead over by the bureau burned on, to guide Tess and Regina, when they came upstairs. And from the big cigarette sign on Geary Street long streamers of light came into the shabby upstairs bedroom, swelled on the wall, stood still, were gone, and swelled again.

Mary Kate's heart was beating and her mouth was dry, her veins pulsed with insufferable longing and despair. She lay awake, in the crowded, shabby darkness of the bedroom, writhing, breathing deep, forcing herself to quiet, smitten with recurrent misery, and covering her face once more with her hands.

(*To be continued next week*)

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WILDROOT
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Housemaid's Knee

Continued from page 28

human beings. And sometimes they carry their forgetfulness to absurd lengths. For example, there are the women, like my friend who received notice from Olga, who have been able to afford servants for so short a time that they do not know, as the saying is, how to manage them. To begin with, they want to impress their friends with the fact that they have servants, and so they are forever talking about them. This irritates a servant just as much as it would anybody else. Again, they must exhibit their servants before their friends, and as the friends usually show up at night, when the servant's work is supposed to be done, this can bring on a situation that will drive any girl frantic. I had to leave one place on account of this. The thing came to a head one night when I had special plans on. They were very special plans. Some Norwegian friends of mine had got up a fancy dress ball, and I had made myself a little costume to wear to it that I thought was very pretty. I had told the lady I worked for that I wanted to be off that night, as indeed I was supposed to be off every night, and she said it would be all right.

An Angry Toreador

This may not seem very important to you, but when you are seventeen years old, and have a chance to go to a fancy-dress ball as a gay señorita, with a dashing Norwegian boy who is going as a bullfighter, it can be almost the most important thing in the world.

I had finished my work, gone to my room, and just started to take the costume off the hanger. There came a knock at the door.

"I'm sorry, Dagny," said the lady, "but we are going to have company tonight and you'll have to stay and serve."

Do you know who the company was? Two people who had called up to say they were coming over to play bridge. And I knew, having worked in a good many American homes by that time, that a real American lady would have thought nothing of serving the guests herself, or more likely, of inviting them out into the pantry to raid the icebox. But this woman was only recently a lady, and she was so afraid the guests would not see how elegant she was that she made me stay to serve four tongue sandwiches, four pimento sandwiches, and four cups of coffee. I spare you my tears. They stopped playing bridge at eleven-thirty, I got to the ball at one o'clock, and the dashing Norwegian bullfighter was so angry I think he could have bitten a bull in two. But I imagine you can see why I left that place as soon as I could get another.

Of course, I realize that there is a mistress' side to this too. Many girls are lazy, and take all sorts of advantage of the lady by whom they are employed.

They know so many mean little tricks that I could not begin to list them all. For example, there was the girl in a house where I worked who had been told to wash the windows in two of the bedrooms. The lady went out, and I went to my room. I was supposed to be off, but it had started to rain and I decided not to go anywhere.

Pretty soon the girl came in.

"Well," I said, "did you get those windows washed?"

"Sure," she said.

"You work pretty fast."

"It's all in knowing how."

Later I overheard this conversation:

"Lydia, did you wash those windows?"

"Yes'm."

"They don't look very clean."

"They were clean, but the rain came and dirtied them all up again. Rain always dirties them up. I declare, there's hardly any use washing them while we're having all this wet weather."

"Well—all right."

I give you a guess as to whether the windows had been washed or not.

Then many girls don't behave themselves as well as they ought. I failed to get a place from one woman because the girl who had preceded me had done something scandalous. The lady was all ready to take me. Then, all of a sudden, she said:

"Do you have a brother?"

"Why, yes," I said.

"Then I'm sorry," she said, "but you won't do."

"What has my brother got to do with it?" I said.

"I'll not have any more brothers," she said. "That's why I'm put to the trouble of getting a new girl now. The last girl had a brother. Oh, yes. The first I heard of him was yesterday. She said she was sick, and that her brother would probably call. He did. He got here about eight o'clock last night. And he left about eight o'clock this morning. I was getting breakfast, because I thought that if she was sick I would let her stay in bed. And then all of a sudden he came down, sneaking out the back stairs. So I told him if he would wait a minute he could take his sister with him.

"Oh, no. No more brothers."

Then there is the matter of training. If a lady is breaking in a green girl, she does not get much for her money for the first month or so. The girl doesn't know anything, and it takes time and trouble to teach her.

Nevertheless, it seems to me that the lady who employs a servant faces a condition, not a theory, and the condition is that it is up to her to manage the servant, not up to the servant to manage her. That being the case, it will repay her to look at things occasionally from the servant's point of view.

What the housemaid needs, in my opinion, is a personal regard for the woman who employs her. In other words, she needs human treatment. That is the one thing that can take the unpleasantness out of a great deal of work that she does, for while doing that work might be a horrible job under ordinary circumstances, it may not be so horrible if she likes Mrs. So-and-So, and thinks Mrs. So-and-So will be pleased if it is done well. That has been the one thing that has been present in the case of several women I know of who can keep servants and get good work out of them.

An Incentive to Work

In my own case, during the whole time I was doing housework I worked for one woman who made me feel happy and contented with my place. She was not easy on me. She gave me a great deal to do. She had a large apartment, and she made me keep this clean, make the beds, and cook the meals and serve them. But she was perfectly fair with me. She did not pile up extra tasks on me at a moment's notice, and the result was that I had an incentive to get some system into my work, since I knew that when I was through with it I was done. If I had two or three hours on my hands she did not bother me; I was free to sit around and do what I pleased.

Another thing she did was to realize there was a difference between being in uniform and being out of it. When I had an afternoon off and had changed into street clothing, she often used to get her son to take me out riding in the automobile. She used to say this was because the neighborhood, which was Riverside Drive, New York, was so lonely for me. But I think she knew how much it means to a girl to be treated, in off hours, as though she were not a servant. I wish I could impress on ladies how important this can be. Any girl, you may be sure, is sensitive about being a servant. She does not talk about it with her friends, or if she does, tells some little fib about it, pretending that she is a "governess" or something of the sort. And when a lady allows her to forget occasionally that she is the servant, it will pay dividends, I guarantee. That girl is not going to forget a thing like that.

Why did I leave that lady? I didn't leave her. I might have been with her yet, for all I know, but she moved away to Philadelphia and I didn't want to leave New York.

I know a lady who employs a girl friend of mine, a Swedish girl. Here again, the work is no soft snap. My friend has to work, and work hard. But the lady is very nice to her in many ways. She has fixed her up a nice room where she can have her friends. Whenever any of them come, she always comes up for a little visit, bringing a plate of candy or something. She stays only a few minutes, but it makes all the difference in the world about how that girl feels.

Dividends of Thoughtfulness

Then she arranges for a vacation of two weeks every summer, with pay, and she doesn't change her mind at the last minute, as some women do. The result is that my friend has been with her five years, and if she doesn't get married or go back to Sweden, will probably be with her five years more. A little thoughtfulness has paid that woman very well.

I know of a lady who lives on Park Avenue, New York. Her servant is a Polish woman, a Polish Catholic, and such a cook as she might dream about. Well, that lady would have lost this cook long ago if she hadn't too much sense, for her husband is an atheist, and he thinks it very comical to make it hard for the cook to go out to Mass. She goes out every morning at a quarter to eight, and just about that time this man is likely to call out that he is ready for his eggs or something. This always flusters Margareta horribly, for she is terrified at the idea of missing Mass, and yet when she is told to bring the eggs what can she do? But the lady always fixes things up. She calls out for her not to mind the eggs, and to go on to Mass, because she is a very lovely lady and understands all about how much Mass means to this woman. Also, she is a very sensible housewife and has no intention of losing a fine cook for the sake of some foolish comedy about atheism. She has not lost her. She has kept her nine years.

I could tell you more stories of this sort, but there is no need to. The moral is always the same. When servants are satisfied, they stay; when they are not, they leave. And the way to keep them satisfied is to treat them decently. So if you have been having trouble with your servants, by having them leave, or shirk their work, or take things, or something else, take a tip from me who used to be a servant. Try to see things their way once in a while, and you may find that things go a lot better.

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Please Pass the Gravy

Continued from page 9

are practically excluded—corn, flaxseed, beef. And hides, now free, will have a duty levied against them. Canada, our biggest customer, buying from us nearly $1,000,000,000 worth of goods a year, is almost as badly hit. Lumber, shingles, potatoes, dairy products, lean cattle to be fed for this market, all have duties on them for the first time or have their duties made prohibitive.

In this House bill, which will be the model of the law finally passed, we spite one class of our customers, those who live abroad, and leave them with less opportunity to trade their goods in this country for our goods than they have had, all to aid one and three-tenths per cent of cement manufacturers and similar small percentages of brick, shingle, shoe and a hundred other manufacturers; and make another class of our customers, the raisers of staple crops, who produce two thirds or three quarters of the agricultural wealth of the country, still worse off than they now are. It is hard to figure any advantages to business in general from such a course.

Will Sugar Remain Cheap?

I have so far ignored the consumer. In Washington, it is now the fashion to deny the existence of the consumer per se. Everybody has interests as a producer more important than his interests as a consumer, so they say.

Sugar is the most important item in the tariff bill from the consumers' standpoint. The House bill's three cents a pound duty is so scandalous that the Senate, even led by the great sugar senator, Mr. Smoot, is already backing away from it.

This duty may or may not raise the price of sugar, which is so generally overproduced that it may remain cheap in spite of all Congress can do. The higher duty is levied for an industry so precarious that the governor of Michigan has been asked to supply convict labor to work the sugar-beet farms. In the Southwest, Mexicans are imported to cultivate the beets. The sugar representatives in Congress deny this impeachment. They speak of the labor as composed of "Spanish-speaking Americans"—and their children down to five or six years old!

If a high duty is put on sugar, the raising of beet sugar in this country won't be much promoted. Cane-sugar growing will, however, be greatly promoted in the Philippines, and other insular possessions. Competition will come from within the American empire instead of outside it. The sugar industry of Cuba will probably be ruined and a revolution in Cuba looking toward the island's union with this country will follow.

This, briefly, is the general line of the criticism of the tariff bill as it has passed the House, and is likely to pass the Senate:

First, and politically most important, that it flimflams most of the farmers, the producers of most of the agricultural wealth of the country, by raising the price of what they buy without increasing the price of what they sell.

Second, that it isn't protection at all which it contemplates, but a kind of super-protection, the creation of a monopoly of the American market, certain to arouse ill will in foreign countries and to reduce their capacity to buy here by barring out their products, thus damaging business in general.

Third, that it will raise the general cost of living, the price of food, clothing and building materials especially.

The really significant development of this tariff struggle is the solid vote of the farm representatives in the Senate to deny increases in tariff rates to Eastern industry, while demanding increases in rates for the farmers. It is only one step forward for them to vote to reduce tariff rates on Eastern industrial products, while raising tariff rates on Western farm products. When the farmers take that step the old alliance between agriculture and industry, which for seventy years has been the source of the Republican party's power, will be at an end.

Before taking that step the farmer is likely to pin his hopes on the debenture plan as a means of preserving protection and at the same time affording agriculture economic equality with protected industry. This debenture scheme seems to me much more dangerous to the Republican party than any form of farm relief that has yet been proposed. Senator Carter Glass, an old-fashioned Democrat, called it "the twin sister of robbery." At any rate, it is a twin sister of the tariff. In demanding it the farmer says in effect: "If you create an artificial price for manufactured products by the tariff, you must, to be just, create an artificial price for farm products in the only way possible, by giving them an export bounty." Only the farmer avoids the ugly word "bounty" and asks for an export debenture instead!

The Democrats are in an exceptionally good position to profit by the disagreement among the Republicans over the tariff. Their strategy is to widen the breach between the agricultural West and the industrial East, and they can snuggle up to the West better than they ever could in the past, for they are now a Protectionist party. They have to thank Governor Smith for that.

President Hoover is in a difficult position. He has attacked the debenture plan as savagely as Mr. Coolidge attacked the Haugen-McNary bill. Republican Presidents cannot go on forever declaring every radical proposal of farm relief to be unnatural, obscene and impious, unless they do actually solve the farm problem by some other means. And that is a hard contract.

Forming for Battle

Mr. Hoover, moreover, faces a dilemma on the tariff. He called for a limited revision of the tariff primarily in the interest of agriculture and only secondarily in the interest of such industries as were actually being forced to close down by foreign competition. And the representatives of industry in Congress have run away with his session.

The President will probably have to face the alternative of signing a tariff bill which most of the farmers will say makes their lot worse than it ever was before and having the debenture plan batted up to him harder than ever, or of vetoing that tariff bill and disappointing both the farmer and the industrialist.

The air in Washington is full of hard words and will be more full of harder words when the Senate resumes tariff making. The favorite charge is that the East is determined to exploit the farmer for the sake of having cheaper food for Eastern industry's workers. The fight that goes on steadily, except on Election Day, between Eastern and Western Republicans is uglier than ever before. Maybe next time there won't be a truce on Election Day.

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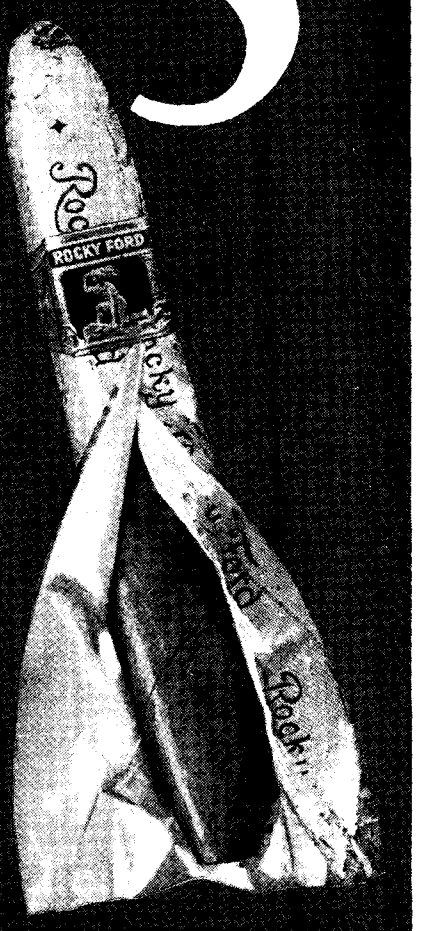

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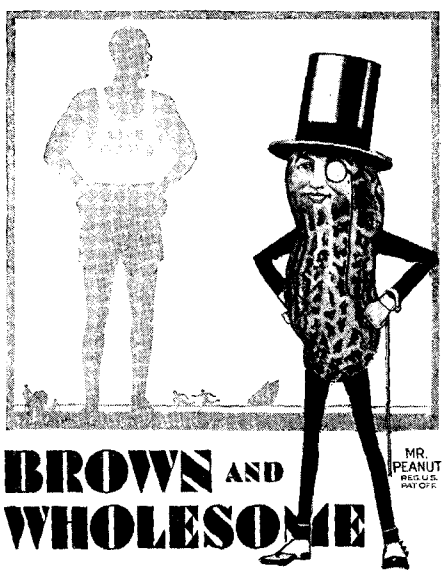

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Lank and Ernest

Continued from page 18

ily of fourteen. He set sail for the U. S. A.

We know—for the Lord has spared us to read and hear it often enough—what awe Ellis Island and the skyline of New York inspired in the immigrant.

"Me," says Torrence, "for the first time in my life I felt in physical proportion when I saw buildings climbing the sky."

Being out of work, in New York, he declares, was misery—with compensations in those pre-Volstead days. Free lunch was, at least, free. Managers and casting agents looked him over, as far as they could, and decided it was impossible for anybody to be tall and funny at the same time. He was driven to make a wager with one well-known producer.

The Walk that Won

"I'll walk on, just walk on," said Torrence, "and if they don't laugh, I've got money for a second-class ticket to London."

He walked on. Fortune repeated a lucky break. Victor Herbert was at the rehearsal.

"Hire that man," he bade the manager.

"I don't know just how good he is," said the manager.

"Good!" roared Herbert. "An actor that tall doesn't need to be good. He's an act as he is."

The Night Boat, Peggy and a string of other Broadway and national successes saw Ernest Torrence diminish his Scotch accent and accumulate fame in musical comedy.

"In five years," he says, "I commanded a respectable salary and secured a niche in the American theater."

Sitting around the Lambs Club, clearing house of anecdote, gossip, finance and philanthropy in the theatrical profession, gives actors ideas. Among other things, they learn, or learned, that Hollywood thought nothing of paying men $1,000 a week who could obtain no more than three or four hundred in the spoken theater.

"To a Scotchman, discoveries like that are intoxicating," says Torrence. "I brought my wife and son over from England and settled them in New York.

"Pictures were my ambition, and I knew that unless I went after them they would never come after me."

He buttonholed famous motion picture directors about New York.

"Impossible," they told him. "You're altogether too tall. We'd have to write special plays to fit you, and you know what John L. Sullivan said to Paddy Ryan."

What Sullivan said on the memorable occasion when Ryan challenged him for the heavyweight title, was the cynical challenge: "Get a reputation."

Torrence went to Hollywood.

"Hundreds of actors and actresses were there hunting reputations. Many found them—but not the sort they wanted. The tyranny of type ruled the studios. If a man parted his hair on the right side for one picture, that's how it had to be parted forever after or directors wouldn't recognize him. A woman who made a good vamp in one picture, was a vamp thereafter."

Richard Barthelmess, however, was coming along. One of the small, strutting army of handsome devils providing the screen's stock-in-trade of "young love" portrayers, Barthelmess had a taste for contrast. As the hero of Tol'able David, beset by unusually nasty villains, he realized that heroism grew as it was physically dwarfed. Seeing Torrence stride the lots one morning, job-hungry, he took him to his director. For the first time on any screen the rod-like nose and lantern jaw that have made Torrence a trade-mark of screen knavery, won appearance.

"Jesse Lasky did me the honor to say I was a better villain than any on the Famous Players' lot—by four inches."

A compliment that was almost condemnation.

"They had me tagged. I was a 'dirty dog.' At first overjoyed that my part in that picture—the part of the loafing, filthy mountaineer—drew comment from critics all over the country, I came to resent success. All the studios wanted me, but none would hire me until they had a 'dirty dog' part. I pleaded with Lasky, with other producers. I told them I was an actor. And they, quite correctly, told me they were business men. Versatility was too expensive on the screen. A player had to be what the public wanted him to be, and they expected him always to live up to first appearances."

James Cruze sat in a tent one day rounding up talent for The Covered Wagon, an impressive epic of the plains that became one of the most profitable pictures ever made.

"Cruze was satisfied that he had selected his entire cast. He was expecting an actor from the East to show up for the part of Bill Jackson, the old scout who carried the 'heavy' stuff through the picture. I was out of reckoning, and stood up to leave. My head, with a six-inch hat on it, struck the top of the tent and shook it awry. Cruze jumped from his chair.

"'Great Scott!' he exclaimed. 'Who are you?'

"'A great Scot, or at least a long one,' I answered."

Torrence got a job.

Those who saw The Covered Wagon, and by official count, no less than twenty millions did, remember the masterful direction by which thousands of actors and hundreds of animals relived the turbulence and trials of pioneer trekking days. The film was made principally around a long lake on the plains eighty-five miles from Milford, Utah, the nearest railroad point.

"It was a colossal task," says Torrence. "The lake, in the first place, had to pose as a river. This was done by dissembling currents through the use of huge underwater propellers. We had four hundred steers and two hundred horses, to say nothing of scores of wagons. Cruze had an ambition to finish the picture, which was filled with riskful action, minus casualties. He would have done so had it not been for one steer overendowed with leadership.

More Than They Bargained For

"At the critical moment, when the prairie train of wagons and animals lined up to ford the river, this steer broke loose from the herd and went scampering into the lake. There was a stampede. No director could have wished for more realism than that.

"Frantic animals plunged into the water after the steer. Wagons were knocked over and actors knocked out. Cruze, through his megaphone, took command of the situation. Everybody got a thorough drenching; but no human member of the cast suffered other injury. A score of animals were drowned."

"When the ford was finished, there, on the other side, frisked the unruly steer that had caused all the trouble."

The picture made a handful of reputations, and—to Torrence's chagrin—solidified his position as the screen's foremost "dirty dog," albeit of the rough and rusty diamond type. He was complimented particularly on the effects he produced with his teeth—tobacco-stained dado-like molars.

"That secret's simple," he confided, flashing a white smile. "Instead of blackening my teeth, I simply removed the bridges. Each missing tooth is worth five years of villainy on the screen."

Acclaimed as a foremost type, Torrence continued to struggle on against a profitable label. He wasn't helped by the honor of selection as Captain Hawk in Peter Pan. Hawk, the ferocious pirate, gave him a chance for romantic swagger; but it almost cost him the friendship of that overfocused little lady—Baby Peggy. She saw him enact a scene with Betty Bronson one morning and fled from him in terror and still believes that the elongated gentleman she knows as Mr. Torrence is a bloodthirsty cannibal in his spare moments."

Finally he fled from villainy to support Buster Keaton in comedy rôles.

"Work!" he exclaims. "Everything that went by that name before I met Keaton seemed mere preparation. Buster has two passions—pictures and baseball. He'd drive and drive for perfection in every scene. One piece in Steamboat Bill, Jr., he extemporized on until the rest of us, not gifted with his stamina, were in a state of collapse. He demanded that the scene be shot for about the thirtieth time. Bedraggled actors tottered to the lot. As we ground through the motions a messenger appeared. He carried a challenge from the firemen of a Sacramento precinct challenging the 'Steamboat Bill' company to a ball game. Instantly Keaton quit the lot, organized a nine and went out to play."

How to Become a Grand Duke

Three years of unalloyed happiness followed Torrence's jump to the front rank of America's character men. Unalloyed? Not quite. He never escaped the knowledge that a show-down would have to come against the tag of "old knave."

He cut loose. John Gilbert had elected to appear in a Russian film, The Cossacks. Torrence had an inspiration that if he could get away with the portrayal of a grand duke his versatility would be proved. Grand dukes are more impressive than mangy mountaineers. He again got the job; but the film had to be held up in its start long enough for him to grow semi-circular whiskers. And one morning he thoughtlessly shaved part of his lip. Camera work halted several days to permit it to grow.

"Our director, Henry King, was dissatisfied with the picture. We studied scene after scene, and could reach no solution for improvement, when King suddenly paced the projection room.

"'I've got it,' he said. 'This is a Russian piece and your lips are talking English.'

"Gilbert and I devised a scheme of jargon which changed our lip work. I'd say something like 'Bara natya paregoric' and Gilbert replied: 'Fralenyi Kushofar mulligatawny.'

"It worked. So impressively that when high-ups of the film industry came on from New York to see the Russian play in the making, they exclaimed with pleasure:

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"'Two of our boys, eh?'"

For a man to be justified in himself is great joy. The Russian grand duke took Ernest Torrence out of the dirty-dog rut. Wisely, he pressed his advantage. St. Peter the Apostle may have been a fool. None will call him knave. When The King of Kings caused Cecil B. DeMille to forsake painted bathrooms and gilded swimming pools for the loaves and fishes of the gospel, Torrence staked his standing on a bid for versatility that would clinch his position for life:

A Free-Lance Actor

He became Simon called Peter, and anybody who has seen that performance has witnessed one of the most moving translations of character—a picture of dumb dignity and eager incompetence as real as the naked words of St. Mark.

"After that," says the tall Torrence with quiet satisfaction, "they took off the tag, 'dirty dog.' I attained the happy position of being an acceptable sinner and a standardized saint."

After that, too, something else. For the third time in his career, Ernest Torrence vacated a position gained. He declined a ten-year contract. And it looked as though he might not have a chance to decline contracts again, when came the dawn of the 'talkies' and Torrence's rolling bass rolled him into the position of:

"A free lance," he explains. "I have money and a reputation. Authors who have both sit back to work when they please at what they please. Why not actors? Besides, I bear permanent credentials."

He displayed a slim platinum cigarette case carrying an inscription supported by signatures known to fame. It read:

"Ernest Torrence: Every inch an actor."

A tall tribute.

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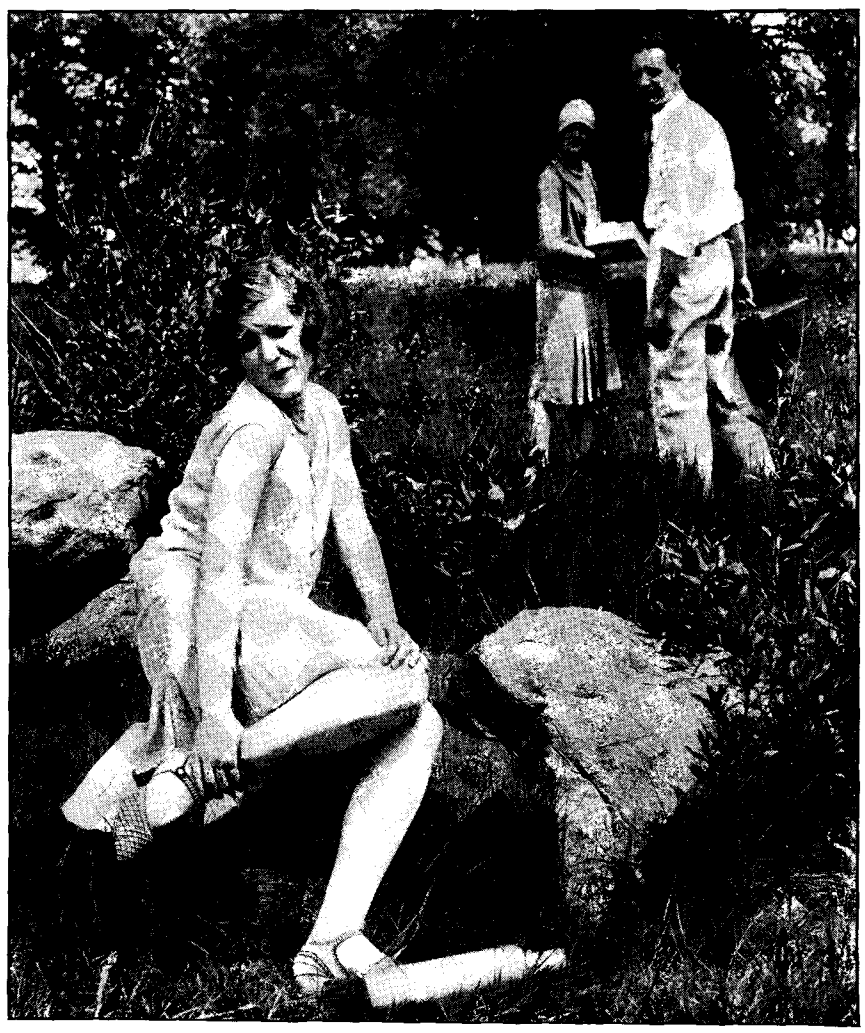

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Wake Up the Tariff Dodoes

THINK straight on this tariff business.

Too many congressmen and senators and lobbyists at Washington are behaving as though nothing had changed since William McKinley was elected President of these United States.

Congress will soon reassemble to enact a new tariff law and, unless public opinion makes itself heard, President Hoover will have a hard time awakening some of the congressional dodoes to the fact that they are living in 1929.

Let's get a clear picture of this hoary controversy.

First of all the tariff is no longer a partisan matter. Both Republicans and Democrats are outspoken advocates of protection. Free trade is no longer a political issue. In the last Presidential campaign Democrats joined Republicans in upholding the principle of the tariff. Protection is the settled American policy. The important question concerns the details of rates.

Julius H. Barnes summed up the modern situation aptly on the eve of the meeting of the International Chamber of Commerce when he said:

"We cannot permit in the United States destructive competition from abroad which will in any way bring about a lowering of our wage scales and a consequent reduction of American living standards. At the same time we cannot set up here an exclusion policy, because we are depending more and more upon our export trade to keep our own plants running."

We need tariff protection and we need export trade. Without exports no tariff, however high, would keep us well paid and busy. Congress has shown an inclination to forget exports.

We cannot abandon our export trade. It is vital to our prosperity. Last year this business in all its forms amounted to more than ten billions.

Take the motor industry as a shining example. Of the 32,028,000 automobiles in use throughout the world, 28,551,000 are American.

Of the 6,336,000 cars in foreign countries, excluding Canada, about 2,881,000, or more than 45 per cent, came from the United States.

The motor manufacturers are concerned about saving their foreign markets. They want a tariff only for trading purposes with foreign governments.

The movie manufacturers are interested more in exports than in tariffs. Their agents have been occupied in persuading France and other European countries not to impose prohibitive tariffs on American films, rather than in seeking protection against foreign competition.

Not every American industry is so favorably situated. Some need protection. What each requires should, however, be ascertained not by politicians or lobbyists but by an impartial and competent tariff commission.

The existing commission has been sterile. The law is weak and the commissioners are mere job holders. The Tariff Commission during the last few years has been as political as Congress itself. It has been as useful as a second tail on a cat.

President Hoover, however, respects competence and intelligence in office and his appointees have been men of high character. Under him a nonpartisan commission of high-grade business men would be allowed to work. If Congress really wants to protect those industries which need new tariffs, its first duty is to amend the law creating a tariff commission.

The bills so far produced are compromises based on the exchange of local favors. The House bill, moreover, does precisely set up an exclusion policy. No graver injury could be done American industry.

We are exporters and we are lenders and we are traders. All the world is our market. We cannot sell if we won't buy. Yet a tariff bill produced by thoughtless log-rolling ignores these fundamental considerations.

As Julius H. Barnes so well said, we are depending more and more upon our export trade to keep our own factories running. We are depending upon Europe to repay our war loans. We are depending on Europe, South America and the Orient to borrow our surplus savings. We have money to invest and we want our share of the world's business.

Senator Reed Smoot in a particularly silly outburst tried to confuse the issue by saying that foreign protests against rates in the proposed bill came only from "interested" parties. Who more naturally should protest? Who speaks in behalf of American automobile manufacturers when a South American republic considers higher rates? Who spoke for our film men in the French controversy? Will Hays and his cohorts talked for themselves, and why not? Should the job have been intrusted to delegates of a Bible society?

President Hoover asked for a limited revision of the tariff, chiefly in the interest of agriculture. The farmers can't get much tariff help because, for the greater part, they are exporters.

Present revision should be limited, and meanwhile the Tariff Commission should be reconstructed. American prosperity ought not to be jeopardized by shortsighted tariff tinkering.

Increasingly we must be exporters if our factories are to run profitably. We cannot export if we won't trade with our customers, and we can't trade with them if Congress raises rates so high that an embargo is laid on imports.

Let your congressman know that he can't safely jeopardize our national prosperity by rendering ill-considered favors to minor industries. Then President Hoover will be much more likely to receive a tariff bill which in good conscience he can approve.

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